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THE

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OR



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VOL. XI.

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No. 1.

OBSERVATIONS

ON ELECTRICITY, LOOMING, AND SOUNDS: TOGETHER WITH A THEORY OF THUNDER-SHOWERS, AND OF WEST AND NORTH-WEST WINDS.

BY GEORGE F. HOPKINS, ESQ.

It is observable in almost every operation of nature, that all fluids possess strong aggregating properties; or in other words, powerful propensities to accumulate in large masses or bodies. This fact is so familiar in the element of water, as well as in the extensive collections of vapor, which are soon embodied into clouds, that it is only necessary to make a mere allusion to them. That the same principle governs in relation to the element of electricity or fire, I presume to be no less true. The nature and properties of the sun itself, so far as they are understood, may be deemed conclusive on this point. This mighty object, the instrument of light and life, is evidently an aggregation of all the vital principle of heat that belongs to our system; though it is now well understood, that this 'ocean of flame' is not a mere collection of fire, as has been supposed, but is connected with inconceivably large masses of materials of a very solid nature. From this vast mass, most copious streams are incessantly poured upon the planets. This is well known to be indispensable to the very existence of animal and vegetable life. Perhaps, too, it is as much a primary law in the government and movements of the planets themselves, as in the propagation and preservation of animal and vegetable existence. Without the constant exercise of this most potent agency, the earth could neither be clothed with verdure, nor could there be support for the nameless tribes of living beings that inhabit it.

As we approach the summer solstice, we find the earth profusely charged with heat; but it becomes much more intense afterward, in consequence of the great increase. To counteract an influence so universally predominant and strong that, were it to continue, would soon prove overwhelming, some energetic reacting principle or agent in the system was required, in order to produce a salutary corrective: for it was both a wise and an indispensable provision in nature, to ordain a permanent law that should afford the requisite relief from its enervating and pernicious pressure. Without the help of some active principle of this kind, it were scarcely necessary to say, there could be no duration of life or health. Animal and vegetable existence would soon be extinguished. Every thing, in short, would perish; and in place of that splendor and beauty which

every where present themselves to the enchanted eye, the face of creation would be parched, withered, and consumed.

That incomprehensible wisdom which guides and balances creation, of which we are destined to know nothing but from its effects, leaves no part of its works imperfect or unfinished. The same creative power has therefore ordained, that the superabundance of that element which, without some different disposition, would lead to the annihilation of all life, and of every vegetative germ, shall be made the great means of preserving both. And the more we enter into an examination of those laws and operations of nature which appear so wonderful, and which in many parts are so inscrutable, the more are we astonished and charmed in contemplating their well adjusted harmony and surprising beauty.

That the immense portion of heat which pervades the earth in the warm season is, from its *inherent properties*, constantly aggregating in numberless masses of various dimensions, there does not remain in my mind the smallest doubt. And what else is the electricity that is produced by art, and made to issue from a machine, but a simple collection or multiplication of that sustaining or animating principle, drawn suddenly to a point by some strong attractive property?

To this inherent principle alone, I conceive, may be traced the origin and existence of those bodies of unusual heat, of which Mr. Jefferson, in his celebrated Notes on Virginia,* makes mention, and which are so frequently felt by curious observers in the summer months. That enlightened philosopher did not attempt to explain either the cause of their formation, or what he supposed to be their ultimate end and use. I propose, but with all becoming deference, to offer my opinions in relation to both. And since nothing is known to exist that does not bear the impress of unequivocal design, and with a manifest tendency to usefulness, it cannot be deemed an irrational speculation to trace to some important end, the origin, design, and purpose of their formation.

I have witnessed these warm moving bodies in almost numberless instances. They were familiar to me in my early life, my residence then being near the foot of a ridge of very considerable elevation in the eastern part of Dutchess county; and the supposition follows that they are familiar to many others. At the same time, I am led to believe, that those who reside in elevated situations, have few op-

* 'GOING out into the open air, in the temperate and in the warm months of the year, we often meet with bodies of warm air, which, passing by us in two or three seconds, do not afford time to the most sensible thermometer to seize their temperature. Judging from my feelings only, I think they approach the ordinary heat of the human body. Some of them perhaps go a little beyond it. They are of about twenty or thirty feet diameter horizontally. Of their height we have no experience, but probably they are globular volumes, wafted or rolled along by the wind. But whence taken, where formed, or how generated? They are not to be ascribed to volcanoes, because we have none. They do not happen in the winter, when the farmers kindle large fires in clearing up their grounds. They are not confined to the spring season, when we have fires which traverse whole counties, consuming the leaves which have fallen from the trees. And they are too frequent and general to be ascribed to accidental fires. I am persuaded their cause must be sought for in the atmosphere itself; to aid us in which, I know but of these constant circumstances; a dry air, a temperature as warm at least as that of the spring or autumn; and a moderate wind. They are most frequent about sunset; rare in the middle part of the day; and I do not recollect ever having met with them in the morning.'

Notes on Virginia.

portunities of meeting with them ; while those who are much employed in smooth grounds in a valley, will often remark them. For this, I think a very satisfactory reason may be given. Their specific gravity must necessarily carry them to the lower grounds, even supposing some of them to have been formed in higher parts ; though I think it very doubtful if any are produced in such places. I suppose the fact to be, that aggregation takes place more easily and more rapidly in an open country, or at the foot of high hills, where the land is level and well cleared, owing to the increased quantity of heat that is presumed to be deposited there, and the greater equality of the ground. Experience sufficiently shows, that an intense degree of heat will prevail in a valley, or over a plain, when the tops of high ridges are found to be comparatively cool.

Of the truth of the fact that these mysterious bodies are mostly formed in low grounds, I feel thoroughly persuaded ; for as often as I have ascended the side of the ridge just mentioned, which was in almost numberless instances after the sun had disappeared, I have no recollection that I ever came in contact with one of them. They are most commonly felt in a warm evening after a sultry day, about sunset, as Mr. Jefferson states, or soon after, and invariably when the wind is from the south or south-west. The power of the sun being then withdrawn, and the air being somewhat cooled, these warm moving bodies make a more sensible impression upon the observer when he meets with them. I have sometimes encountered several in the course of an afternoon and early in the evening ; but more frequently in a meadow than in any other place. They appear to me to be infallible precursors of a thunder-storm, which usually happens on the succeeding afternoon or evening.

From the frequency of these bodies, during the most oppressive part of the summer, (and I believe they are seldom met with in any other season,) I am led to believe, that if a line of men were placed across a piece of low and level ground, for the extent of a quarter or half a mile, supposing it to have a north and south direction, with instructions to notice the state of the atmosphere, imagining a gentle current of air from the south, they would find them very numerous. It is not to be supposed they are all of equal magnitude ; I presume they are of various sizes ; though it has always appeared to me, that those which seemed largest, seemed also to contain the highest portion of heat. Not only do I feel well persuaded of this fact, but I think the conclusion warranted from the nature and properties of the bodies themselves.

I deem it proper to remark in this place, as it goes far in my mind to corroborate the hypothesis I have assumed, and at the same time is in itself a circumstance not a little remarkable, that I have never in the course of my life met with one of these warm bodies either immediately succeeding a thunder-storm, or yet for some time afterward. The plain reason I suppose to be this : they have been removed by the combined operation of the elements ; and in their removal, a law is fulfilled that is not only indispensable in the economy of nature, but in the highest degree beneficial in many of her movements. The atmosphere is then no longer charged with a burdensome portion of heat ; but from the fierce concussions that have

taken place, it is rendered serene, delightful, and healthful. This brings me more immediately to the point which I have in view, and which it is my present purpose to explain, namely, *the common phenomenon of electricity issuing in profuse and splendid streams from the clouds.*

That electricity should exist in a considerable degree, even if it exist at all, in mere vapor, or in the higher or colder regions of the atmosphere, I believe to be a most manifest absurdity. Since showers of hail are common, we want no farther evidence of the intense cold which prevails in the higher regions; and it is utterly repugnant to common sense, to imagine that electricity can be engendered or preserved among masses of congealed and congealing water.

Whenever the atmosphere becomes loaded with a heavy portion of vapor, the formation of clouds is the natural consequence; and being constantly kept in motion by currents of air, they soon magnify to an unknown extent of surface and depth. As the higher parts must necessarily communicate with those regions which are attended with extreme cold, and as their weight must often press them very near to the earth, it follows as a thing of course that their influence becomes both extensive and powerful.

The efforts of nature to keep up a general equilibrium in all her movements, are pretty well understood. These efforts in equalizing heat and cold, are familiar to most people. The cool air constantly rushing through crevices into a tight room made warm, sufficiently illustrates this point; a reference, however, to the operation of an air-furnace, shows it more conclusively. Whenever, therefore, a very extended body of dense vapor is put in motion, and sweeps over the earth, being borne along, as is frequently the case, by strong currents of cold air, I think it fair to presume, that it must attract to itself an immense portion of the heat that is spread over its surface. To my mind, nothing is more evident than this simple process; for I think the conclusion follows irresistibly, that those numerous bodies of heat which are floating on the surface of the ground, are drawn forcibly into the mass of cold vapor; and the instant they come in contact with the colder and denser parts, being first much compressed, they explode, producing the usual phenomena of vivid lightning and loud peals of thunder. The difference in the force and duration of explosions, I ascribe to the difference in the magnitude of these bodies of heat. Beside, in their ascent into the clouds, it seems quite probable that in many instances a junction of several may take place. In such cases, it is reasonable to suppose the concussion becomes proportionally tremendous. But I do not restrict my view in relation to this point solely to those moving bodies; for the belief forces itself very strongly upon my mind, that the influence of an immeasurably large body of cold vapor, moving with resistless force through the atmosphere, attracts to itself, in masses or currents, all the redundant portion of heat that remains upon the surface of the ground. These masses, or currents, or by whatever name they may be called, are operated upon so forcibly, that they must very soon become completely aggregated bodies; that, in their ascent into the clouds, they are subject to the same operative effects, and produce the same consequences, that are ascribed to the bodies of

heat which have already undergone review. Indeed, the supposition appears to my mind not unreasonable, that these latter bodies occasion even a fiercer concussion among the elements than the others, for the reason that they are perhaps larger, and therefore contain within themselves a higher degree of heat.

This I take to be the natural and true source of those wonderful displays of the electric property, that emanate in such surprising quantities from heavily condensed vapor, driven by strong winds, which, beyond all doubt, originate in high and cold regions.

From the united effect of these operations, the influence of which must be inconceivably great, springs that extraordinary change in the disposition and character of the atmosphere which commonly succeeds, and which is at once so grateful and even so necessary to the existence, health, and comfort of the whole animal and vegetable creation. The air, as before remarked, is made elastic, pure, and salubrious, imparting fresh spirits and vigor to every living thing, whether animate or inanimate. The earth is relieved from the great mass of heat that was spread over it, and which, were it of long continuance, would become altogether insupportable. The air by means of it would be rendered unfit for respiration, and life could not be sustained.

In a few instances I have met with these bodies of warm air in the forenoon; but this is not common. I recollect an instance several years since, in which I had occasion to pass Hudson's river, opposite the city, early in the day. When we were near the Jersey shore, in an open boat, it being about eight o'clock in the morning, with a gentle breeze from the south-west, the day very sultry, we passed through two of these bodies of warm air, which were quite near each other. They seemed to be uncommonly large, and were of such an extraordinary degree of warmth, as to attract the notice of all the passengers. I think they were marked with a higher portion of heat than any I ever recollect to have noticed. About the hour of five or six in the afternoon, a fierce tempest came over the city, and the clouds discharged a large quantity of hail, attended with a more than ordinary emission of the electric property. Many of the hail-stones were as large as ounce balls.

It becomes unnecessary to remark, because the fact is familiar to us all, that after the commencement of cool weather, we have seldom any thunder. The reason of this appears sufficiently obvious. The great portion of oppressive heat is withdrawn from this division of the earth, and its place is supplied with air from the colder regions.

OF LOOMING.

THIS phenomenon, I presume, is occasioned solely by the agency of the sun operating on vapor. Vapor evidently assumes a very variable character. That which is visible to the eye, and even tangible, goes under the usual denomination of *fog*. As soon as the power of the sun is brought to act upon it, it immediately becomes rarified, and we see it begin to ascend. After rising to a certain degree of elevation, it forms itself into clouds; but it often hangs

for a time on the declivity of ridges, before it attains that region in the atmosphere which seems to mark the usual distance of the clouds from the earth. While moving in the atmosphere, they reflect the various shades of light, according to their degree of density and their position in relation to the sun.

There is another kind of vapor of a character so extremely subtile, as to be invisible to the eye; though, had we sufficient acuteness of vision to perceive only a small part of the operation, our wonder, I think, would be greatly excited. This comes under the general denomination of *exhalation* or *evaporation*. It comprises all that immense mass, which, by the resistless energy of heat, is absorbed from the boundless surfaces of water, from the earth itself, and from every species of vegetation. At certain periods, the effect of this is so great, that objects at a moderate distance are made to appear indistinct; although, when superficially examined, the atmosphere presents the appearance of much purity and serenity.

From the known properties of light and heat, we can readily perceive, that when they are brought to act on vapor, the effect becomes very striking. Under some circumstances, it is made to reflect various hues; under others, it becomes an extraordinary magnifying power. At times, if we cast our eyes across a body of water, in order to examine a distant shore, we are deceived by an illusion which in some situations is not uncommon, and which seems to be intimately connected with the present inquiry. The water near the shore has the appearance of being elevated, and presents a real obstacle to a correct view of the land. There are three situations at which this phenomenon is sometimes visible when standing on the Battery. One is at the point of Staten Island at the Narrows; another is at the Kills, so called, between the Jersey shore and the north point of the island; and the third is near Weehawk, at the distance of about three miles. There are also other situations on the East and North river, where it is equally visible. The cause can be no other than the influence of light and heat on the current of evaporation, which becomes reflective, while it serves as a magnifier. It must be borne in mind, that these effects are visible only where high grounds stand in the rear, or are contiguous. The light from these grounds probably has a reacting tendency, assisting to produce the effect in question; giving to the water the appearance of being raised above its ordinary level, accompanied with a peculiarly luminous aspect. It is my opinion, that when this happens, evaporation may then be supposed to go on with greatest force; for it strikes my mind that this law is by no means uniform in its action. At times its influence would appear to be very great; at other times partial; and under some circumstances wholly suspended. All this I conceive to be owing to the state or condition of the atmosphere itself.

But I am strongly inclined to believe, that the manner in which evaporation goes on, differs materially in one respect from what may perhaps be the general opinion. It appears to me that the vapor is drawn together in columns or bodies, and ascends in that way; that it must necessarily be subject to this mode of operation; and that these columns or bodies in their character and movements are very

similar to water-spouts, but without the capability of producing any visible agitation of the atmosphere, owing to their extreme subtilty. As the ocean presents an extended surface, I think it probable that in some cases these ascending columns are very large; and when they intervene between a vessel and the land, the effect must be very strong, and consequently the more deceiving. I presume this is that kind of illusion which is familiar to seamen when they approach the land, and which, in nautical language, is denominated *looming*.

It sometimes happens, during the prevalence of a fog in the bay of New-York, that objects present themselves to the eye seemingly very large, but which on a near approach are found to be of inconsiderable magnitude. I never beheld a case, however, in which the illusion made the object to appear so disproportioned and striking as the one mentioned by Mr. Jefferson.* The difference most probably arises from difference of situations.

The real cause of the deception I take to be this: After the sun has attained considerable altitude, and by its influence has dissipated the denser part of the vapor, the rays of light and heat penetrate through the remaining portion, producing a strong magnifying effect; and when, under these circumstances, an object is placed within a certain distance of an observer, (but of the real distance required to produce the effect, I am unable to speak,) it assumes a very imposing aspect, seeming to be much larger than it really is. I think I am correct in asserting, (and to this sentiment I attach great weight,) that none of these phenomena were ever noticed either before the sun had risen or after it had set. Hence I infer, that their true origin and cause must be traced to the influence which light and heat are generally understood to have on vapor; and which, under some circumstances communicate to it a high magnifying, and under others a bright reflecting property.

In relation to the singular circumstance of a mountain in Virginia assuming various and apparently whimsical shapes at certain periods, it can, in my view of the subject, arise from no other conceivable causes but from those at present under view. As before observed, ordinary evaporation is so extremely subtle as to elude our vision;

* 'Having had occasion to mention the particular situation of Monticello for other purposes, I will just take notice that its elevation affords an opportunity of seeing a phenomenon which is rare at land, though frequent at sea. The seamen call it *looming*. Philosophy is as yet in the rear of seamen, for so far from having accounted for it, she has not given it a name. Its principal effect is to make distant objects appear larger, in opposition to the general law of vision, by which they are diminished. I knew an instance at Yorktown, from whence the water prospect eastwardly is without termination, wherein a canoe with three men at a great distance, was taken for a ship with its three masts. I am little acquainted with the phenomenon as it shows itself at sea; but at Monticello it is familiar. There is a solitary mountain about forty miles off, in the south, whose natural shape, as presented to view there, is a regular cone; but by the effect of looming, it sometimes subsides almost wholly into the horizon; sometimes it rises more acute and more elevated; sometimes it is hemispherical; and sometimes its sides are perpendicular, its top flat, and as broad as its base. In short, it assumes at times the most whimsical shapes, and all these, perhaps, successively in the same morning. Refraction will not account for this metamorphosis; that only changes the proportions of length and breadth, base and altitude, preserving the general outlines. Thus it may make a circle appear elliptical, raise or depress a cone; but by none of its laws, as yet developed, will it make a circle appear a square, or a cone a sphere.'

nevertheless, it must at times be of sufficient density to conceal a distant object from view. It is known that the atmosphere in high situations is generally cool; and fog is frequently seen extended in thin horizontal strata on the top of a ridge, becoming visibly condensed on meeting with the cool air above. The effect on invisible vapor we must presume to be the same; and at times a body of it must be supposed to take the same place, remaining for a while stationary, (subject nevertheless to very sudden and material changes) concealing the top of the ridge from the sight. At the same time, streams of vapor are supposed to ascend from the foot of the ridge, and adhering to its sides in columns or some analogous shape, leave the prominent part exposed to the view of the observer. Sometimes these exhalations ascend in right lines, and coming in contact with the horizontal strata above, it gives to the mountain a quadrangular figure. At other times they are presumed to follow its sides, and meeting on the top in curved lines, it presents a hemispherical figure. And whatever may be the form assumed by the object, whether quadrangular, hemispherical, conical, sunk in the horizon, or whatever else, I feel well assured it is all the effect of the same law. In my opinion it can neither be traced to, nor can it originate from, any other conceivable or assignable cause.

It is remarked of the mountain in question, that it is isolated and solitary, and of a conical form. To this circumstance alone must be owing the exhibition of the strange phenomenon. I venture to assert, that no corresponding appearances were ever observed on a mountain of any considerable continuity, unless aided by distance and some peculiar circumstances, provided its shape and figure possessed the character of uniformity.

SINCE the foregoing observations on looming were written, I am altogether satisfied of their correctness, and do not now offer them as mere matter of speculation. Any person who wishes to remove from his mind every doubt in this respect, can easily do it. There is one state of the atmosphere *alone* in which this phenomenon is visible; and this is not unfrequent in the spring and autumn. In summer or winter it is rarely seen.

Whenever a sudden transition takes place from a warm or sultry, to a refrigerative atmosphere, this phenomenon is very visible at the north point of Staten Island; at the Narrows; and at Weehawk, as before stated. The effect is produced solely by action between the two elements, air and water. The air in such cases being dry, and considerably colder than the water, a powerful evaporation immediately ensues; for the plain reason, that an equilibrium in the operations of nature must be kept up; but, as I have already remarked, it cannot be seen until the light acts strongly upon it. Hence it will be found, that it is scarcely perceptible either before sunrise or after sunset.

It will be evident to every observer who is willing to examine for himself, that in a mere ordinary state of the atmosphere, the ridge in New-Jersey, as seen through the Narrows, presents an almost even line of considerable elevation. In a few instances, I have perceived

the effect of looming to be so strong, that, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, it had almost 'subsided in the horizon.' The comb of the ridge only was perceptible, and presented the appearance of small tufts or points.* This, I think, goes to confirm the suggestion before made, that the vapor ascends in columns. The very jagged appearance of those parts of the ridge, seen under such circumstances, I deem conclusive on this point. The steam from boiling water takes that shape, and still farther illustrates the position.

If Mr. Jefferson had taken pains to note the state of the atmosphere, during those periods when the mountain of which he speaks presented those whimsical appearances, I am well persuaded that he would have found them at no time visible, except during the prevalence of such a state of the atmosphere as I have mentioned. Indeed I hesitate not to say, that the principles of philosophy will authorize no other conclusion. And whether on land or on water, the effect is the same, since it must be owing to the same cause. The most skeptical can satisfy themselves in relation to this matter, with very little trouble.

In my next number, I shall present some facts in relation to the transmission of sound through the air, and offer a theory of thunder-showers, and of west and north-west winds.

AN OAK BY THE WAY-SIDE.

Thou rear'st aloft thy giant limbs, as if to grasp the skies,
And 'neath thy branches, far and wide thine outspread shadow lies;
Thou hast battled with the storms of old, yet dust is on thy leaves,
And his web within their deep green folds, the venom'd insect weaves;
Thy trunk some rude unletter'd churl hath seamed with many a scar,
But the hand of Time hath stamp'd decay on thee more deeply far:
Yet proudly still thou rear'st thy head, as thou all change defied —
How like earth's mighty ones thou art, lone tree by the way-side!

And hark! a shout sounds o'er the hill! — they come, the urchin-rout,
With screaming whoop, and loud halloo, from school poured wildly out;
They halt beneath thy spreading limbs, and many a ragged crown
Again with deafening shout is flung, to bring thy high fruit down:
The wanderer, worn and travel-soiled, who rests beneath thee now,
Hies on his way, forgetting e'en to bless thy shady bough.

Hadst thou but kept thy forest-haunts, contented with the rest
To wear thy coat of goodly green, nor thus, with towering crest,
Stood forth upon the world's highway alone, amid the coil
Of life, the bustle and the hum, the whirl and wild turmoil,
Daring the tempest — thou, old oak, for ages might have stood,
Time-honored 'mid thy sturdy sons, the patriarch of the wood;
Nor then, as now perchance, have wept thy faded leaves, and died
Alone! — alone, a withered tree, upon the chill way-side!

New-York, November, 1837.

IONE.

* I have several times since remarked the fact, that the ridge mentioned above was wholly invisible, and that too in an unusually serene state of the atmosphere, which, however, was highly refrigerative.

DEPARTING TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ERATO,' AND OTHER POEMS.

'ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER!' — Hoary Time!
 How fleetly come, and how unheeded go,
 Thine emissaries, Years! Thou art to few
 A riddle that is read; and yet to most
 A secret that hath not the power to move
 Their idle curiosity, or win
 So much attention in a varying year,
 As is at Folly's glass, or Fashion's shrine,
 Each day bestowed — ay, often every hour.
 The knell of thy departure sometimes rings
 Full on the quickened ear; and startled Thought,
 Leaping bewildered from the airy halls
 Where most it doth inhabit, for a while
 Fixes its vision on the awing gulf
 In which thou disappearest, year by year:
 But soon, unused to contemplating aught
 So vast and terrible, it shrinketh back,
 And stealth to its airy halls again.
 Oh, it is sad to think how unobserved
 Thou glidest onward; for in thee man works
 His *all* of good and evil — weal and wo!
 Thou gone, there comes no future chance of change:
 Fixed is the destiny — written the doom —
 Indelible the record! Hark!

Again,
 Full-toned and solemn, from thine awful gulf,
 Comes up that voice, which striketh not the ear,
 But in the brain rings long and thrillingly:
 'Another, and another!' Echoed back
 From the rapt mind, the universe doth seem,
 For the lone moment, without other tone:
 'Another and another!' Knell of hope
 To some, of life to others, and of Time
 To all! And yet, unresting voyager!
 Man notes thy progress, only as he notes
 The still career of pestilence — by what
 Thou strikest, in thine onward march, to earth,
 And strewest in thy path — an utter wreck!

Strange, that a creature gifted as is man,
 Endowed with aspirations limitless —
 Fashioned and formed with such high, wondrous art,
 Furnished with strength of intellect to soar,
 Beauty to dazzle, blandishments to win,
 And warmth of heart to cherish — should be prone,
 So prone to earth, and earthly vanities.
 Whence, but from this, proceed the varied ills
 That life embitter? Guile, that murders peace —
 Passion, that scorches with incessant heat,
 Firing the blood, and maddening the brain —
 Avarice, that blinds the eyes of Rectitude,
 And grasps forever — Strife, that pales the cheek,
 And gives the brow its furrows — griefs that rob
 The eye of lustre — murmurs without end —
 Longings unsatisfied — guilt unproved?

We make or mar Life's blessings! We do hold
 Within ourselves the measure of our fate;
 And as we fill it with the vanities
 And shadows of existence, or the things
 Of comeliness and substance, will it yield
 Bliss-giving good, or soul-destroying ill.
 The world is beautiful. Thought ne'er hath framed,
 In its most frenzied moments, vale so sweet,
 Mountain so towering, sunny stream so fair,
 Torrent so grand, abysm so awful, cliff
 So dizzying, parterre so richly gemm'd,
 With varying flowers, or velvet slope so soft,

But Nature, in her visible works, doth far
 Surpass them all. And this so glorious world,
 Man's heritage and home is. Gift abused !
 Fortune unmerited ! How like a god's
Might be his bearing here ! Or, nobler thought !
 How much of angel-purity, and joy
 Celestial, might his mortal state afford,
 Which now is poisoned by all evil things,
 Through his perverseness. Not to ease the pain,
 Lighten the burthen, meliorate the lot,
 Or soothe the grief of his poor fellow-man,
 Doth he esteem his duty ; but to roam
 The earth in search of treasure, while there is
 A nook unvisited — to grasp, and grasp,
 Until the arm is nerveless — to exact,
 Even from Want, the pittance that might save —
 To wring from houseless Beggary its groat,
 And claim its tatters — and, with miser-care,
 To hoard ill-gotten gains, while Wretchedness,
 Squalid and shivering, seeks his door in vain !

Alas ! that lay so sombre should be sung
 Mid the rejoicings for the new-born year !
 But man hath bowed his spirit in the dust —
 Forgotten his high birth, and destiny
 Exalted and sublime — debased his name
 And noble nature — and so long on earth
 Bent his keen eye, and fix'd his scheming mind,
 That he doth think *this is the house in which*
He shall abide for ever ! Therefore 't is,
 That in the colors of awakening truth
 Fancy now dips her pencil, and portrays
 That which may startle. Hark !

Again — again :

' Another, and another !' Thrice, now — thrice,
 That solemn-sounding knell hath in my brain
 Rang thrillingly and long. Oh, would this lay
 Could here and there a thoughtful bosom find,
 And but a tithe in part of what I feel
 Working upon my spirit now !

What ! — mirth,

And revelry, and music ! Yon bright hall,
 Where hand thrills hand, and eye in ecstasy
 Glances in eye, as through the mazy dance
 Light feet and fairy forms move joyously
 To merry notes, arrested not till now
 My rapt attention. Youthful pulses leap,
 And beauty's bloom hath there an added tint,
 And eyes have deeper lustre, and the blood
 Rushes impetuous through the tingling veins,
 And lovely tones have greater witchery,
 And tell-tale glances revelations make
 As sweet as Hybla's treasure.

And 't is well :

Well thus to welcome in the new-born year —
 As if its coming did insure a joy
 Dreamed of, but never found, in parted time :
 For, though experience gives to hope the lie,
 And expectations are but mockeries,
 Yet is he wise who in the future still
 Sees what shall in the future e'er remain.

On with the dance, then, and the harmless rout !
 But, revellers ! should the knell of parting years
 At times strike on the heart attuned to mirth,
 And in your merry-makings startle ye,
 As the 'hand-writing' in Belshazzar's hall
 Arrested the carousers, turn ye not
 In levity away — but in your minds,
 And on your hearts, oh ! let this saving truth
 Be written : '*This is not the house in which*
Ye shall abide for ever !'

REMINISCENCES.

'My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
How sad and fearful were the tears I shed!

I heard the bell tolled on thy funeral day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.'

COWPER.

How well I can remember one Saturday afternoon, when seated with two or three other children in my little play-room — while we dressed and talked to our dolls, and spread our tea-things, and affected all the importance that we had ever observed in our mamas on such occasions — how well I can remember saying: '*I will not marry until I am twenty.*' This was the age at which my mother married.' Surely this was the language of prophecy, though rather a far calculation for a miss of eight years. That I was to be married, seemed as certain as that I was one day to become a woman; and though the mystic tie was not investigated, even in thought, yet my mother married; and that I was to do the same, when arrived at womanhood, did not admit of a doubt. So naturally and beautifully does woman fall into her appropriate sphere! And happy are those daughters who find in their mother's example a pattern to imitate in all respects.

I was an only child, and my constant play-fellow and school-mate was my cousin Ann. She was a year older than myself, lively and good-natured, and loved any thing better than getting her lessons. She courageously protected my shrinking timidity, when in danger of oppression from older and more confident girls. Our obligations were mutual, for she invariably applied for my assistance in her neglected tasks. 'Do help me out in this composition!' or 'Just finish this sum for me, my dear coz!' and putting her slate in my hand, away she flew to a laughing group, the gayest of them all. My solitary amusement was reading. 'Blessings on him who first invented sleep!' says Sancho Panza. I would say, 'Blessings on him who first invented the art of printing.' What inestimable treasures are books, those 'silent but eloquent companions!' What stores of rational amusement — what worlds of delight and instruction — what never-failing sources of enjoyment — varying

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe!'

Cultivate in the young a taste for correct literature, and you have already opened to them the door to knowledge and to virtue. I have culled from almost every source, and do not recollect the time when an interesting book would not detain me from play, or even from my meals. With a volume of the '*Arabian Nights*' in my lap, and my cheek resting on my hand, 'Come to your dinner, my love,' was unheeded, though repeated for the twentieth time; and until something in a louder tone, as: '*Those books shall be put away!*' roused my attention, I was deaf and blind to all external objects. My mother

was extremely judicious in the choice of the books she placed in my hands, yet I constantly borrowed from the girls at school. These were often trash, and served to excite an imagination perhaps naturally but too active, and encouraged a strong predisposition to romance. At one time, I was an Amanda; then a Helen Mar, or a Lady something or other; for I placed myself in the situation of whatever heroine I read of. So strong has been the impression at times, that my very brow has ached on my pillow, in the vain endeavor to banish these fancies from my heated brain. It was during one of these moods, that a girl at school remarked to my cousin: 'Your cousin is very proud; she acts as if she felt herself above us.' That it gave rise to many unconscious absurdities in my conduct, I have no doubt; just as a tragedian will carry the steps and deportment of a king from the scene of their enactment.

As I have said, I was an only daughter, and in no little danger of being spoiled by indulgence, when the death of my father roused me from a delightful dream of romance and of innocence. I was not yet nine, and my beloved mother, struck with the blow, was followed to the same tomb in fifteen months. Though sensible of the loss which was to throw a shade of sadness over my future years, yet, removed to the house of my grandfather, I did not then realize it in its full extent. Beside my grand-parents, there remained at home, in single blessedness, two aunts, the eldest of whom not only ruled her father's house, but in some measure those of her married brothers and sisters. It was soon settled that I was to be sent to a new school. This was my first trouble. Many of the young ladies I was sincerely attached to; and my cousin, who had been a sister to me, how could I be separated from her? Tears were vain, and it was decided that writing, arithmetic, and grammar, were all the studies necessary for me to attend to. I had commenced French, previous to my mother's death, but, 'It will be of no earthly use to her,' said my aunt. Geography was mentioned: 'If she studies the geography of her own house,* and understands *that*, it will be of more importance,' persisted the uncompromising stickler for good housewifery. She was overruled in this; and though dancing was decidedly objected to, I subsequently took lessons in music.

W — Academy was much larger than the school I had left; and the first day of my entrance, as I looked around on the different teachers, and saw under their care nearly a hundred young faces, not one of which I knew, I felt that I was indeed alone in this little world of strangers; and when the principal entered, his near resemblance to my late father completely overcame me. I burst into an involuntary flood of tears. 'What is the matter with her?' was repeated on every side. I could only sob out to a young lady, who

*This opinion of my good aunt was forcibly called to mind lately, on hearing a lady, who had lived eight years in a house, declare, that she really did not know if there was a cellar belonging to it or not. This lady was not so ignorant as she pretended; but she feared it might detract from her refinement to be supposed to have an acquaintance with either the kitchen or the cellar. Her ideas of gentility were about as accurate as those of a young lady, who a short time since, to settle the disputed respectability of a family recently moved into the place, said she 'thought they must be genteel people, for in riding past their house, she saw mahogany chairs by the window!'

tried to soothe me, that 'Mr. H — looked so much like my father, who was dead!' Their wonder was instantly changed to pity, and a sympathetic tear stole from many a bright eye, for the orphan stranger. My progress was rapid; too much so, as I only left school to come under the strict surveillance of my spinster aunts. 'I intend she shall be taught every thing that is useful for a woman to know, in the lowliest situation; and rather than permit her to be idle, I will have work picked out and done over again!' was the reply to a query as to how my time was to be disposed of. Of course, in her estimation, reading was time thrown away; and I can well remember the bursting feelings with which I recalled the memory of my mother, when first seated under the eye of my *duennas*, I commenced stitching wrist-bands, and sewing up long seams.

I now seldom saw my cousin, yet we maintained a regular correspondence. How full of soul were those secret letters! To her I could open my whole heart; and to her were expressed my ardent aspirations, and thirst for knowledge; my wishes, my imaginings, my regrets. She was my only confidant; and though we were as unlike as possible, she was the only one who understood my feelings, or to whom I could communicate them. Another object of devoted affection at this time was my aged grand-sire. Though a great girl, yet when I could steal into his sitting-room, and, seated on his knee, listen to the untiring stream of anecdote of his early days, I felt that I had nothing to wish for. 'You were not born in England?' said a companion to me, one day. 'No; but I have heard my grandfather tell so much about it, that I feel as if I had been there.' To this day, I have a sort of *tendresse* for old men; and when my grandfather departed, in a good old age, crowned with the respect due to an honest man, my grief was more lasting than the sorrow I had suffered for my parents. My days glided along unmarked by any novel or exciting scenes. Our visitors were staid, middle-aged people, who advanced none but correct views and sound principles; yet I pined for companions of my own age, and for the enjoyments suited to youth. As I had now become very expert with my needle, I was sent into the kitchen; 'for,' said my aunt, jocularly, 'though you can make a shirt very neatly, you must be able to turn out a pudding whole, before you will be fit to get married.' I blushed crimson deep at the insinuation, which however is not a bad one, and should be oftener repeated to young ladies, who, with a most superlative contempt for any useful knowledge, take upon themselves duties, of the details of which they are totally ignorant.

I once heard a gentleman, who lost his wife in the second year of his marriage, declare, that were he to become a *Cœlebs*, he would not seek for the light accomplishments so unduly valued by many, but he should look for a lady who could make good puddings and pies. 'If she understands the latter art,' he added, 'I can excuse her ignorance of German; and I am not sure but I could overlook some little faults of temper.' I thought the man a shocking epicure, and wished with all my heart to see him yoked with one of my notable aunts. I learned, however, that though married for so short a time, the inconveniences and mortifications he felt, from the utter ignorance of his young wife in any thing connected with domestic affairs,

were numerous. I did not particularly dislike my employments; it was only the exclusive confinement to them, and being obliged, one third of my time, to be the companion of a servant, that caused my spirit to revolt. A plan had been marked out, and, with the perseverance of a self-willed woman, no allowance was made for the peculiar bias of mind which soared for higher and nobler things. That females should be instructed in all that is proper for a woman to know in any situation, is very well, as far as it goes; and this plan, exclusively acted upon, would doubtless produce very good commonplace domestic drudges; but there are higher attainments equally useful, and as profitable for an immortal soul. We possessed a well-stored library, yet I read mostly by stealth. This gave rise to a cursory and imperfect perusal of valuable works, and what was still worse, to the dangerous habit of reading in bed. This practice I pursued for a long time unsuspected; but retiring one night earlier than usual, to finish a poem in which I was much interested, I fell asleep with my hand encircling the candle-stick. In passing my room, the light was discovered under the door; and from this night, a servant was regularly sent to carry away the candle as soon as I had retired. I have often indulged in thoughts of what I might have been, had not my mind been cramped, and my thoughts frittered away upon employments that were not rendered necessary by our circumstances. Yet perhaps I am wrong. I imbibed good principles, and am possibly as useful, and quite as happy, as if my attainments were of a higher order.

After a round of gayety, my cousin entered upon the duties of a wife, with a heart as light, and a head as giddy as a school-girl's. To dress, and to dance, and to enjoy herself, these had been her pursuits, from the time she left school till, at the age of seventeen, she gave her hand to Walter Dudley, who was enough older than herself to be in no danger of partaking of her giddiness. Yet he loved to see his wife admired, and her follies were all gratified without regard to expense. Her parties were frequent; and as she added to her social feelings a love for display, her furniture and dresses were of the most expensive kind. Yet, with all this profusion, there was little order or real comfort; and so lamentably deficient was she in any culinary knowledge, that when requested by her cook to say how much flour she should make into bread, at their first baking, she answered: 'Why really I don't know; I suppose (and not wishing to be thought a stinting mistress,) I suppose about a quarter of a hundred!' She was sufficiently mortified for her ignorance, by the woman laughing in her face.

Those who enter the arena of fashionable life, in a city like New-York, find but little time for reflection, and none at all for domestic avocations. What wonder, then, that the head of my poor cousin was turned; and when her husband, tired of the dissipation of two winters, hinted at retrenchment and domestic quiet, she protested that the thing was impossible. 'Our acquaintances are so very select, and so respectable,' she said; 'and beside, were I to give up parties, it would be thought that you had failed, and this very suspicion, you know, might bring on the reality. I am sure, Walter,

you cannot think me dissipated ; I never moped at home before we were married ; and it is very hard to be obliged to give up all my friends and acquaintances now.'

'I do not ask this,' replied her easy husband ; 'but why not have smaller parties, and prepare the refreshments yourself? Mr. Ellis tells me that his wife prepares every thing that is served at his house ; and their entertainments, we know, are always elegant. This would save more than one half of what I now pay to a professed *artiste*.'

'Oh, I should spoil more than would be saved by that plan,' was the reply.

This was true ; for in attempting to prepare some crullers, she made the paste so very rich, that she could neither roll it out, or boil it afterward ; and in her vexation, she threw the whole compound away.

'Wilful waste makes woful want,' is an adage as just as it is homely. Those who do not study economy from principle, will be compelled to practice it of necessity ; and this my cousin found to her confusion, in the third year of her marriage. A needle had ever been her aversion ; but she did attempt some things for her boy, and the poor child looked as if his clothes had dropped on to him from a whirlwind. But reform had come too late. An assignment was inevitable. 'It is all my fault,' said she to me, on taking leave, as they were starting for Missouri, 'it is all my fault, and Walter knows it. I see that he feels contempt for me ; and how I despise myself, in reflecting that my selfish extravagance has brought ruin on so kind a husband !' I trembled for their happiness ; and in considering the causes of her disaster, felt more reconciled to my own pursuits, quiet and humble as they were. There is no situation in life which exempts a female from certain duties ; and though many have a mother or other relative to take the burden off their hands, they are inseparable from her situation as a wife and mother. Yet how seldom are girls properly disciplined and prepared for this responsible situation ! Happily, Mr. Dudley possessed perseverance as well as enterprise. With a borrowed sum, he purposed not only a 'living,' but an ample support ; and it remained now to see if his wife was to prove a blessing or a clog to his virtuous endeavors. I recollected her habits, and sighed ; yet she had a generous heart, and a love for the truly beautiful and good, and I took courage. 'What though,' thought I, in the remembered language of PAULDING'S 'Backwoodsman,'

'What though long, tedious miles may intervene,
And dangers lurk their hopes and them between ;
What if they bid a long, nay last adieu,
To scenes their earliest feelings fondly knew ?
Bright INDEPENDENCE will the loss repay,
And make them rich amends some other day.'

'WHICH will you have for dinner, John, 'taters or stir-pudding ?' asked the Wolverhampton cobbler's wife of her husband. Surely, unless this man was unreasonable, (and husbands are *sometimes* unreasonable,) he ought to have been happier than many a proud peer of

the realm. 'Let us divide our labors,' was the happy suggestion of our first mother, in her days of innocence and love :

'Let us divide our labors, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to re-dress till noon.'

'Crooked Branch, Missouri, July, 18 — .'

'MY DEAREST COUSIN : My last letter to you was dated at Buffalo, a year ago last month ; and, as I well remember, was filled with regrets and gloomy anticipations. Yet, with all this depression of spirits, I was not insensible to the beauty of the country through which we passed. New worlds seemed to burst upon the view, at every step of our journey ; and I could scarcely believe, that we were on our way to the 'far west,' of which I had previously entertained so great a horror. Here was a busy city ; there a town just sprung into existence, which already numbered its thousand inhabitants ; a little farther on, was another still larger, and all looking so fresh and young, as to show that they were not yet in their teens. We passed green fields, too, and fertile valleys, with far-spread prairies, and creeks that swelled into lakes, and rivers that were almost oceans. It was a beautiful sight ; yet every step carried us farther from home, and, as I thought, happiness. When we arrived here, a spot sufficiently distant from duns and creditors, I could not help thinking, Walter proposed that we should tarry to look around us. We were in the heart of a most luxuriant state, with an abundance of wild land, which seemed to say, 'Come and plant me, and your labor will be rewarded an hundred fold.' Here we met with a settler, who was anxious to dispose of a large and valuable tract, to go (only think !) to go 'farther west !' 'This, then, shall be our abiding place,' said my husband, when he returned from concluding the bargain ; 'and I think myself extremely fortunate in meeting with such an offer. He asks but a small advance, for two years' labor, and we shall have a house ready to go in.' My eyes were so blinded with tears, when, a few days afterward, Walter carried me to my new home, that I saw nothing. When I did venture to look around, I was struck with its desolate appearance. We could see the sunshine through crevices in the logs, and there was but a single room, with a 'milk-room,' as it was called, and a loft over head. My heart sank within me. Only think, cousin, what a prospect ! You, I recollect, used often to expatiate upon cottages, and retirement ; but I thought a comfortable house and pleasant society good enough for me. Well, for some time I did nothing but cry, and coax little Willie, who begged to be taken away from here. Poor Walter ! How resolutely he walked about his lots, and planned and thought — for this was all new business to him — and then came in, without a reproachful word or look, and began cooking his own meals. I could not endure this ; and drying my eyes, I determined to bear my part of the burden. I will not weary you with a repetition of the hardships we endured, or of my unfitness for labor, in kid slippers and gossamer dresses ; nor how,

after we bought a cow, and Walter had assisted me in churning, I added salt to the butter with a salt-spoon, wondering why it did not have the proper taste !

'The fall was a busy season. Our crops yielded abundantly, and we were blessed with health. As the winter began to close around us, we contrived to render our abode tolerably comfortable, with the use of bark, and straw, and by making an embankment around the foundation. One night in November, after a hard day's work of drawing wood, Walter retired to bed, early in the evening. I followed in a short time, wearied with a large ironing, and soon slept profoundly. I was startled about midnight by the screams of the child. I awoke in terror ; but what was my consternation, on beholding the room in a light blaze, and the flames already approaching the corner in which our bed stood. I called to Walter, and vainly endeavored to waken him. The flames came nearer ; the smoke was hot and suffocating. Distractedly I called his name, shook him, and with infinite difficulty succeeded at length in awakening him, just as the blaze had caught a corner of the counterpane. We escaped uninjured to the barn, which fortunately was at a safe distance ; and clasping each other, thanked God for our miraculous deliverance ! We saw the roof fall in, and leaving it a smouldering heap of ruins, drove to our nearest neighbors, with only the addition of a horse-blanket to our night garments. We had not saved an article ; and how can I express to you the kindness with which we were received, and made comfortable. Active exertions were immediately taken to renew our building. The men all joined on this occasion : some lent the use of their team for drawing logs, and gave a day's labor of their hired men ; others came with their sons to assist, from a distance of many miles ; and in a short time we had a dwelling larger and more convenient, with scarcely any expense. Nor were the women idle. From perfect strangers we received articles of clothing and bedding, for which they neither expected or would receive any remuneration. I was affected even to tears, when, after several days' illness, occasioned by fright and exposure to cold, I assembled with the kind family who afforded us a shelter, and saw the many testimonies of benevolence sent by our most distant neighbors. A fine ham from one, a pot of honey from another, with a small firkin of butter from a third ; every thing, in fact, was remembered, that our necessities could require ; and you may well imagine the depth of our gratitude.

'The devouring element robbed me of many a valued keepsake from friends at home, but nothing grieved me so much as the loss of your letters. Other things could be restored or dispensed with ; but how regain those faithful transcripts of a soul sincere and elevated ? I was less reconciled, too, when I recollected that it was occasioned by my own carelessness. The day of the fire, I consumed a quantity of wood in ironing, and took up the ashes in an old paper band-box, which I placed near the house, under a shed. This undoubtedly took fire, and communicating to the straw between the logs, caused the disaster, from which we only escaped with our lives. A neighbor's daughter staid with me this winter, for my health was delicate, and her presence greatly assisted in promoting cheerfulness in our

little dwelling. Occasionally, too, on long winter evenings, one or two neighbors, (the nearest lives two miles off,) called over, and I was much surprised at finding them so intelligent. Having but few objects of local interest, they all read the papers a great deal, and are conversant with the general state of affairs, both at home and abroad. I soon began to take an interest in these subjects. I recollect that when in New-York, had I been asked who was the mayor of the city, I could not have told; but now, I not only know who is in power, but understand something of their capabilities for office; and it is wonderful how much an attention to these matters has increased my patriotism. We receive the city papers regularly, and after giving them a perusal, exchange with our neighbors. A week or two after date, makes no difference; having, as Walter says, no stocks to look after. I am gratified to observe that Walter is regarded by them with much consideration. He possesses a vast amount of general information, which is highly valuable; and his wife is looked upon as a very fine lady. Perhaps I have had some claim to that rather equivocal character; yet I am not ambitious of the appellation, and hope rather to win the esteem due to a fine woman.

'You will wonder how we employ ourselves on Sundays, in a place so remote from a house of worship. The Sabbath is with us a day of rest; not only to ourselves, but to our cattle, and to the stranger within our gates. We have several volumes of excellent sermons, and other religious books, from which one of us reads aloud; but above all do we study the Sacred Volume. We endeavor to read understandingly, and to make it the rule of our conduct, sitting low at the feet of our blessed Master. I never had my devotional feelings half so much exercised in church, as they have been in these unostentatious services. There, my attention was divided between prayers and people, and my thoughts far from the object of our assembling. In the afternoon, we walk; and at this season, when every shrub and plant is in full beauty, and trees which look as if they had been standing ever since the waters were separated from the dry land, clothed with verdant foliage, from which break forth the songs of a thousand unseen minstrels, we can scarcely refrain from crying aloud, in the language of the Psalmist, 'All thy works praise thee!' Our favorite resort is a very beautiful creek, about three quarters of a mile from here, and from which this place derives its name. Here, seated on a sloping bank, shaded by hazel bushes and the wild willow, we enjoy, in all its glorious perfection, the magnificence of nature. This is a picturesque spot, romantic enough to please even you; and I ardently hope, one day, to enjoy its beauties in your company. In the evening, several young people, provided with note-books, congregate at our cottage, and we conclude the day in singing hymns. I would not boast of myself, yet these employments have had the most beneficial effects upon my heart and temper; and to you, my dear —, I may say, that I trust I am a better Christian.

'Our location is a very happy one. We command a beautiful prospect of field and meadow, on one side, with a fine wood on the other, which intervenes between us and our charming creek. The former owner, too, had the good taste to leave several stately old

oaks near the dwelling, for which I am vastly obliged. Willie is under obligations, also, for his father has attached a rope to two of them, which affords him occasional pastime in swinging his promising boy. I have now a hired girl, the daughter of an Englishman, whose large family of '*buys*,' as he calls them, (by the way, they are more than half girls,) renders it necessary that they should all be 'doing some'at.' Her name is Hetty; I love soft names, and her temper is as pleasant as her name, and she is as merry as a lark. I never could endure low spirits in any one but you, my dear —, and I excused them in you, knowing there was some cause for them. I find full employment for my hands, I assure you; and what between my dairy and poultry-yard, and matters in-doors, I have no idle time. Even little Willie does not eat the bread of idleness, but sings his 'By O!' most manfully, while rocking the cradle of his little sister. You will probably be tempted to inquire, if we do not miss the refinements and elegancies to which we have been accustomed. We *do* miss them; for although we have found in our present neighborhood more of the sterling qualities that do honor to the human heart, than one meets with in large cities, where clashing interests render men selfish, there is yet a dearth of much that makes life desirable. But we are content to labor now, hoping to procure indulgences at some future day, for ourselves, as well as our children, whom we trust to educate without sending far from home, as excellent schools are being started in every direction. And moreover, as we never should have expatriated ourselves of choice, ought we not to be grateful and content, to have secured so safe a harbor, when driven by misfortunes from the place of our nativity? Truly, our lot has been cast in a pleasant land, which only requires us to appreciate, and to strengthen by wise legislation, to be the greatest boon of an indulgent heaven.

'And now, my dear —, may not my misfortunes be properly ascribed to a deficient education? In this we have both been unfortunate, although the plans pursued differed so widely. My mother, with mistaken fondness, thought only to promote my present enjoyment, to the neglect of domestic duties; and hence my unfitness to fulfil with judgment the obligations of a mistress. Nor was this all. By an attention to none but light accomplishments, my mind was neither properly disciplined, my understanding improved and strengthened, nor my views enlarged, in the manner that good sense imperiously demands, for those who are to have the care of the affections, and the formation of the first principles of future divines and statesmen. With yourself, the error consisted in the too exclusive confinement to a single department of the various duties which devolve upon us, in the different characters of sisters, wives, mothers, and friends, as well as mistresses. In my case, blind affection caused the error; in yours, mistaken and narrow views. Yet with you, the error was on the safe side, while my giddy career and thoughtless folly led to ruin; and had I not been blessed with a companion of a firm and virtuous mind, the consequences might have been fatal. Walter declares that he is perfectly happy: for this I cannot be sufficiently thankful; and could I conquer a few regrets, and reconcile myself to the absence of dear friends, I might be able to say the

same. When I have you with me, as I hope to, another season, I think I shall feel no wants. Till then, adieu ! And believe me your ever affectionate cousin,

ANN DUDLEY.

HERE then was a triumph of affection and virtuous resolution over the negligent habits fostered by ridiculous fondness. She was right, too, as respected myself ; and although aware that a too great attention to domestic duties is not an error of the present day, yet in my particular instance, it was an error ; and painfully was it felt, when the time arrived that I was to take my place in society, and was introduced to those in my own station, whose acquirements made me blush for my ignorance. True, I had been taught much that was extremely useful, and this knowledge I would not willingly be without ; yet I look back to the years spent in acquiring that knowledge, as the saddest in my life ; and those who undertook my guardianship, with the best intentions, I doubt not, succeeded in making me thoroughly uncomfortable. If I live, I intend that my daughter shall not only be made acquainted with the particular duties that belong to woman, nor yet acquire them to the neglect of the more important graces of mind, or at the cost of the elegancies and proprieties of life, which fit us as well to be the companion as the help-mate of man, and as much the instructress as the nurse of his children.

S. H. D.

THE 'LITTLE WITCH.'

I.

IN boyhood's hours, I've sometimes read
Of witches, such as Shakspeare drew ;
And horrid hags, in garments red,
Portray'd, I think, by Schiller, too.

II.

From such descriptions, I had thought
That witches were old, ugly creatures ;
Riding on broom-sticks, in their sport,
Mis-shapen, both in form and feature.

III.

With what surprise, then, did I view
A little witch, the other night ;
With rosy cheeks, and eyes of blue,
Dazzling all 'round her with their light !

IV.

With red-ripe cherry, pouting lips,
Whose fragrant breath embalms the air ;
Imagination vainly sips
The dewy sweets concentrated there !

V.

And then her voice ! Ah ! if there is
One feature than the rest, more rich,
That gentle voice, oh, surely 't is,
Of Nature's fairest 'Little Witch !'

THE CHIEFTAIN'S TEAR.

BY ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

'It is said that the Indians, when preparing to cross the Mississippi, left all their possessions, with peculiar stoicism, until they came to bid farewell to the graves of their fathers, when the stoutest warriors were moved, even to tears.

'JOURNAL OF COMMERCE,' 1837.

He was an Indian warrior — gray and stern;
 Furrowed his swarthy brow, and scar-seamed;
 Time had set his finger there, and he was old!
 Yet, as he stood upon the mountain's brow,
 That overhung the dark old wood, his form
 Of knitted iron loomed against the sky,
 Like a tall hemlock, stricken at its top;
 Withered, but still erect. Whither it would,
 The wind sprang cheerily onward in its course,
 And shouted in his ear. And in its tones,
 Were heard speaking the quick, sharp, doubling stroke
 Of the stout woodman's axe, as far below,
 In the deep, unsunned recess of the glade,
 He hurled from his old standing-place the tree
 That had lived there more than an hundred years.
 And ever and anon, a blithesome song
 Rang up in the clear air, and the mossed rocks
 And woods, all unaccustomed to such sound,
 Flung it straight back again, with mingled scorn,
 And strange wonder. That sculptured listener's cheek
 Grew darker then; his teeth were closely locked,
 Shutting the rising wrath down to his heart
 Again; and on his rifle-breech, the quick
 Finger paddled convulsively, as though
 He would have driven the galling merriment
 Back in the white man's throat, and drowned its note
 In blood. 'T was but a passing thought; the fire
 In his deep eye went slowly out again;
 On his lip the leaden hue — resumed its throne —
 Of cold hate. From his breast a muttered chaunt,
 Like the mysterious voices poets say
 Welled from the ancient statue — so unmoved
 His marble lip* — went up upon the breeze,
 Blending its melody with the deep bass
 God breathes along the tree-tops. Thus it ran:

'Ar, fell the tall old groves — the sacred home
 Of the Great Spirit! and the grass-grown mound,
 Where his own forest-children used to coine,
 And lay their offerings — level to the ground,
 Mocking the while Maneto's wrath with the cursed sound!

'These holy forests! — that old darkling tree
 That proudly lifts its broad green crest on high —
 Clad like a warrior, in his panoply —
 And waves its scalp-lock in the golden sky,
 The Thunderer would not strike, but ever passed it by!

'When first he built the world, He planted it
 By the hill-side there; and beneath its shade
 The red man's father's father used to sit,
 When a young brave, and woo his star-eyed maid;
 And then they reared their children there, in the same glade.

* It may not be generally known, that some of the Indian tribes talk without moving the lips. The writer has used this fact, as applying here, by 'license.'

'Close at its foot, a boy, with limbs unstrung
 As the young fawn's, I drew the hickory bow,
 And at its trunk the river-pebble flung;
 And now — ha, see! — it reels! — can it be so?
 Ay, ay — he cuts it down! Well — let it go!

'With murderous bullet, drink the Indian's blood!
 With ruthless steel, raze low his forest-home!
 Rear your cursed cabins in the sacred wood,
 To whose deep gloom the red-deer dared not roam,
 And none but the dark prophet's step, ere now, hath come.

'It matters not; my wasted tribe are gone!
 My black-browed Maqua and her eaglet boy
 Are far beyond the white-cloud, and alone
 On the blue hill-top stands the chieftain! Joy
 With them hath fled the spot; then let the foe destroy!

'Beyond great Mississippi's sweeping wave,
 The broken warrior takes his weary way;
 'Mid Oregon's wild wastes to find a grave,
 Where the big mountains hide the dying day,
 And nought may e'er disturb the banquet of decay.

'He heaves no sigh for the old hunting-ground!
 Back on your heads a burning curse, to sear,
 Wither and blast, is all the parting sound
 His soul flings down to ye! Maneto, hear!
 To women and the pale-face, leave the coward tear!'

Swiftly he turned upon his heel and leaped,
 Light as the springy wild-cat, down the steep;
 Catching, from limb to limb, amid the trees
 And slender saplings, that in living green
 Clad its round side. Crackling and crashing then,
 Beneath his foot, the brush-wood light gave way,
 Scaring the wood-bird from his swinging nest,
 And shaking the slim branches, till their rows
 Of countless leaves gave out a silvery sound,
 Like tinkling of a thousand tiny bells.

In a dark clump of elms, that seemed as though,
 The patriarchs of all the trees — they there
 Were holding council, grave and politic,
 The straggling sunbeams worming lazily
 Through their locked branches, to the holy shade —
 And flinging gauzy shadows on dry leaves,
 That whispered ceaselessly, all o'er the ground —
 The chieftain checked his step. A spot for awe!
 The singing bird was not upon the bough.
 Happy wood-rabbits came not there. Creatures
 That love the light, and gladden in God's smile,
 And in their being's sunshine, were away.
 Mayhap the ground-mole burrowed silently,
 Beneath the mould — and the lone whippoorwill
 Cowered from the day, in some sequestered nook.
 But the wild-squirrel shunned the dark abodes
 In the old trunks, and chattered far away,
 Where the green hickory, in some pleasant place,
 Stood up and nodded to the golden day.
 The blast went on its path complainingly,
 And kindred fancies stirred to its sad call,
 As it sighed on the red-man's brow. Three graves
 Were there, marked by three mounds of earth. He flung

His stalwart frame upon the ground, and strove —
 As though by clasping in his arms the sod,
 He might caress the dear decay beneath.
 Now fixing on the sky those eyes of midnight,
 Deeply, unfathomably dark; and then,
 Again upon the consecrated turf —
 While his huge frame shivered convulsively,
 With the fierce agony of a strong man's grief —
 Once more with that strange chime he stirred the stillness.
 How altered in its tone!

'Alas! for thee, my father! resting low,
 Where the deep earth shuts thee from love or harm —
 Sleep on secure! 'Tis a brave brow
 That crumbles there; the damp-worm gnaweth now
 On a good arm!

'Tis well; thou didst live long enough to sing
 The death-song of thy tribe's renown, my sire;
 And then thy spirit spread its chainless wing
 For the far grounds, where life's cool waters spring,
 Unmixed with fire.

'Alas! my gentle wife! when, in my dream
 Of holy vengeance, 'mid red battle won,
 I swore to faint not, I did fondly deem
 Ever to have thy dark eyes' fadeless beam
 To cheer me on.

'But from the stem they've torn the vine away —
 And the tree's sapless. Oh, a glorious boon
 'T would be, to follow! From yon cloud-born ray
 I see thee beckoning. Yet a brief day —
 I shall come soon!

'And thou, my glorious boy! I thought, one day —
 Oh, what proud hopes I garnered up for thee!
 To see thee tallest of thy tribe, and they —
 By thy brave arm, the invader swept away —
 Happy and free.

'I thought to see thee, yet, chasing the deer,
 And grappling with the bear, o'er prairie-grass
 And wood, pathless and all thine own; and hear
 Thy free whoop ringing on the sky-roof clear;
 Alas! — alas!

'Wife, people, sire and son, all gone! I know
 Ye're rambling now in the bright hunting-ground —
 Where the grim pines upreaching ever grow,
 And the deer rove, and mighty waters flow,
 With onward bound.

'I hear ye calling, in the night-bird's lay,
 And in the winds that round my lone lodge moan;
 Ye wait; I read it in each heaven-sent ray!
 Vain — vain! I may not go! 'Tis mine to stay,
 Alone — alone!

As erst the rock smit by the prophet's wand
 Gave from its rugged core a gush of waters,
 So that uncultured stoic of the woods —
 The fountains of fresh feeling broken up
 By the heart's talisman — there, in the grove,
 Let go the dam that breasted the roused tide,
 And bowed his iron neck — *and wept!*

THE SYMPATHIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

I.

How blissful is it, O, J . . . ! when sympathizing souls commune ! Souls, which perhaps once loved in a former heaven, and now that they meet, the remembrance of each other arises dimly, like the confused recollection of a dream, of which naught but an indefinite though agreeable idea can be realized. Perchance Fate separated them, when they descended from that happy condition, to commence their perilous pilgrimage of trial in this strange land. But their better genius again unites them, even though years, mountains, and oceans may intervene. Scarcely do these twin souls awake from the confusion into which their fall into this wretched world has plunged them ; scarcely do they feel their former serenity return, ere a secret longing also arises, strange even to themselves. They aspire to a good which is wanting ; they are not contented. Oftentimes they are buried in solitary reveries, or, under the dark wings of the night, wander in serious dreams. A thousand varied visions pass before the meditating soul, but the chord is yet untouched ; at length it creates an image worthy of its affection ; it contemplates and loves it, and wishes, like Pygmalion, that it might exist, as yet ignorant that this picture has an original, and that it is only engaged in recalling lineaments once familiar. How pleasing is then the astonishment of these harmonizing spirits, when at an unhopèd-for and unexpected moment, that original stands in all its beauty before them ! A secret magnetic attraction draws them together ; they gaze and love for ever ; and the more deeply, the longer they examine. And how could they do otherwise than love ? Their hearts are attuned to the sweetest harmony. Nature has the same charms for both ; this pure azure of the heavens, these balsamic flowers, this blooming landscape, that slumbers peacefully beneath the silver light of the moon, and the more lofty aspirations of the mind, spiritual beauty, order, goodness, innocence, virtue, which, unencouraged, unknown, and uninitiated, remains in the midst of the turmoils of a degenerate world, faithful to the call of heaven. All these affect both in the same manner. How delightful is it to them to unlock to each other their inmost thoughts ! How readily do they comprehend them ! How speedily does each feeling find an answering emotion in the heart of the other ! There is no great thought, no beautiful perception, no joyful hope, no noble deed, that they do not share in common. There is no dissonance in the one, which is not changed into harmony by the sympathy of the other. The mutual desire to approach ever more nearly the immortals in that holy land from whence they have sprung ; this rooted desire, whether it be called virtue or religion, unites them in all that they think, and in all that they do. For what other species of harmony can exist between soul and soul, that is not based upon virtue ?

Beware, oh ye grovelling souls ! whom avarice or luxury (degrading cares !) unite for a brief space under the same yoke, beware that ye profane not the names of Love and Friendship ! Call not that

sympathy, which is only a shameful concurrence in vice ; a feeling which you gratuitously baptize with the names of Love and Friendship, as Leda would conceal a vicious disposition beneath the glowing roses of her cheeks. Rest satisfied with your grosser pastimes and pleasures, undisturbed by us. Restrain yourselves within your proper limits, and grant that we may view the world in a different light ; that we would rather nourish and enlarge our minds with mighty and certain hopes, than plunge into transient voluptuousness ; would rather rejoice in a holy belief, than in wild creations of the fancy, that have no existence save in the brain of the dreamer ; that our souls would rather commune with themselves, than be wasted in a thousand idle desires and frivolous follies ; and that we believe ourselves to live so much the more, as the spirit soars free and conformable to its inborn nature, and as we can loosen the bonds that confine us to this earthly sphere.

And how can it be otherwise, than that all who are blessed with this mode of reflection, should stand in a close spiritual union, and yearn the one to the other, although they may never have seen or opened their lips to each other ? Their inclinations sympathize, their prayers rise up in common to the same God ; their souls strive in the same paths toward perfection ; their hopes aim at the same objects. It is true, that a veil is often suspended between them, so that they shall never know each other. Many will meet for the first time in another world. It is thus ordained by Him, who is all-wise. The earth is not to become a heaven. Nevertheless, a kind Providence frequently so orders it, that even here they may unite. And although space and time intervene, the mind of man has discovered a mean by which both may be annihilated, the inhabitants of far distant lands in a moment commune together, and the living be transported into the society of venerable shades, whose virtue is renovated with each century.

How often, when my soul flies from the vexations of the day to calm, solitary meditation, applies itself to its most beloved thoughts, and surrounds itself with visionary creations ; how often then the sweet reflection has soothed me, that there is a companionship between minds, and that many paternal souls are scattered over the earth, who, perhaps, at this moment, like myself, are buried in reverie, and are calling up around them similar images and reflections. Then I indulge in these delightful dreams with calm rapture, and wander forth in imagination to meet these kindred spirits to my own, and sympathize with them, according to the circumstances in which they are placed. Perchance, this one longs for a friend to whom he may unburthen the sorrows of his heart ; one who will understand his feelings, and so advise him as to insure the return of peace ; perchance, there is another, inexperienced but well-intentioned, in want of instruction ; another astray, in need of advice ; another despairing, to whom encouragement would be salvation ; and another thoughtlessly pursuing a career, from whose fatal termination premonition might secure him. Thus do I imagine a varied tissue of events, in which my dearest and most intimate companions are concerned ; and animated by Friendship, I consider how I would teach or encourage, console or strengthen, punish or applaud. Then, committing my

reveries to paper, my heart finds a delightful satisfaction in the belief, that thus it will commune with the absent, and give to them the same pleasure that I myself have experienced.

Take then, ye honored spirits! to whom I am attracted more warmly than to others, (for which latter no other emotion than pity is possible to be felt,) take these remembrances and exhortations from your friend, who hopes to see you in a better world. You alone can understand these pages; you alone will comprehend and feel the force of my language, and only in your hearts will the sympathetic emotions of my own be adequately responded to.

II.

BEAUTIFUL Celia!—you do not yet know your tenderest lover! Your enchanting beauty has collected around you a swarm of cringing slaves; but they do not love you. How little must you comprehend your own value, if you should become proud in consequence of their attentions! They do not love you, Celia. It is a grosser feeling that animates their rivalry. Each one of your charms in their eyes promises its own peculiar zest, its own peculiar rapture. These suitors regard you in the same light as Eve considered the apple, which appeared to her delightful to the eye, and yet more so to the taste. But *I*, who never saw you with my physical eyes, *I* can only consider you with my mental vision; and this reveals, beneath your earthly form, something more beautiful than beauty itself. Flowers, pictures, and statues I may admire, but this heavenly gift, which elevates your visible presence as much above all other beauties, as an angel excels a butterfly, this divine possession entirely captivates my heart. Without flattering you, (for wherefore should an ethereal lover, a genius, flatter?) I will direct your attention to more noble objects than the untiring worshippers of your youthful charms can place before you. I would wish to inspire your heart with an elevated pride, that will place you far beyond each rosy-cheeked maiden, in whom either nature or education has forgotten to elaborate the chiefest perfection; whose whole history may be summed up in a few words; who bloom, are plucked, and wither. Reflect, that you are advancing to an age, when the world will consider you either with approving or censorious eyes. Your beauty will attract toward you an attention which mere beauty is not worthy of. It is time, therefore, that you should learn the true object of your existence. If the force of sympathy is rightly comprehended by me, reflection is at this moment whispering to your soul that which I now think.

Lovely Celia, the whole world is a shadow; a reflection of immortality, which alone is eternal and divine. Your soul is the image of the Divinity, your person the image of your soul. These colors, these graces, are the lustre with which it invests the body, and by means of which it should effect its proper objects. Beauty is a promise by which the soul is bound to entertain no thought that is not great, noble, and elevating. It is the talisman by which others should be made attentive to the lessons of virtue. For one possessed of beauty should be a tutoress; teaching by the example that she sets. Virtue, which, invested with beauty, moves among man-

kind, enters into their interests and passions, and is plainly to be observed by them; pleases more, touches more tenderly, and drives its arrows deeper into the heart, than when arrayed in all the imposing wisdom of the schools, or in the enchanting diction of a Richardson. Modesty appears more engaging, when it blushes upon lovely cheeks; the expression of feelings that betray a gentle disposition and goodness of heart, sounds more sweetly when proceeding from ruby lips; and how does a beautiful eye enrapture us, when, beaming with earnest, undissembled emotion, it is raised in prayer toward the throne of the Almighty, and the pious reflections that well forth from the devout mind, are revealed with a bright and dazzling splendor in its glances! If wisdom, if innocence, if humility, if the noble sentiments which belief in the religion of Christ induces, operates with all their power upon hearts already softened and overcome by mere personal beauty, how can they do otherwise than admire this higher excellence? And in each elevated soul, from admiration will arise love, from love, emulation. O, Celia! what a benefactress to mankind could you not become! How many fools you might shame, who are not able to believe that unconquerable virtue may reside in a tender heart, at the same time with youth! How many could you not oblige to honor virtue against their will! How many who once feared her, would then, attracted by your charms, view her more closely, and consent to worship at her shrine! How would the mere rarity of the sight attract attention! The world would believe that it was an angel appearing among men, to teach them by example. Then, perhaps, beauty and wisdom, when united, might touch those thoughtless persons who are too foolish to love virtue for its own sake. O, Celia! disappoint not the design of the Creator who formed thee! Do not so employ the graces of your person, that they will be but syrens, inviting us to death!

Forgive, forgive, O, beautiful friend! my honest earnestness. I know that you would rather lose all the lustre of your charms, than that a moral deformity should be concealed behind so beautiful a mask; the venom of the serpent lie hidden beneath the flowers. I see even more. A noble thirst for knowledge flashes from your eyes. An awaking consciousness of the dignity of your own nature, a crowd of lofty presentiments, excite the pulses of your heart. You despise the male insects which flutter around you, in whatsoever garb they may choose to glitter. You long after the applause of the king and ruler of the world, who alone dives into the labyrinth of our inclinations, and alone is fitted to judge of our actions. With how novel a beauty will you enhance our now deformed world! How much will all the friends of virtue love you! What a heaven will that fortunate person, to whom destiny shall award you as a reward for his virtue, find in your possession! How blessed will be the lot of those, whom with maternal care you shall rear in the paths of innocence and virtue! You will be a Byron in your youthful days, and a venerated Shirley, when the hand of time shall whiten your locks; and although age may deprive your cheeks of their roses, it will never be able to efface the harmonious expression of your features.

X. Y. Z.

TO THE WEATHERCOCK ON OUR STEEPLE.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,
 Another day begun,
 And there thy poised and gilded spear
 Is flashing in the sun,
 Upon that steep and lofty tower
 Where thou thy watch has kept,
 A true and faithful sentinel,
 While all around thee slept.

For years, upon thee there has poured
 The summer's noon-day heat,
 And through the long, dark, starless night,
 The winter storms have beat ;
 But yet thy duty has been done,
 By day and night the same ;
 Still thou hast watched and met the storm,
 Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept
 Along the distant heaven,
 But thou hast watch upon it kept,
 And instant warning given ;
 And when midsummer's sultry beams
 Oppress all living things,
 Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
 With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
 Or twilight's quiet hour,
 The swallows, in their joyous glee,
 Come darting round thy tower,
 As if, with thee, to hail the sun,
 And catch his earliest light,
 And offer ye the morn's salute,
 Or bid ye both — good night.

And when around thee, or above,
 No breath of air has stirred,
 Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
 Of each free, happy bird ;
 Till, after twittering round thy head,
 In many a mazy track,
 The whole delighted company
 Have settled on thy back.

Then, if perchance amid their mirth,
 A gentle breeze has sprung,
 And prompt to mark its first approach,
 Thy eager form has swung,
 I've thought I almost heard thee say,
 As far aloft they flew,
 'Now all away! — here ends our play,
 For I have work to do !'

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
 And call thee, in their pride,
 An emblem of their fickleness,
 Thou ever faithful guide !
 Each weak, unstable human mind
 A 'weathercock' they call ;
 And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
 Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
 A by-word for their deeds :
 They change their friends, their principles,
 Their fashions, and their creeds ;
 While thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
 Thus causelessly to range,
 But when thou *changest sides*, canst give
 Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
 The thoughtless oft condemn,
 Art touched by many airs from heaven
 Which never breathe on them ;
 And moved by many impulses
 Which they do never know,
 Who, 'round their earth-bound circles, plod
 The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
 Thou well hast keep thy trust,
 And now in glory o'er thy head
 The morning light has burst :
 And unto earth's true watcher, thus,
 When his dark hours have passed,
 Will come 'the day-spring from on high,'
 To cheer his path, at last.

Bright symbol of *fidelity*,
 Still may I think of thee ;
 And may the lesson thou dost teach,
 Be never lost on me :
 But still, in sunshine or in storm,
 Whatever task is mine,
 May I be faithful to my trust,
 As thou hast been to thine.

Providence, (R. I.) Oct. 13, 1837.

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

'BY Aaron's great golden calf ! Creighton, you are certainly the most unreasonable fellow I ever saw ! Look at the sums I have already furnished ! There they are, all set down in a column, and figured up ; a very pretty interest, truly ! And now you are so unconscionable, as to ask for fifty dollars more, all at once ! Why, you crazy head !—the purse of a millionaire would not stand such drafts !'

'Poh, Buckley ! You moan as if you were going to the gallows, or the rogue's palace, at least.'

'And what else than a prison can a poor fellow expect, when he is run ashore for funds ? Positively, Sir, I cannot spare another cent.'

'But think of the investment, dear Buckley ; and of the solemn fact, that if you cut me now, you will stand a rare chance of losing what has already been expended. In poring over those awkward figures, you seem to have wholly forgotten the object of our enterprise.'

'Oh, surely not that dainty little object ; it fairly makes my mouth water. And I suppose it is 'almost obtained,' yet ? I believe you have told me so for more than a month. Pray, is the day fixed, and are the dresses selected ?'

'You are uncommonly severe to-night, Buckley.'

'Severe? God forbid! I was only wondering at the want of energy which you have manifested, in not grasping that which you have so often told me was just within your reach.'

'Just beyond it, you should recollect, Buckley. I acknowledge that some of our flirtations have proved cursed unfortunate. Who would have thought, now, that that jade of a Milton would flinch, after she had gone so far as to sigh a dozen times, and let me squeeze her dry digitals nearly as many more?'

'Deuced unlucky, I own, Creighton. But there were the two Middletons.'

'Another trap, too. There I thought myself sure. The oldest one only put off my suit over one day, when in stepped that rascal of a fellow, and carried her by storm before my eyes. I had a good mind to send him a challenge.'

'Only you was afraid he would accept.'

'Enough, Buckley; I know you for an inveterate joker, and friends, you know, must pocket jokes. Were you a stranger now, Buckley, —'

'And so unfortunate as to know nothing of the real character of the valiant Captain Creighton, you might presume so far on my scruples, as to send me a challenge. But no matter, you know. Tell us what your prospects are now. Methinks a change of climate might be for the best.'

'Very likely. Well, let's see. There's the Purley — I am dished there; the Randalls — pretty much gone, too. The old maid out there, and the little imp of ugliness close beside her — by the saints! they are the only two left; and I cannot look at them without thinking it would be a bitter dose to marry either for twice their fortune.'

'What are their cash values?'

'The little girl estimated at fifteen thousand, at her father's death; the old maid ten thousand, certain.'

'That all? Why, captain, you are reduced to devilish poor picking, sure enough — hardly Hobson's choice. But to be frank with you, I have made a discovery to-day, that is worth all the rest.'

'A good fleece, and ready for the shearer?'

'Eighty thousand — the girl young and handsome — well spiced with romantic notions, and open to flattery. Beside, she has not fifty dangling after her, as she lives very much retired. I have a plan all matured, that cannot fail to make us both. First promise me a third of the profits.'

'A third! How devilish exorbitant! Why, Buckley, I would see you hanged first.'

'Well then, Mr. Captain, get any, if you can.'

'Stop, my friend; don't be so crusty. You shall have a full quarter.'

'Nay, old head! — I know you now, methinks. A third free and clear will I have, or you may hunt out the scheme yourself.'

'Well, Buckley, it's devilish hard; but you will have your own way. Make the bargain to suit yourself.'

'You promise? Sign that, then. There, that will do, and now to my story. The prize is situated thirty miles inland. She has a

wary old father, who will prove the most serious obstacle to the undertaking, unless he is well managed. His name is Morton, and a soldier he is, as you would fain be thought. The first difficulty is an introduction. I have managed that. The colonel is a pattern of hospitality, and I have procured a flattering letter of introduction from an old friend, given, by good luck, to one Captain Creighton. Who the deuce the true one is, I don't know. You can see, from the epithets, that it never was intended for you. Who, for instance, ever thought of your 'bravery, and high moral worth?' But no matter. What do you think of the scheme?

'A capital one, by St. George! Give me the rhino, my Buck, and I will lay siege like a good general.'

'A good captain, you mean — home-made and poorly commissioned, but nevertheless quite a good one, taking his personal beauty into account, for a speculator in marriage portions.'

From the few scraps of conversation which have been detailed, something may be gathered concerning the nature of the relation which subsisted between Captain Creighton and his 'dear friend,' Mr. Robert Buckley. It was a limited partnership between two fortune-hunters, whereof the former was the special, and the latter the general partner; the one employing the advantages of a good person and easy address, to secure an heiress, while the other furnished the necessary capital with which to maintain appearances.

Colonel Morton, already alluded to, was an old soldier, who had seen some service, and was now retired upon a large fortune, to devote his attention to the education of an only daughter. While engaged in warfare with the savages upon the frontiers, he had acquired credit for great craftiness, without, however, detracting from a character for honesty and generous feeling. He was fond of a joke, even though himself the subject; and the many of a practical nature which he planned and executed, showed that he had not left all his tact for stratagem in the frontier settlements. Among other things, he well knew that, as she grew up, the beauty and reputed wealth of his only child would attract many suitors. He felt it his duty, and one to which he was prompted by affection, to watch over her, and secure her guileless heart from the thousand snares that would be spread before her. Accustomed to command, his authority over her was supreme; and she was fitted, no less by education than force of habit, to bow in implicit obedience.

Captain Creighton found no difficulty in effecting a lodgment in the elegant mansion of Colonel Morton. Buckley had not exaggerated the reputation of the latter for hospitality; and upon the production of his introductory epistle, the worthy captain was welcomed with all the warmth of an old acquaintance. He was presented to Miss Alice, as an officer in the British service, now on a visit to this country, and as an acquaintance of her father's old friend, Mr. Willoughby, of whom she had often heard him speak. The young lady greeted him in a manner becoming a soldier's daughter, warmly and frankly. In truth, the Englishman had no bad face or figure, as many a belle in the metropolis attested; and his reputation in the profession in which her father had distinguished himself, led him to expect many advantages in attacking the heart of the beautiful Alice.

The Briton tested well the hospitality of the gallant colonel, into whose good graces he so far insinuated himself as to become a somewhat intimate friend and favorite. Military tactics were Morton's hobby, and Creighton could talk flippantly of scenes in the continental wars of Europe. His suit proceeded scarcely less favorably with the lovely daughter. He was indeed somewhat mortified, and thrown aback, by being foiled in one of the strongest points of attack which he had meditated. Unlike most of her countrywomen, he found Alice wholly insensible to very many charms which he could display, as purely English. She deemed it inconsistent with her ardent ideas of patriotism, to pay a whit more respect to a foreigner, than was due to an American. If she allowed a prejudice either way, it was in favor of her own countrymen. The captain, too, was hardly less disappointed in finding her by no means so accessible to flattery as Buckley had represented. Nevertheless, his suit prospered well. He saw with pleasure her entire dependance on the wishes and feelings of her father, and the good quarters which he occupied in his mind, led him to look for assistance from the gallant soldier.

Captain Creighton considered the judicious advances which he had made, as quite successful, and conducive to the end for which he had sought the hospitable roof of his host. One thing only, at length, gave him serious apprehensions. This was the arrival of another visitor, who had, as the captain saw every reason to believe, a design upon the hand and fortune of the young lady. Mr. Wilmot was a young man like himself, and, as he was pained to perceive, possessed of a no less pleasing exterior. He had been once before a visitor at Colonel Morton's, and Creighton noted well the warm reception with which he met from the lovely daughter. Two days had not elapsed, before he discovered that while his rival was near, he could never hope to succeed in a direct attempt upon the affections of Miss Alice. It was then, he thought, high time to bestir himself, if he meant that the prize should not be wrested from his very grasp. He was sure of the ascendancy with her father, and he determined to lose no time in making sure of his approbation, when that of the daughter must necessarily follow. He accordingly sought the first opportunity for conversing with the colonel upon 'the subject nearest his heart.' Nothing could exceed the apparent gratitude with which he received the proposal for uniting his daughter with the kinsman of an English earl. He gave the captain's hand a true soldier's grip, while a tear stood in his eye.

'Receive you, my noble friend!' said he; 'by my soul! Captain, you are just the son-in-law I have always wished to possess; frank and generous. She is yours, Sir, heart and hand.'

'Nay, my good Sir, you do me injustice. The inclinations of the lady must, by all means, be consulted.'

'To be sure, captain, she should not marry against her will; but she will most surely consent. I have thought many times she loved you, by my sword, captain.'

'I can but beg of you,' returned the Briton, afraid lest too much freedom might be given to the wishes of the lady, 'to give your sanction and influence to my suit. I observe with what filial affec-

tion she regards the slightest expression of your wishes and feelings. To know that I had your approbation, might influence while it would not force her.'

'Right, captain,' said Morton, 'and nobly spoken. I will try her to-night; the sooner the better, you know, lest difficulty might arise from that fellow of a Wilmot, who, between you and I, and this bottle of port, captain, I believe to be a veritable fortune-hunter.'

'I have no doubt of it,' said Captain Creighton, chiming in with a remark so suitable to his own ends.

'His own fortune is mere nothing,' continued the colonel, 'and he thinks mine would make a very pretty addition to it. Yours, you told me, was five thousand per annum, which you intend transferring to this country. You shall have forty thousand, as Alice's portion, on the wedding-day, and at my decease, an equal sum will await you. Of course you will desire an early marriage. I shall urge it.'

'I beg you will not mention her fortune, Sir,' said Creighton, yet drinking in his promises with most exquisite pleasure; 'it is the least, nay nothing, of her recommendations. Lest you mistake me for a fortune-hunter, too, I must really decline any, at first, unless a little, perhaps, to meet present wants, until my funds can be safely invested here.'

'By the way,' rejoined his host, 'I think I gathered a hint yesterday, unintentional no doubt on your part, that there was some difficulty in the transmission of your remittances from Europe?'

'Indeed, Sir!—but it is nothing. I shall undoubtedly be in cash again in a few days. At least, I have some funds left in the city yet.'

'I beg you will make free with my purse, captain. A soldier's money, you know, is common stock.'

'Really, colonel, you make me blush. I cannot consent to accept any thing. My present necessities are small, and though it is troublesome to be quite out, I shall be relieved in a week or two, without doubt.'

'Nay, captain, I shall take no refusal. I know well your military pride; but recollect, I too am a soldier, and have seen such times myself.'

'The amount must be small then, my dear Sir; I cannot consent to trouble you for more than fifty dollars—for one week, and no more.'

'Be it so then. There is a check on the bank in the village. You can get it cashed yourself, or send a servant.'

Captain Creighton chose to take a walk and go himself to the village, elated beyond measure at the prospect of complete success in his schemes.

'Could any thing be more cordial,' said he to himself, 'than the reception of the colonel? Right glorious, by my guardian saints! Thanks to my lucky stars, I shall come out whole at last! Forty thousand now, and as much more by and by! Then my English banker shall fail, and my annuity be lost, clear as a whistle! First I must cut Buckley. 'A third!' I would see him in the bottomless pit, ere he should finger a cent of it. I could not so wrong my good friend, the colonel, as to give that scape-gallows an independence.'

Musing thus, Captain Creighton entered the banking-house to cash his check. What was his surprise at receiving in answer, from the proper officer, that not a cent could be paid on it. 'Colonel Morton had no funds in deposit.'

'Colonel Morton no funds here!'

'Not a cent,' said the cashier: 'he has already over-drawn some thousands; and we have learned this week that he is utterly bankrupt.'

'A bankrupt!' exclaimed the captain, in unfeigned astonishment and horror.

'I hope he does not owe you, Sir?'

'A mere trifle, Sir,' returned Creighton, composing himself, he knew not exactly how: 'I thought he was estimated wealthy.'

'So he was, Sir; and until this week, his name was good for thousands. He has been engaged in some heavy speculations, which have proved unsuccessful, and which will draw all he is worth, if not much more.'

Strong was the contrast in Creighton's feelings as he entered and as he left the banking-house. The bubble was burst, and all his hopes blasted.

'Strange beyond measure! The fates seem combined against me. I must off to-night to town, and see Buckley — and upon the whole, I believe it would not be right to cut him so suddenly. The speculation was of his own planning, though, thank heaven! and he must bear the loss. Strange that Colonel Morton should fail! I understand now why he would urge a speedy marriage. The old fellow thought I had a fortune, and so planned to palm her off before I should learn that they were pennyless. That would have been 'biter bit,' by my soul!'

Mr. Wilmot still remained, at Colonel Morton's, an honored guest. Only a few days after the abrupt departure of Creighton, he sought an interview with the old soldier, and in modest terms requested the hand of his daughter. Alice, he said, had smiled upon his suit, and but awaited the consent of her father to unite her fate with his.

'My consent,' said the colonel, 'cannot be refused, when Alice fixes her affections upon one so worthy as Mr. Wilmot. But, Sir, a soldier's character should be marked by frankness. I deem it my duty to say, that if with Miss Morton you expect to marry an heiress, you will be very much mistaken.'

'Colonel Morton,' replied the other, 'has very much misunderstood my character, if he imagines I sought the hand of an heiress and not that of Miss Morton.'

'I beg of you to comprehend me. It is quite poetical and romantic, I know, to disclaim all thoughts of fortune in love affairs. But I must say, I do not deem them unworthy of consideration. He who proposes marriage to a lady with a fortune, is entitled to a release if she loses it.'

'Allow me, colonel, to differ from you. It is not romance, or poetry alone that forbids the making of marriage a matter of bargain — of profit and loss —'

'I will not reason the point with you,' rejoined the colonel; 'but

I deem it my duty to inform you of the true state of my affairs. You are aware that I have ventured deep in speculation ; and I have this week learned that it has been not only unsuccessful, but has involved me deeply beside. A draft for three thousand dollars has this moment been returned from the bank protested, and for want of that sum, I fear I must go to jail, as the creditor is inexorable.'

'To jail!' exclaimed Wilmot. 'Colonel Morton a bankrupt! Is it possible you speak the truth?'

'Too true, I assure you, Sir. My house and establishment are all under attachment for a large sum.'

Wilmot walked away, while the colonel watched narrowly the effect of this announcement. Screened within a recess by a curtain, the former found a pen and ink, and taking a blank from his pocket, he drew upon his banker for the sum of three thousand dollars, to the order of Colonel Morton. Advancing, he laid the paper before the latter.

'Mr. Wilmot,' said the soldier, evidently surprised, 'do you know what you do? I am already involved beyond my means, and can never return a dollar of it. I really, Sir, cannot be so bad as to accept it.'

'Stay, Colonel Morton,' said Wilmot; 'I will take no refusal. With your own and Alice's consent, already gained, I intend yet to become your son-in-law. Think you I could, think you Alice could, rejoice at a wedding, while you were in jail?'

The veteran started to his feet, and rang the bell for his daughter. He paced the room in silence until she entered. Pausing, he placed her hand in that of Wilmot, while his manly countenance gleamed with an expression of heart-felt joy.

'Children, you have my blessing. He is worthy of you, Alice; I have tried him. Strive but to be as worthy of him. You, Sir, will pardon the jealous care of a father over his child. I have played upon you this trick, that your worth might be tested; and thank God! I have found a son-in-law who is not wanting in weight. My fortune is yet whole, and shall never be ventured in rash speculation. That gallant rascal Creighton sued for your hand, Alice, and I tried him in the same scale. He kicked the beam, and went off with a flea in his ear. I had no doubt of you, Wilmot; but you are generous enough to forgive an old soldier's stratagem.'

The same day, Colonel Morton laughed heartily over the following paragraph, in an evening paper:

'An Englishman, calling himself CAPTAIN CREIGHTON, who has spent some time in great style in this city, was yesterday arrested at his hotel, on the suit of a London house. His real name is BENTLEY. Managing some business for the house just mentioned, he became a defaulter and forger to a large amount, and fled to this country. The money has been spent in display, under his military title.' W. A. B.

THE LIKENESS.

How like is this picture! — you'd think that it breathes:
 What life! what expression! what spirit!
 It wants but a tongue: 'Alas!' said the spouse,
 'That want is its principal merit!'

THE COTTER'S WIFE.

'OH lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing!'

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

Av, Walter Lee, we're growing old !
Our hair is silver gray ;
Yet heart to heart still beats as true,
As in our love's first day.

In love's first day, when 'midst them all,
The lads of Langley Place,
Your bonnet bore the proudest plume,
Your plaid the bravest grace.

Your eye's now dim, yet once to me
It seemed as heaven's sun,
That sends a pulse of joy through all
It looks and laughs upon.

And I — am old, and it may not
Shame this worn cheek to tell,
From bonnie lassies all, ye wot
To say, I bore the bell.

Ay thou 'your Rose' hast 'clept me oft,
And e'er would 'count, because
The Rose, the sweetest flower of all,
Ne kenn'd how sweet she was.

Oh, Walter Lee, mind ye the night,
When 'neath the elder tree,
We watched the moonlight in the rill
That sang along the lea :

When Jenny stood beside us there —
Poor Jenny there stood by ;
(I doubt not, dear, she's gone to be
An angel in God's sky :)

And there beneath the elder leaves,
So pleasant stood we three,
Jenny — her eye danced with the wave,
But yours talked love to me.

And when a cloud fell on us all,
That Jenny nought might guess,
Without consent, ye stole more near,
Your lips on mine to press.

But as the light shone broadly out,
And Jenny clambered low,
To fill her lap with glittering stones,
White in the moon as snow ;

Ye, cunning man, ye were so bold,
Me locked so close to ye,
Cheek touching cheek, I was sore 'feared
She'd perk around, and see.

Perk 'round and see, and tell it home,
Where the wee bairns would leer;
And say they kenn'd my Jo, with things
My cheeks burnt red to hear.

That was a time! — then youth was green,
And life a merry-make;
I trow ye've not forgot how oft
I've made your heart sore ache.

But lassie aye will have her way,
And play her gleeful part,
To flout her love-friend with her eye,
And fond him with her heart.

I doubt not, Walter, but ye mind
The spree on Cuthbert-Green,
When with the laird of Langley-Hall
Full hour I danced, I ween.

And ye turned on your heel, 'If I
The laird liked best,' ye said,
'Ye soon could find some lassie glad
A round with ye to tread.'

And so, so gay ye trod that round,
And looked in soul so light,
And danced your best, that I might see
Ye were not one to slight;

That soon, fool thing, my heart misgave,
I said, your mind to prove,
'The laird is scarce so light of foot
As some that I wot of.'

Since then, for many a summer's sun,
Have we in troth-plight been,
And well-a-day! some cark and wo,
(For best no doubt,) we've seen.

But Walter, dear, ye've been to me
So faithful and so true,
Mine eye that could not choose but weep,
Could smile through all for you.

When black-eyed John, your likeness, drooped,
And was to God up-took,
Ye whispered peace unto my heart,
Although your own was broke.

And now we're ganging to the grave,
The fearful, darksome land;
But simple souls need fear no scath,
Hand locked full fast in hand.

Ay, Walter Lee, we're old, we're old!
Our hair is silver gray;
Yet heart to heart still beats as true,
As in our love's first day.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS FROM A SENSITIVE BRITON.

LETTER ONE.*

MY DEAR RUNNYMEDE:

New-York,, 1837.

SIX long months have elapsed, to this hour, since, as I stood stretching my organs of vision from the front windows of Meurice's Hotel, Paris, I caught the last glimpse of a travelling equipage, which was conveying no less a distinguished personage than yourself to the shores of that privileged country, where, clad in the panoply of the most dazzling abilities, and rich in the recollections of the heroic past, you have since acquired a name, that shall live as long as the emblazoned memory of your stupendous literary exploits.

Alas! what a totally different course did the everlasting chain of fate compel *me* to pursue! Had an angel descended from the loftiest heaven, and told me then, that the brief space of six revolving moons would have caused such an astounding change, both as regards our respective latitudes, and our social position, I should have deemed him the veriest dunce that ever attempted to startle our weaker senses with prophetic dreams. This you will of course attribute to that want of ambitious energy, and due appreciation of literary distinction, with which you were wont to taunt me, in happy days of yore. Alas! say rather, that my mind, like that of poor Collins, (forgive the presumptuous comparison!) being cast in too common a mould to admit of my concentrating my faculties upon any fixed object, I possess, therefore, little or no capacity for the prosecution of those splendid schemes, which have at once illumined your hermitage in solitude, and flattered your pride in the season of success.

* We had opened, late one evening, our port-folio, for 'copy,' at the instance of an ambassador-imp from that 'hazy cave of Trophonius,' the printing-office, and were revolving over in our mind which of two clever articles to choose, when in walked, without knocking, our old friend ASMONUS, bearing in his hand an opened letter. With 'ful gret solempnite,' he advanced, and laying it before us, said: 'I was amidst the passengers of the late outward-bound packet, when they gathered around the contents of the letter-bag, while the captain assorted them. I selected, and have brought you, this epistle. I know what it contains. Print it; for it will effect a work of good. I shall come again.' And so saying, the sententious, business-like Shade vanished from the apartment. We obey the voice which sounded soft and low in our ears on that memorable night.

The deportment of many of our countrymen while abroad, glanced at in the present letter, is not a new topic. We have heard several native travellers, on their return from Europe, animadvert upon it; and an observant American tourist, with whom our readers are already favorably acquainted, bestows, in a work now passing through the press, the following judicious advice, suggested by the same contemptible propensity in question:

'Without presuming to give a homily on manners, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for one or two hints to my young countrymen, touching their general deportment abroad — viz: If you would win respect and confidence in good society, especially in England, *preserve your republican simplicity of character*. Be straight-forward and unassuming in your manner, and honest, free, and at the same time unobtrusive, in the expression of your opinions. If you wish to make yourself ridiculous, the best course is, to cringe to rank and wealth; affect mysterious importance and reserve; and slander, either in words or practice, your own country and her institutions. Do not deem these hints intrusive: they are certainly well meant. I have seen many instances, and heard of more, in which prejudice and disgust have been excited against the whole American people, by this sort of conduct on the part of their representatives. Such consequential airs, if they ever do introduce you to high life, will only sooner or later bring you into contempt. An American who conducts himself as a patriotic and gentlemanly American should do, has no reason to be ashamed of his name or nation. He belongs to Nature's nobility; and to a country unequalled in extent, beauty, and natural advantages, by any on earth. On the other hand, avoid the too common practice of continually referring to it by invidious comparisons, or lofty boasts. 'A word to the wise.' EDS. KICKERBOCKER.

Beside, your absence, unlooked for as it had been, and only occasioned by the éclat of your marvellous productions, left a hiatus in my heart, which no extraneous charm or consolation could fill up. I could think of nothing but of our untoward separation. Oh that word separation! What a chill and drear sound it has! It comes between us and our happiness like a ravenous kite, and tears asunder, with one dreadful wrench, all the ties of tenderness and love!

But Nature, whatever may be the quality of your draught upon her, is capable of a certain amount of endurance only; and as I lay one day stretched on an easy couch, in luxurious indolence, like a puritanical Sardanapalus, striving to resist the narcotic influence of an enervating atmosphere, a flash from the reviving embers of my dormant energies suddenly shot athwart my cerebral chamber, and forthwith my passions were roused to the utmost verge of active sympathy. Weary of seeing thousands of idle faces daily buzzing about me, and yet live,

—— ‘Like a lonely bird,
Wailing unheeded in a vast sea-cave,’

I resolved to get into good humor with the world again, even at the hazard of beholding the premature subversion of all plea for turning misanthrope. Collision with society is, after all, I fear, the only antidote against bile — a species of mental carbonate of soda, which causes a gentle degree of acetous fermentation, by which the superabundance of acid is either carried off, or neutralized.

It was during my subsequent intercourse with the gay circles of the French metropolis, that I became acquainted with those rare transatlantic specimens of female loveliness, whose rainbow-like glances had not unfrequently detracted from the singleness of your own pursuits, and bereft your eyelids of their proportionate share of vacancy. Through their gracious intercession, I soon found myself on a footing of intimacy with almost every American of standing and quality then in Paris.

You may remember how forcibly, for the last eight years, your American predilections had gained upon me, and how rapidly I was veering round to your own point of the compass, when the wholesome severities of Mrs. Trollope's criticisms, and the amusing imper tinences of the *ci-devant* Fanny Kemble, made me wish to be placed in a position where I might sagely try conclusions of my own on the subject.

The accomplishment of this project, however, I found more thickly beset with difficulties than Sancho Panza's attempts at repletion, with Doctor Don Periwig Snatchaway by his side; for, notwithstanding that there were assembled in Paris, at this period, nearly two thousand Americans of wealth and influence, who entered freely into all the harmless frivolities of the season, and thus supplied me with excellent opportunities for contemplating new modifications of intellect and character, yet such is the melancholy diffidence exhibited by most Americans, when from home, particularly on the continent of Europe, and under the benign influence of daily condescension from the proud, the powerful, and the noble, that instead of those spontaneous ebullitions of patriotism, which I expected their

conversation to be tintured with, and which, when emanating from a pure and untainted heart, are attractive in the highest degree, I generally found, that even when I attempted to celebrate the panegyric of the illustrious names their country had given to deck the scrolls of fame, or to applaud the tendency of those institutions, wherein was contained the safeguard of their political independence, my observations were considered officious and intrusive; my conscientious enthusiasm mawkish and jejune.

It has always been my opinion, that a man must be painfully deficient in those organs which assist deglutition, whose palate is unsusceptible of being tickled with condiments of domestic produce; and had I not known that the deepest-seated passion is sometimes the last to reveal itself, I should have looked upon this philosophical exemption from national predilections, on the part of travelled Americans abroad, as put on, more from a puerile love of singularity, than from a plausible desire to exemplify the beauty of self-denial. But, heaven forbid that I should be betrayed into disparaging conclusions, by attributing these seeming abdications of pristine character to that increasing prostitution of mind and feeling, whereby some men now-a-days are rendered either too wise or too cunning, to deem themselves sufficiently respectable, for what they actually are.

That the Americans are a great people, we all know. That they have achieved great things, England and Louis Philippe can best testify. That a universal tribute of respect is yielded to them, by every civilized potentate, from pole to pole, the studied deference paid to the American flag, throughout the navigable seas, can also give evidence. In what language, then, shall I celebrate the meek-mindedness of those individuals, who, (undeterred by the narrow scruples of petty intellects, and stimulated only by that estimable passion for imitation, so beautifully eulogized by Burke,) not only deny themselves every participation in that pride of country which should be deeply rooted in the heart of every free-born American, but, in the true spirit of a timid philanthropist, ashamed of being detected in the performance of a charitable action, virtually doff the mantle of identity, to make discovery less probable! Lord Brougham's abjuration of every privilege and prerogative pertaining to his noble order, was nothing to this!

Philosophy, in this case, is, as you may perceive, a sort of neutral ground, where duty, principle, and convenience, meet in amity; exchange civilities, and then shake hands and part.

This, after all, strikes me as being part of your own wise doctrine of enjoyment, which consists in the purchase of our pleasures at the expense of temporary restraint. Happy, indeed, is the man, who possesses a Proteus-like faculty of self-transmigration into all the contraries that teem within the real, as well as the ideal world! from the forlorn and mossy cell of the contemplative anchorite, to the gay and richly-carpeted halls of pompous royalty! — from the silvery beam that unfolds to our view some lonely valley, by distance mellowed, and with Bulwer's fairies dancing in the midst, to the ray that gleams upon the hellish features of Beldame Hecate, in the Acherontic pit.

But to return: It is somewhere told of an eccentric Hibernian

dramatist, that having betted somewhat heavily on the success of one of his feeblest productions, he disguised himself in his servant's habiliments, and, muffled up to the very nose, went into the pit of the Dublin theatre, where, after suffering a scene or two of his play to pass without remark or interruption, he gradually raised such a din of mingled yells and hisses, that the rest of the audience, actuated partly by a spirit of contradiction, and partly by a feeling of commiseration with the unknown author of the piece, got up on their side a still more violent hubbub of applause, which only ended, by causing the delighted dramatist to be triumphantly pelted out of the house, and in securing to the play, which would otherwise have been condemned as tame and spiritless, a successful career of thirty nights.

The application of this trifling anecdote may not, at first, appear so obvious, as to render it unnecessary to interpret the writing on the wall; but certain it is, that the conduct of Americans abroad, both as regards their efforts at self-degradation, and their vaunted want of sympathy for those political and social institutions at home, to which they owe their aggregate aggrandizement, as well as their individual prosperity, would seem at least to justify the reversion of the proverb, that 'all is not gold that glitters,' and to encourage the generous assumption, '*Qu'ils se reculer pour mieux sauter.*'

I am now at no loss to understand why it is, that out of so many hundreds of opulent Americans, who yearly traverse the Atlantic in pursuit of pleasure and excitement, so very few perform that voyage by way of Great Britain.

In London, social distinctions are so exquisitely drawn, and the threshold of titled exclusiveness is so unapproachable by the uninitiated, that before an American can obtain access to that sphere of enchantment, he would have to undergo a series of ordeals, as full of hazardous adventures as the hair-breadth 'scapes of those valiant knights, who, in the renowned era of chivalry, had manifold monsters to exterminate, enchantments to dissolve, and castles to demolish, ere they could attain the object promised by some benevolent fairy. Other circles there are, we have no doubt, where a more liberal state of feeling prevails, and where such Americans as are willing to violate their modesty, by resting their claims to hospitable attentions on their own intrinsic merits, might rely upon being received with approving smiles of familiarity and benevolence. The first of these circles is in itself a concentration of all that is most intellectual and high-minded among our aristocracy. In it, a ready facility in giving animation to social intercourse rarely fails to elevate even an unpedigreed stranger in the proudest estimation of its members. In it, fashion learns the value of wit, and wit requires the polish of fashion; plebeian talent attains refinement by constant communion with rank, and rank is taught the exercise of intellect from habitual contact with its humbler ally. The next circle, although not graced with high-sounding names, does nevertheless possess a dignity and refinement of its own, so as to be frequently enlivened by that unfading festivity of mind, which places its members at an immeasurable distance from the heartless enjoyments and trifling pleasures of a more ordinary society.

And yet, notwithstanding these bright indications of a sympathizing

and appreciating spirit, there is a something in our social atmosphere which your thorough-going American *gentleman* can scarcely breathe without repugnance and mortification. The same emotions are sometimes felt by modest females, on joining a corps-de-ballet for the first time, although the faultless symmetry of their limbs might well justify the existence of a bolder feeling.

No person of royal lineage, travelling under the auspices of an humble cognomen, could evince more querulous sensitiveness on the subject of apprehended recognition, than I have seen several of these 'genteel' Americans exhibit, while writhing under the infliction of those categorical inquiries, and incessant 'harpings on my daughter,' in which it is the peculiar propensity of our national genius to indulge : and as among us this tone of impertinent inquisitiveness pervades all classes of society, to the utter discomfiture of those arts, behind which the timid and the bashful meritoriously seek to screen the solidity of their advantages, it is no wonder that American travellers, who are daily becoming proverbial for their magnanimous relinquishment of all importance borrowed from national greatness, should avoid sojourning among a race of people where these elevated sentiments, however enigmatical in themselves, are as little felt as they are understood.

Paris, therefore, being almost the only place where the incongruities of character and of conduct never lack toleration, becomes the most eligible point of attraction, where those sauntering Americans, who are too refined in their notions to follow the respectable vocations of their industrious parents, do yearly congregate : and no one can have resided long in that focus of noise and falsehood, of hollow joy and real sorrow, without having had opportunities of remarking, at some time or other, with what amiable disinterestedness of feeling these listless sons of luxury strive to parry off, and render altogether abortive, every compliment which is directed either to their country, or to those men who have grown to eminence in her service. Even Niagara, I have heard described by native commentators in terms of actual detraction ; and on several occasions, when I professed myself unable to understand how so many delicate shades of respectability, (the boast of all Americans on the continent,) could exist in the social organization of a community which owed its very existence, as a nation, to the promulgation and support of doctrines diametrically hostile to the assumption of social as well as political superiority, I was positively assured that there were circles so superfine in structure and complexion, that not even the President of the United States could obtain admission to them !

My views being thus enlarged by this invaluable supply of information, and my sensitive pride less apprehensive of offence, in contemplating exhibitions of republican equality, austereness, and gloom, I resolved that my favorite scheme, of visiting these free and blessed realms, which had so long suffered from inanity and indecision, should be carried into operation immediately.

Well ! — in spite of that prostrating feeling of melancholy, which is attached to quitting any place wherein we have long experienced familiar and habitual associations, there is nevertheless a no less strange,

fascinating, miserable delight, in calling at a stated hour to take final leave of our friends. The many expressions of regret at our departure; the reiterated hopes that our absence may not be long protracted; the oft-repeated promises that our name will ever remain registered in the faithful repository of some beloved creature's memory; are so soothing, and so gratifying to our vanity, that it is almost worth while to pass our lives in periodical desertions of home, country, and well-tried friends, in order frequently to task the cherished overflows of the human heart. It is but too true, that the most solemn asseverations of friendship prove often as evanescent as the breath which gives them utterance; and that while you are fancying that the inward sigh of memory is arising in your favor, you are, *de facto*, serenely sliding away down the stream of oblivion. But then, as men and women are the mere types of human mutability, you should receive all that they profess on such occasions, as bearing the stamp and impress of truth; and then endeavor not only to forget all and every thing, but to dream away the very consciousness of your former self. This is the truest way of applying the laws of philosophy to passing events, with judgment and success.

Whether it was this felicitous process of thought which so completely revolutionized the tide of my feelings, on hearing our captain issue orders for weighing anchor, or that the extreme mobility of our nature, always yielding to present impressions, forces the mind into transitions at once sudden and complete, and renders us the mere dependants on geographical situations, I cannot tell; but this I know, that no sooner had I given myself up to reflection upon the greatness and majesty of that nature, which at sea more than any where else astonishes with her grandeur, and overwhelms us with her might, all the tumult and contention of this actual life faded into a rapidly-dying murmur behind me. It was certainly one of those nights which create a paradise of thought, transporting our every feeling to a true elysium of enjoyment; and if I could but have followed my imagination in that path of wonders, and clothed in simple, transparent language that succession of bright images which fluttered about me on that occasion; if I had possessed that mastery over expression, which alone can enable the poet to mould the inspirations of fancy into forms of loveliness and beauty, how many glorious creations would my teeming brain have produced! But as I belong to that maudlin race of sentimentalists, who can only feel without being able to explain, the influences acting on their minds, or to disclose those secrets which spring up from amid the great mysteries of their own souls, I shall spare myself the trouble of dabbling in the Castalian fount, and you the uncovetable distinction of being splashed with the result of my labors.

Suffice it for you to know, that after the usual quota of adverse winds, and terrific hurricanes, during which the bravest appetites were destroyed, and the stoutest stomachs unhinged, we at last reached the land of Columbus, which a gratuitous solecism in nomenclature has caused to be miscalled America.

On disembarking at New-York, I met with a little incident which

went far toward realizing all the wonders I had heard touching the alleged contempt of personal safety, which so proudly characterizes the Americans, when even life is set in base competition with property, or the hope of gain. As our packet had come up the river within two hundred rods of the first landing-place, I surrendered myself at discretion to the guidance of the most humane-looking individual I could discern, among a noisy crew of boatmen that had dropped alongside, and were now pestering every body on board ship with their vociferous offers of service. Scarcely had I squatted myself down upon the tattered garment, which the boatman had politely spread out for my especial comfort, than, with a dashing stroke of the oar, he darted off at a racing rate of speed, which the impulsive power of a steam engine could hardly have accelerated; but before we had proceeded more than half-way, a huge steamer, of the true trans-atlantic breed, and the largest I had ever beheld, with a migratory flock of half-starved dutchmen on board, gained so fearfully upon us, that finding the serene imperturbability of my companion was not likely to be disturbed by a less catastrophe than a complete immersion in the briny wave, I involuntary ventured to suggest to him the propriety of sneaking under the stern of a bulky ship, which lay at anchor near the wharf. 'I guess I won't!' was the laconic reply; and the next moment, the ambulatory volcano swept, roaring and splashing, so close by us, that for several seconds it was impossible to say whether our little vessel had been swamped altogether, or only partially flooded by the swell. Fortunately, the fates were satisfied with awarding to us no worse result than a severe drenching. Remonstrance would only have served to draw upon myself a volley of abuse and vituperation: leaving, therefore, this valiant son of freedom to the enjoyment of his own frothy conceits, I leaped on shore, comparatively improved in mind, if not in body, by this important accession of knowledge and experience.

On receiving this somewhat tardy communication, you will no doubt inquire, in what fitful quarter is the moon, thus to have stirred me to the scribbling mood, after a pertinacious silence of so many months. The fact is, that I was unwilling to venture even a vague hypothesis on mere external indications of character; being well aware that when objects are imperfectly seen, they easily take forms from the imagination; and that unless we take time to analyze the passions by which the mind is agitated, and ascertain the reciprocal relation of its apparently inconsistent ideas, one is too apt, either to conjure up a splendid array of flattering exaggerations, and produce beau ideals of beauty and perfection, resembling those graceful sylphs of the air, the lovely creations of Westall; or, like Fuseli, to dip the brush in darker tints, and bring forth hideous monsters of deformity, whose prototypes, it is to be hoped, never existed, save in the wild, chaotic brain of that extravagant, though highly-gifted artist.

I have since discovered, however, that this punctilious observance of the rule is almost supererogatory; for, to judge from the avidity with which works containing incidents of scandal, colored with skill and address, and clothed in a style of vivacity and happy self-satisfaction, are read in the fashionable community of New-York, by the gay and the grave, the wise, the sober, and the profound; the

professed lover of truth, and the skeptic; it would seem that the world is equally averse here, as it is elsewhere,

‘To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony.’

That ridicule, in this country, is more powerful than reason, may be gathered from this fact, that the brilliant conceptions of native genius have all but vanished from every boudoir and drawing-room, to make way for the imperishable productions of ‘Pickwick,’ or some elaborate lucubration on Animal Magnetism; while the puerile common places of the ‘Journal,’ and the soporiferous mixtures of Miss Martineau, have caused men entirely to forget that Stuart’s judicious and dispassionate strictures on America ever had a local habitation and a name, among the things that be. He whose turn of mind inclines him to behold things in a ludicrous point of view, is alone sure to succeed in commanding attention; but if he have the art of making his readers suppose that it is not their own character, but that of their neighbors, to whom his sarcasm refers, oh! then he may prepare his notes and additions; for nothing can stem the impetuous career of his popularity. No wonder, therefore, that so many writers, should seize on all they can, with the blind, reckless grasp of the drowning, in utter violation of the sanctities of truth and decorum.

I have a series of sketches and episodes in store, which, if not so fertile in incident and character as those which our own metropolis affords, will at least, from their novelty, serve to beguile your leisure hours. My next may perhaps contain a slight sprinkling of such; meanwhile, as you must be aware that my orbit is decidedly eccentric, you will not expect any thing like method, or consistency of narrative, in my descriptions; and should that interesting personage, called *self*, be found rising too often on the surface, or seeking to crowd the vacancy of expectation with too great a multitude of its own frigid conceits, you are also supplicated to remember, that my mind, having been almost entirely shaken from its equilibrium by this novel transition of scenes, will not be brought to attend assiduously to any thing but its own thoughts, or rather feelings, which constantly rise to the surface, whatever be the pursuit which actually occupies me; scattered and refracted in a thousand ways, but still retaining the same image, as the agitated waters insensibly produce the same reflection, however broken and disjointed. ONERA.

TIME'S TELESCOPE.

Time's telescope more wonderful appears
E'en than his scythe, and deeper truths conveys;
His tube prospective lengthens days to years —
Reversed, our years it shortens into days!
Then ponder well the substance, and the sum
Of what, unscanned, a contradiction seems;
Valued aright, compared with time to come,
Time past is but the wealth of him that dreams.

THE SACRIFICE.

THE shades of even gather thick and fast,
Within the Temple of the Living God :
And now the trumpet peals a thrilling blast,
And now the beaming torches flash abroad ;
While fresher incense, on the altar cast,
Burns fragrantly ; and sacred voices laud,
In tuneful chaunt, with harp and psaltery,
The presence of the mystic One in Three.

Silver and pearl, in all their gorgeous sheen,
Give back the splendor of the torches' glow ;
And mingling in the brightness of the scene,
A thousand precious gems their colors throw :
Columns of gold, with garlands wreath'd between,
Flash, as the censer passes to and fro ;
And the arch'd wings of smiling cherubs meet,
In mute communion, o'er the mercy-seat.

Now sinks the music of the vesper hymn,
And the loud trumpet's notes are heard no more ;
While on the altar-stone the light grows dim,
And the fast-waning torches faintly pour
Their dreamy light. The golden seraphim
On living pinions seems to hover o'er ;
And mortal lips are still, but a low sound
Of angel-voices fills the air around.

Pure as the wintry snow on Carmel's height,
A gentle heifer at the altar stands ;
No spot of darkness mars her virgin white,
Nor roves her equal 'mid the lowing bands
On Jordan's banks : her eye is darkly bright ;
And as the pontiff sternly lays his hands
Upon her head, she meekly strives to bow,
And lick the hand that binds her gentle brow.

A moment more ; the knife is rais'd on high ;
And deeper silence fills the temple wide ;
While on the victim rests each straining eye,
And, as the weapon rends her shrinking side,
And a low wailing sound of agony
Comes with the welling of the crimson tide,
A trembling shudder darkly flits along,
And a low groan bursts from the mingled throng !

Now wood is on the altar ; cedars fair,
From the dark forest wilds of Lebanon ;
And myrrh and hyssop mingle sweetly there ;
As the fresh flames along their branches run,
Bends every knee, bows every heart in prayer,
For lo ! the evening offering is begun ;
And, from the choir, the wildly-chaunted strain
Of Priest and Levite loudly comes again.

And must the blood of innocence be spilt,
For deeds of dark transgressors to atone ?
And must the hope of pardoning love be built
Upon the sufferings of the pure alone ?
O ! Holy God ! thus, for a world's deep guilt,
Was shed the blood of thine eternal Son !
Thus, from the stain of sin to set us free,
Its precious blood was pour'd on Calvary !

A CRY AND PRAYER

AGAINST THE IMPRISONMENT OF SMALL CHILDREN.

THE Persian Cyrus, it seems, learned nothing, when a child, but to ride, shoot, and speak the truth; which, Sir Walter Scott told Mr. Irving, was all he had taught his sons.

A better education, be sure, than most boys get, in this time of books, and country of schools!

Because a boy's great business is TO GROW—to develope, form, and harden his expanding frame into something like its natural perfection; and thus lay the foundation of health, strength, and long life. This Nature very plainly intimates, by the energy wherewith she is continually impelling him to active out-door exercises. These mature, in the best manner possible, his whole organization; engaging his mind in sympathetic activity with his body; in observation, recollection, comparison, description of things—with practical experiments, devices, and constructions.

While his body and mind are thus acquiring hardihood and activity, and filling out their natural proportions, teach him to speak the truth; and what is he not, by the time he becomes a big boy, that the son of a king, or of any honest man, ought to be?

His whole organization is so fairly set forward, in a healthful development, that nothing, short of the act of God, can now arrest it. He can endure reasonable confinement and application, without injury or discomfort. He is eager for knowledge; for he has never been drugged or surfeited with it—of kinds that he could not relish, or in quantities that he could not digest. What he has learned, he has learned naturally, and has enjoyed, both in acquisition and in possession. Learning, in his experience, is pure pleasure and gain. And with the increased self-command, and power of reflection, that years have given him, he is now ready to proceed to more systematic study, with a natural appetite and capacity; and with physical stamina, adequate to sustain mental action.

How different a creature, at the same age, is he, too often, who was sent, before he could go alone, to an *Infant School*; and has been kept, 'cabined, cribbed, confined—bound in by saucy doubts and fears'—six, seven, or eight hours a day, on a school-house bench, and in a school-house atmosphere, year after year, up to the age of twelve or fourteen! *What does the boy know?* Very little, certainly, of the world about him. Very little of actual nature, in her various shapes, aspects, and phenomena. He has very little of that experimental knowledge and practical skill, which the curiosity and quick sensations of boyhood so peculiarly fit it to acquire, in social sports, bold exercises, and habitual intimacy with the elements and seasons—earth and air—and their growths and creatures. But he can read, write, and cipher. He knows the English for some Latin and French words, it may be; and can repeat, *memoriter*, certain scientific facts and rules; which (and especially their application) he cannot, in the nature of things, fairly understand. For this, *he has been made a pining prisoner half the waking hours of his life*; and is now left, at the most critical epoch of his constitu-

tion, more or less *pale, crooked, feeble, under-sized, nervous, and timid*. Commonly, he can neither walk, dance, run, ride, swim, fight, or speak — well. He has acquired little or none of that vigor, dexterity, and grace, in the use of his limbs and organs, which exercise, while the frame is flexible, alone can give; and this, very probably, occasions a disuse of bodily exercise, for life: because no man takes pleasure in doing habitually what he does ill, after the season for learning to do it well is gone by.

Now is it possible, that while this poor boy's body has been thus afflicted and reduced, his mind has been a real gainer? Must it not be the ultimate sufferer? Probably one of two things has happened. Either confinement, and attempted application to studies in which he cannot engage himself — for nature never meant he should — have so disgusted his feelings, and cowed his spirits, that he learns nothing; and, what with vacuity and dreary inaction, his mind gradually stultifies over his books, and contracts an immortal aversion, and almost incapacity, for study; or he becomes what is called, in school, a 'good scholar;' that is: his nature yields to the violence that is done her; gradually withdraws her vital forces from their proper work of feeding and corroborating his whole growth, and concentrates them on the brain; maintaining it in that morbid activity, to which it has been wrought up by constant stimulation of his ambition.

Thus, what the poor fellow is praised and congratulated for effecting, in such a case, amounts usually to this — that he has resisted the strongest impulses of his boyish nature — impulses, the obedience to which, and the acting them out, alone could mature that nature into manhood — he has defeated them: he has reduced his little frame to quiet subjection, and a slow growth — paled his cheek, slackened his pulse, tamed his heart — fixed that clear eye, and bent the arch of that open brow, and excited the mysterious organ behind it to a morbid and premature activity, that consumes those vital energies, which are needed for the development of his whole system. How certain, that this precocious mental action, after exhausting the very means of establishing permanent organic power, must be succeeded by a momentous *r  action*, which leaves a majority of these childish prodigies with an over-wrought, languid mind, to accompany a feeble body, through the studies of youth, and the labors of manhood.

Why then, my dear madam — allow me to inquire — why need your son, for the first six or seven years of his life, ever open a book? A startling query, truly! in this incomparable nineteenth century of ours, which has repeatedly resolved itself to be greater and better than all the eighteen (not to say fifty or sixty) that have gone before it, could they be lumped in one — this age, that has brought cant and humbug, as well as some better things, to an unprecedented perfection, (and, a word in your ear, madam — education-twattle is its pet cant, and baby-schools and baby-books its pet humbug,) — in such an age, a saucy query mine, truly! But, I pray you, answer, or at least consider it, fair lady. 'Tis put, believe me, quite in earnest, and with cordial good intent. Why need your little darling open a book? He can learn nothing that he cannot learn in a hundredth part of the time hereafter, and without being urged or annoyed. And as for the mental exercise, he does not need it; he inevitably suffers

from it. His mind, like his body, instinctively takes all the exercise that is good for it. It is matter of notoriety, that children who are obliged by poverty to do a great deal of hard work daily—as in the English factories—very generally come to be dwarfish and short-lived men. Now, a child's *mind* is no more capable than his *body*, of severe or continuous application; and if subjected to it, he is abused.

'When I was a child,' saith a wise and sainted scholar—(whom I know you reverence, madam, notwithstanding that petulant little *obiter dictum* that fell from you, awhile ago, anent his metaphysics)—'when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.' Do not attempt to improve on this good pattern, by requiring your child to put away childish things before nature has made him capable of any other; and to learn our hard lessons, instead of her easy and well-remembered ones.

That little limber, laughing elf,
Dancing, singing, to itself;
With fairy eyes, and red, round cheeks,
That ever finds and never seeks;

for heaven's sake metamorphose it not into

—— 'the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school!'

O leave him to play, and grow, and be happy; and in the lustre of his joyous innocence, remind men of the kingdom of heaven! Let him play out childhood's sweet little prelude to the busy drama of life entirely *ad libitum*—his exits and his entrances at his own good pleasure. Let him spend the live-long day, if he pleases, *sub Dio*; let him bring home every night a face embrowned by Phœbus, or reddened by Aquilo; let him play with Amphitrite, in her element, and chase the Nymphs on their mountains; let him rival the Fawns in archness, and the Satyrs in merriment—and I care not if this be, at present, his only acquaintance with classic Mythology. The more potent he is among his play-fellows—the more inveterate his vagrancy—the more unextinguishable his laughter—the stronger his preference for the outside of a house over the inside—the more invincible his aversion to long sessions and unintelligible lectures—the more hopeful you may think him. And boon Nature, be sure, whose impulses he is obeying—whose laws he is living by—whose child he is—will impel his little mind to all the action that will benefit it—to all, that consists with its tender immaturity, and rapid growth; teaching him, by other inspiration than the birch's terrors, or the medal's lure, to

—— 'find tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,
And good in every thing.'

Just the sermons, the books, and the tongues for his edification. From them, better than from all the first-lessons, or infant-school-philosophical-apparatus, ever devised, he will learn that habit of observa-

tion and recollection — that prompt self-command, and readiness of resource — that aptitude and availableness of knowledge, which, in their ultimate and combined results, make up the *efficient man of sense*.

After that period of early childhood which has been indicated, our young master may take a slate, and a writing-book, and geography, into his hands, and spend an hour or two daily over them, within doors. Coming to these studies with an organization healthfully expanding, and with a spirit, not broken and subdued by confinement, but

‘Whole as the marble — founded as the rock —
As broad and general as the casing air,’

he will learn more in six months, than his rival, the infant-school prisoner, has acquired in as many years.

Advancing into the estate of youth, and hobbledehoydom, of course he becomes capable, gradually, of a greater and greater amount of application: the caution, for the conduct of that application, still being, not to let it defeat its own object, by causing the neglect, or taking the place, of physical exercises, or by producing more action and excitement of the brain, than can be balanced by impartial exercise of the whole system.

Under this caution, what should be the first and great aim of juvenile studies? Acquisition? No. Development.

What is *education*? Can you define that noun, Sir? Nay, be not affronted. You, then, at least, fair lady, who have not, I hope, devoted your blooming years to lexicons, may not object to be informed, or reminded, that *educatio* is Latin for *leading forth*. To educate a pupil, is to lead forth — bring out, or develop, the principles and faculties of his nature. Another may help him do this, but cannot do it for him. A wise teacher attempts nothing more than to supply the means and aids; to inspire and direct his pupil in the great work of *self-education*. God has set this example to all subordinate teachers.

HE does not make us wise and good, but invites and enables us to make ourselves so. He does not educate (otherwise than coöperatively) his most blessed child — the saint, the poet, or the sage. He but opens before them the awful and shining pages of existence; and they read, therein, aright. The moments and ages — atoms and worlds — of creation, make the words and sentences of that infinite book — dead letters to us, and worthless, if we do not study out their meaning — which is Truth — the divine aliment, the vital breath, of the Soul.

Life has been said to be a series of schools, concluding with a great university — the world. This last is the best; for its President is Omniscient. Let the subordinate ones make it their model.

A young student's memory, if forcibly crowded with more facts than it can associate, and more, therefore, than it can permanently retain, is strained and weakened. If exercised naturally and pleasantly, according to its capacity, and in company with his understanding — he being skilfully moved and occasioned so to use it — it is developed, or educated. The object is, not to fill his memory, but to strengthen and enlarge it — to furnish it with bonds of associa-

tion, topics for reflection, data for judgment. The opinions of others should be submitted to him, to excite activity of comparison in forming his own. Illustrious examples should be holden before him, to mature his appreciation of the greatness they illustrate. Rules should be taught him, not as the end, but as a mode, of investigation. So that, by incessant reference of doctrine and example to his own experience and instincts, however crude, he may gradually develope, out of the mental elements of his nature, his own conscience and reason — the only reason or conscience for him.

Those of his faculties which (from any of the mischiefs, whether immediate, or accumulated by inheritance, that damage nature's germs) appear least forward, will be specially cherished, in order to a complete and symmetrical development. But there will be no attempt to foist the extrinsic into the place of the intrinsic; to patch (O absurdity!) the vital and expanding growth; to supply, by adventitious substitutes, the imputed deficiencies of nature. A character, or a mind, so formed, cannot endure; its materials cannot assimilate; it must ever want unity and truth. What is thus done, must be undone. Foreign accretions, by which it has been vainly thought to fill up nature's imperfect work, must be thrown off, however cemented by time, before that mysterious work can complete itself, from its own self-generated and immortal substance. If aided, in so doing, by true education — an honest furtherance of nature — the mind will expand constantly toward its own proper perfection; and however little of it may, at any stage, have been developed, that little will be sound, native, and indestructible.

W. H. S.

T W I L I G H T .

BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.

I LOVE thy quiet, vision-haunted hour!
 Dearer its breathings than the voice of morn;
 Nor need I seek some dim, sequestered bower,
 Where gaudy flowers the latticed walls adorn;
 Where'er my rest, I feel the mighty power
 Of thy subduing spirit, heaven-born!
 On the mind's ear its whispers gently fall,
 Like some loved voice, sad, sweet, and musical.

Still as each hue grows fainter in the west,
 And tint by tint wears stealthily away,
 High, chastened feelings, gather in the breast,
 And worldly fancies cease their sportive play;
 And cares are laid like buried ones at rest,
 And Mirth's loud song is a forgotten lay;
 No earthly thoughts, no vain imaginings,
 Enchain the soul, and stay the spirit's wings.

Swift as a ray of unobstructed light,
 To her high home unfettered Fancy steers,
 Nor faints, nor droops, but holds her mystic flight,
 Onward, still onward, mid thick-clustering spheres,
 And scans the stars, those records of the night,
 Living in moments, ages of dull years;
 Scatters the shades that dim the mental eye,
 And roams unchecked, a pilgrim of the sky!

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE 'FAIRY COURT', A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

I sought the room of one who kept
 His vigils late, while others slept;
 Who trimmed his midnight lamp, alone
 Mid books of science, round him strown;
 And as I gazed, unseen myself,
 (For viewless is each fairy elf.)
 And saw his high and haughty brow
 Pensive, and pale, and clouded now,
 His cheeks from which the bloom had fled,
 I deemed him one of those who tread
 The golden paths that lead to fame,
 And waste a life to win a name.

Silent and lonely sate he there,
 That youth with sad and thoughtful air;
 And while I marvelled what might be
 The subject of his reverie,
 Wisdom, or wealth — ambition high —
 A world's applause, or woman's eye —
 A single tear in silence slid
 From underneath the downcast lid;
 A single sigh the stillness broke,
 And from his trance the student woke,
 Raised mournfully his drooping head,
 And murm'ring to himself, he said :

'I will not of my lot complain,
 Though sad may seem the destiny
 To feel that nature's wide domain
 Contains no single charm for me.

'The summer fields, they say, are fair,
 The birds are singing on the hill,
 And gentle breezes wander there,
 Stirring the graceful foliage, still.

'The sunlight streaming through the trees
 Illumes, they say, my fav'rite grot,
 And fragrance freights the evening breeze,
 That whispers round that fairy spot.

'They say, th' horizon's western bound
 Still wears the hues that erst it wore,
 When sunset gilds the clouds around —
 But these are charms to me no more!

'Some vestige does my memory bear
 Of scenes of beauty and of bliss,
 Else have I dreamed of worlds, that wear
 Such charms as they portray of this.

'Tis over now! Her cherished lore
 Can Fancy lend no more to me,
 Which threw its magic mantle o'er
 Each sparkling fount and shady tree.

'No more for me the wild bird sings,
 While list'ning 'neath the branching oak;
 For me no more each flower that springs,
 May be the home of fairy folk.

'The setting sun, the rising moon,
The rainbow with its varied hue,
Spanning the flowery fields of June,
Perchance are fair to others' view ;

'But eyes that drink the lightning's ray,
Of future vision are bereft,
And thus, one glory passed away,
Benighted hath my bosom left.

'I tread life's weary waste alone,
With grief too deep for tear or sigh ;
And all unpitied and unknown,
Indulge no hope — except to DIE !'

M.

NATHAN HALE.

'FALLING, ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage ; wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.' WEBSTER.

THERE is a mournful pleasure in turning aside from the active duties of life — in forgetting its busy hum and bustle — to contemplate the lives of those who, having acted the parts assigned them usefully and honorably to themselves and their native land, have passed to the 'undiscovered country.'

In examples worthy ever to be imitated and extolled, no land surpasses that of our birth. Without seeking, then, in *foreign* climes, or reviewing foreign history, for fit subjects of eulogy, we need only revert to a period distinguished in our own, to find some of the noblest monuments of bravery, heroism, and virtue. The pages of Grecian or Roman history furnish us with no brighter examples of pure and elevated patriotism, of disinterested ambition, of devoted attachment to country and her best interests, than is to be found in that hour which 'tried men's souls' — the revolution of '76.

Upward of fifty years have now elapsed, since the American army, in the person of NATHAN HALE, lost one of its fairest flowers. For more than half a century, he has lain in his cold grave, neglected and forgotten ; and while the names of many who have only *served* their country, have been trumpeted by the breath of Fame throughout the world, the name of him who *died* in its defence, has been suffered to fade away from the memories of his countrymen.

Born on the eve of that awful tempest which shook the old world to its very centre, he arrived at manhood just as its gathering clouds began to concentrate in their wrath. It was at this period in our country's history, that he closed his academic course ; and having graduated at a sister institution, it is from this hour we may date both his public and military career.

Endowed with a mind of no common mould, he had gathered from the paths of science her richest and sweetest flowers. Possessed of genius rarely bestowed, and rightly guided and directed by unusual taste and ardor in scientific attainment, he became distinguished as a scholar. Beloved by all who knew him, for those traits which never fail to excite esteem and affection, he was equally distinguished for the correctness of his morals, the innocence of his habits, and the purity of his principles.

In his manners, pleasing; in his disposition, mild and ingenuous; in his understanding, vigorous and powerful, he bade fair to arrive at an eminence which few of a similar age could hope to attain. Thus favored of heaven in the morning of life, no one ever commenced to tread its chequered path with brighter prospects. Assisted and encouraged in his career by the best wishes and heart-felt prayers of his associates and friends, he went forth to the fulfilment of his high destiny. Alas! how little did he imagine that 'Disappointment had marked him for her own!'

The period had now arrived, when the secret fires, long struggling in the breasts of our fathers, burst from their confinement. The friends of liberty had begun to rally in her defence, and the slumbering spirits of her sons were aroused:

'Then said the mother to her son,
And pointed to his shield,
Come *with* it, when the battle's done,
Or *on* it, from the field!'

The daring spirits of the land had assembled, and their cry was heard rising high above the cannon's roar: '*Our country first — our country last — our country always!*' The voice of Nathan Hale was heard in that cry. He had seen his country's danger, and he was among the first to enlist in her defence. The flowery paths of science, intellectual honor, and advancement — self-interest, present happiness, and the endearments of home — were all forgotten, and merged in one feeling — love of country.

Having obtained a commission in the army, he commenced the active duties of a soldier, with the same vigor and activity which marked his character when engaged in the fields of literature. Prompt to every duty, his influence here was extensive as it had been in private life.

Passing over intervening events, we now arrive at ~~one~~ of the most critical epochs into which the American army had ever fallen; and it was during this period, that the fate of Hale was sealed. The battle of Long Island had been fought; and for a little time the guardian spirit of freedom seemed to have withdrawn its protecting hand. But it was only momentary. Under the guidance of the 'Father of his Country,' the army was led to a place of safety. To the prudence of Washington, under God, are the people of America indebted for the rescue of their army at this hour of its peril. Having retreated to New-York, it became a matter of moment to the commander-in-chief to ascertain the situation of the British forces; their strength, and their future movements. It were needless to spe-

cify the plan which was adopted to gain the information desired. It is already familiar to the reader. The desire of Washington being stated to his assembled officers, they retired to their meditations. Who among them was willing to undertake a service so fraught with danger?

Among these officers, was Nathan Hale. After mature deliberation, impelled by a sense of duty, he resolved to undertake the task. Though urged by the pleadings of a friend, not to undertake a service so hazardous, his mind still remained fixed and steadfast; and no motive, however powerful, could induce him to neglect an opportunity to be useful to his country. Being told that his success was extremely doubtful, and his danger imminent, he replied, that, 'conscious of all this, as he was, he could not consent to withhold his services.' Accordingly, he passed over to the enemy, and succeeded in obtaining the desired information.

What must have been his feelings, now that he had performed his duty to his country? What emotions must have filled his bosom, at the thought of returning to his great commander, the immortal Washington, laden with the fruits of his daring enterprise? Indeed no reward was expected, none was offered, to him who should undertake this task. No bribe of promotion, no glorious prize, was held out in case of success; but all that could be gained, at most, was the approving smile of the Pater Patriæ, and the thanks of his countrymen! Such noble disinterestedness, such patriotic devotion, can only be found in the hearts of those who, like him, could appreciate the blessing of freedom.

But while such happy thoughts were passing in his mind; while his heart beat high with the expectation of a speedy return to his fellow soldiers, and his friends; a sudden cloud dimmed the bright vision. Arrested by the hand of the enemy, he was already beyond the reach of mercy. His object discovered, he frankly confessed it. The die was cast. He was tried and convicted; and now he stands upon the scaffold. Let us pause, and for a moment contemplate the awful scene which is soon to close. Calm, collected, firm — no servile fear of death is marked upon his brow. Conscious of no guilt, how dignified his deportment! — how undaunted his courage! As he looks around upon the assembled multitude, who are gathered together to behold his departure from the world, and sees before him none but his enemies, he neither hesitates nor falters; but with an undaunted look, resolved to die for his country, he yields to the sacrifice.

As a dying request, he asks that a Bible may be furnished him. With a fiendish malice, this last dying prayer is refused; and his letters which he desires may be conveyed to his mother and his friends, are destroyed. His last sad farewell they never will receive! Still firm amid all this cruelty, he utters no complaint; but as his eyes are turned for the last time toward the home of his birth, while a beam of patriotic fire kindles up his countenance, he exclaims: '*I only lament that I have but one life to lose for my country;*' and he dies, a martyr in the cause of liberty.

Such was the fate of HALE. Though no marble column rears its

head, to tell that he died for the republic, yet on the hearts of his countrymen his name is engraved, in living characters. Let his memory be cherished. Let it be transmitted to the latest posterity. And long after the frailer monuments of marble and brass shall have crumbled into dust, his story shall survive.

F. W. S.

T H E P I P E .

THE lady who has kindly presented the author of 'Ship and Shore' with a *KNICKERBOCKER PIPE*, will accept, as a slight token of his gratitude, the following lines, in eulogy of its beauty and breath.

W. C.

COME, sweet, melodious Muse! sole source of song,
And aid this once my bold, adventurous strain;
Teach me to roll the liquid verse along,
Full and o'erflowing, as through Egypt's plain
Rolls the rich Nile, which time and death defies —
Pipes are my theme, and woman's love the prize!

Beloved narcotic weed! — hadst thou been known
To dreaming seers and alchymists of old,
They had not idly sought that fabled stone,
Converting baser substances to gold;
And Midas might his wand's transmuting stroke
Have lightly prized, in thy delicious smoke.

Nor would the Argonauts have sailed from Greece,
In search of Colchos; what, compared to thee,
Were all that glittered in that Golden Fleece?
Or what the treasures of the Hybla bee,
Or Eden's fruit and shade, lost in the fall?
One whiff of thee, my pipe, were worth them all!

Thy quiet spirit lulls the laboring brain,
Lures back to thought the sounds of vacant mirth,
Consoles the mourner, soothes the couch of pain,
And sheds contentment round the humble hearth;
While savage hatred, in thy melting breath,
Forgets the war-whoop, the wild dance of death!

The mighty mound that guards Achilles' dust,
The marble strength of Agamemnon's tomb,
The pyramid of Chéop's dying trust,
Now only give to doubt a deeper gloom;
But thy memorial unborn men shall find
Immortal mid the triumphs of the mind.

The towers of Thebes, that millions toiled to rear,
In scattered ruins own the earthquake's shock;
The fleets of Rome, that filled the isles with fear,
The storm hath left in fragments on the rock:
But thrones may crumble, enpires fade away,
Their frailties reach not thee, thou thing of clay!

Terrific Ætna, whose volcanic fires
O'er flaming fields and cindered cities fell,
When once its central nursing-flame expires,
Will ever stand a deep extinguished hell!
But thy warm life extinct, a kindling coal
Can light again thy vapor-heaving bowl.

Thy purple wreaths, in solemn ringlets curled,
Float on the breeze to join that pall of cloud,
'Neath whose sepulchral gloom, this restless world
Will lie at last, in its unheaving shroud.
Thou too wilt then that last sad change reveal,
Which follows fast, where death hath set its seal.

Away, poor trifle! — what with thee is death?
Only the spark put out, that lit thy bowl,
The fragrance fled, that mingled with thy breath;
With man, it is a summons for his soul
To leave its work, for that awarding state,
Where boundless bliss or endless woes await.

BACON'S POEMS.*

PERHAPS no young writer in this country has produced a more promising volume of poetry than the one before us. There is a great deal more than ordinary merit in it; and hence it is deserving of cordial commendation. The reception which some of our critics have given this book, is not a little to be wondered at. Although it is, as we have said, a volume of poetry evincing undoubted genius, yet there has been an attempt, as it seems to us, to depreciate it, and that too without intelligence or justice. Some of the critics have seemed to shut their eyes, and with a book in their hands, on almost every page of which there is much of genuine poetry, they have thought fit to denounce the author; accusing him of faults which he does not possess, and denying him excellencies of which his book bears abundant testimony. There are some passages in this volume which would do credit to any American poet. They have a vigor of thought, a delicacy of sentiment, a simplicity and strength of diction, and withal a moral dignity, worthy of all praise.

The reception of young American writers among us is by no means always what it should be. There is not sufficient attention given them. Their faults are not kindly pointed out, and their excellences commended; and they have too often no other way but to get along as they can, and find at last, that if success does crown their efforts, it is so embittered, that they would almost as soon do without it. In support of this position, we might adduce the reception of Mr. Bacon. He has not been without liberal supporters; still, one or two critics of reputation have come down upon him with such ponderous bludgeons, as might well have beaten his brains out. We trust, however, that his brains are safe, and we are glad of it; for, in our opinion, such brains as his should not be scattered, unless he makes a worse use of them than appears in this volume. As a first effort, the work, as might well be expected, has not the uniformity and finish of older writers; still there is such manifest ability in it, as makes us confident the author can do much in future. There is a soundness in his thoughts; the language evinces much taste and talent; while the great moral independence of the volume gives it an additional claim upon our attention.

* Poems by WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. BOSTON: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

One of the first requisites for the production of good poetry, is a good understanding; we mean by this, *common sense*. We give Mr. Bacon credit here. Indeed, the mind that could produce the essay at the end of the volume, would leave prettinesses, affectations, and languishings, to moon-struck lovers. The subject there discussed is one about which many young poets have made themselves ridiculous; but the last sin of that very sensible and elegant essay, is a poetic mania. Mr. Bacon writes with enthusiasm, yet as if he thought the world had at times something else to do, beside read verses; and though our admiration of Wordsworth is not of the same temperature as our author's, yet his views are propounded in such a manly style, that we will praise his *sense*, though we like not his *system*. Some of the critics have seized this to his disadvantage; yet they have certainly failed. Not one twentieth of the book is at all Wordsworthian, either good or bad; and the pieces selected as *such*, and censured, are altogether of another school. The following poem has been censured as 'tinctured with the Lake Spirit.' Let a man who has a heart, read it:

'LESSON OF LIFE.

'Tis very strange, 'tis very strange,
The fancies of our early years,
Despite of chance, despite of change,
Can thus melt manhood into tears!

'Tis very strange, the simplest things,
No matter what they were, we loved,
Are those the memory cagerest brings,
And those the last to be removed.

'A word, a tone, a look, a song,
A bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower;
These to the self-same class belong,
And all of them they have this power;

'And all about the heart they bring
Their memories — a potent spell!
As parting friends still kiss and cling,
And must, yet cannot say, farewell.

'Now 'tis not, that there is not found
As much to see, and feel, and love;
The earth is just as fair around,
The sky is just as blue above;

'Birds sing, bees hum, brooks prattle near,
Music is of the world a part,
And warm, warm words are in the ear,
And heart beats fondly unto heart.

'And yet, the heart lies cold and dead —
Its finer feelings will not glow;
The blossoms all are withered,
We once did love and cherish so;

'And we look round, and we look back
At things of Life's young morning-hour,
And wonder those of manhood's track,
Have not as soft and sweet a power.

'And then we ask, since this we see,
If thus, in running out life's span,
We must be what we would not be,
That cold, care-fretted creature, man?

'If earth must change as on we go,
If life, and loveliness, and truth
Must pass from every thing below,
With the delightful days of youth ?

'Alas, alas, as we move on,
If thus the heart from bliss must sever,
Better were manhood not begun —
Better we children be for ever !'

The only thing like Wordsworth here, is that it is *poetry*. It would be well for some of the writer's critics, if they were 'tinctured' with a little of the same folly.

We give Mr. Bacon great credit, likewise, for the vividness and power of his imagination. We would select the last half of 'Thanatos,' a poem of much power and beauty, and the 'Vision of War,' as undeniable proofs of his claims, in this regard, to general admiration.

We give Mr. Bacon credit, also, for that which is the best test of poetic genius ; power of description. Here he must speak for himself. The following is from 'A Forest Noon Scene :

'This is indeed a sacred solitude,
And beautiful as sacred. Here no sound,
Save such as breathes a soft tranquillity,
Falls on the ear ; and all around, the eye
Meets nought but hath a moral. These deep shades,
With here and there an upright trunk of ash,
Or beech, or nut, whose branches interlaced
O'er canopy us, and, shutting out the day,
A twilight make — they press upon the heart
With force amazing and unutterable.
These trunks enormous, from the mountain side
Ripp'd roots and all by whirlwinds ; those vast pines
Athwart the ravine's melancholy gloom
Transversely cast ; these monarchs of the wood,
Dark, gnarl'd, centennial oaks, that throw their arms
So proudly up ; those monstrous ribs of rock
That, shiver'd by the thunder-stroke, and hurl'd
From yonder cliff, their bed for centuries,
Here crushed and wedged ; all by their massiveness,
And silent strength, impress us with a sense
Of Deity. And here are wanted not
More delicate forms of beauty. Numerous tribes
Of natural flowrets blossom in these shades,
Meet for the scene alone. At ev'ry step,
Some beauteous combination of soft hues,
Less brilliant though than those that deck the field,
The eye attracts. Mosses of softest green,
Creep round the trunks of the decayed trees ;
And mosses, hueless as the mountain snow,
Inlay the turf. Here, softly peeping forth,
The eye detects the little violet,
Such as the city boasts — of paler hue,
Yet fragrant more. The simple forest flower,
And that pied gem, the wind-flower, sweetly named,
Here greet the cautious search ; while, bending down
Right o'er the forest walk, the wild syringa
Displays its long and tufted flower, and swings
In the soft breeze. And these soft delicate forms,
And breaths of perfume, send th' unwilling heart
And all its aspirations to the source
Of life and light. Nor woodland sounds are wanting,
Such as the mind to that soft melancholy
The poet feels, lull soothingly. The winds
Are playing with the forest tops in glee,
And music make. Sweet rivulets
Slip here and there from out the crevices

Of rifted rocks, and, welling 'mid the roots
 Of prostrate trees, or blocks transversely cast,
 Form jets of driven snow. The housing bee,
 The plunderer of the uplands, has come out
 Into these cooler haunts, and sweetly fills
 The void air with his murmurings. Soft symphonies
 Of birds unseen, on every side swell out,
 As if the spirit of the wood complained,
 Harmonious and most prodigal of sound;
 And these can woo the spirit with such power,
 And tune it to a mood so exquisite,
 That the enthusiast heart forgets the world,
 Its strifes and follies, and seeks only here
 To satisfy its thirst for happiness.'

We extract, also, 'The Indian Summer:'

'The Indian summer has come again,
 With its mellow fruits and its ripened grain :
 The sun pours round on the hazy scene,
 His rays half shorn of their golden sheen,
 And the birds in the thickets seem too sad to sing,
 And sad is the sound of the wild wind's wing.

'And hither and thither, an ash leaf sear
 Goes slowly off through the atmosphere —
 And there may be heard, when the breeze steals out,
 The hum of the bee and the torrent's shout —
 And the caw of the crow wakes the solitudes,
 And the hill fox barks in the faded woods.

'And over the hill to his patch of grain,
 The reaper goes with his empty wain —
 His lash resounds, his wagon rings,
 The steep re-echoes the catch he sings —
 And the long drawn vales seem to take the strain,
 And send it up to the hill again.

'And here where late the dog-wood threw
 Its berries forth of a crimson hue —
 And deep in the dell where the birch was seen,
 With its fragrant bark and tassels green —
 The colors are gone, the leaves are gray,
 They fall, and are swept by the brook away.

'The daisy low on the bank is lying,
 The leaves of the brier are dead and dying,
 The lea has never a blossom blue,
 Where late the rose and violet grew,
 And life is passing from glade and glen :
 The Indian summer has come again.'

The following passage from 'A Fragment of an Epistle,' we offer with unaffected pleasure. There is painting by words in it, which will win all suffrages :

'I sat me where the window threw
 The distant landscape into view.
 The snow was on each living thing,
 The birds were mute nor moved a wing,
 And 'neath a garment clear and cold,
 Each flower slept locked in frozen mould.
 Here long drawn vales in silver white
 Glistening, were offered to the sight.
 Where ran the hedge, or old stone wall,
 The icy sheet had covered all,
 And all along the rails and hung
 Downward, the icicles were strung,

And, as the flashing sun rose bright,
 They seemed like crystals in the light.
 Where wound the maple colonnade,
 The leafless boughs still cast a shade,
 Curious, for on the crust of snow
 They vipers seemed toss'd to and fro.
 Where ran the rill in early spring,
 Beneath those maples glittering,
 Singing and dancing as the wave
 Went bickering o'er its sandy pave,
 And catching on it, shadows dim
 Of violets along its brim,

Or lily fair or water-cress,
That stooped its cheek for a caress,
Now o'er that gentle stream was cast
The snow ridge by the mountain blast,
Till all the valley level seemed —
Save here and there the ice-bridge gleamed.
But farther down that valley glen,
The brook burst up to light again ;
For there, pitch'd from its dizzy edge,
The wave shot down a rocky ledge, [brake,
And foamed and thundered through the
Until its waters joined the lake.
And there, no Faëry in her cell
Had dreamed or fancied half so well,
Or half so beautiful a thing,
Or given it teint and coloring,
As that wild brook had fancied there,
And fashion'd in the frosty air.
That brook had flung on either side,
Its fairy frost-work far and wide,
Till upward 'mid the rocks appeared,

A fane as by some artist reared,
With polished shaft, and architrave,
And glittering porch, and crystal nave,
And gleaming as the light shone on,
It seemed a palace of the sun.
Where spread the lake all sheeted wide
Sheer to the ragged cliff's steep side,
Whose hoary summits glitter'd there,
Like giants in the frosty air,
The light laugh came upon the wind,
And all that spake 'the vacant mind.'
There, like a young and mettled horse,
The skilful skater plies his force.
Anon he shoots, and wheels, and turns,
As if the element he spurns,
As if, a glorious thing of air,
His own proud will sustained him there :
And now again he circles neat,
And wheels and wheels again more fleet,
Till far across the lake he swings,
While loud and shrill his iron rings."

One extract more, and we have done. The public have received this book as the work of a young man. We suppose it is such ; and yet we may err here. There is a maturity of thought in some of these poems, not common with young men. Take, for example, the following from 'Thoughts in Solitude :

' But there's a half-way virtue in the world
Which is the world's worst enemy — its bane,
Its withering curse. It cheats it with a show —
But offers naught of substance, when is sought
Its peaceful fruits. It suffers men in power
To let the young aspirant rise or fall,
As chance directs. The rich man fosters it,
And for the favor, it shuts up his ears
Against the cry of virtuous penury ;
Or bids him dole out with a miserly hand,
A farthing, where a thousand should be thrown,
And proffer'd kindly. The lone orphan's cries,
The widow's wail in impotence, perchance
Secure a few unmeaning tears, but not
The pity which administers relief.
Words flow, as freely as a parrot talks,
At tales of suffering ; and tears may fall
As Niobe's ; but not a sacrifice
The heart accepts, nor pleasure is forgone,
Which marks the principle of virtue there,
Or such as finds acceptance in the skies.
Who pays with pity, all my debt of love,
Who weeps for me, yet never sees my lack,
Who says be clothed, yet never proffers aught,
He's not my fellow, nor deserves the name.

' A feeble virtue is a vice, adorn'd
In virtue's semblance. 'Tis a negative
And useless quality. It exempts from wo
Insufferable, yet grudges perfect bliss ;
And he but tricks him in a knave's attire,
Who boasts no other. He's but half the man,
Who, when temptation stares him in the face,
Assents, yet trembles to be overcome !
Such men do things by halves, and never do
Aught with an earnest soul. They fool away
A life, in which the good and evil mix
So equal, that the sum is neutralized ;
And Justice on their sepulchres inscribes
No sterner truth, than when she writes — a blank.

Why linger then betwixt the two extremes —
 The passive puppet of each circumstance ?
 Why pure and dev'lish — mortal and immortal —
 Too good for earth, and yet unfit for Heaven ?
 Why not at once dispel these baneful mists,
 Thrust from our paths the arts and blandishments
 Which win to wickedness — and rise at once
 With a proud, *moral* freedom, until we
 Can stand upon the stars, and see to Heaven ?

The reader will agree with us when we say, that if this is the work of a boy, he is a promising child.

We cannot extract farther; although 'Other Days,' 'Life,' the 'Lines to a Little Boy,' 'Morning,' 'Fanny Willoughby,' and 'Lines in Dejection,' are well worthy to be transplanted. But we leave the rest to the reader.

To sum up our notions of Mr. Bacon, we are deceived if his talents do not secure for him a prominent place among our future poets; and we cannot forbear thinking, that the specimens we have given, take from this remark every appearance of extravagance. We do not think there has been a *first work* presented by any of our young poets, of fairer promise than this; and though we do not assert that this volume raises the writer at once to the front rank, yet we *do* assert, and will maintain, that there are poems in it worthy to place him in a station of honor, among his contemporaries. His language has strength and simplicity; his style clearness and force. His thoughts are elevated; his habits are those of serious contemplation; and for these we award him praise. In a day when we have so many vicious models, it seems to us a proof that a man must have something superior in himself, who steers clear of them. Of his susceptibility to beauty, and of the correctness of his taste, we have not heard a dissenting voice; and, moreover, Mr. Bacon is a Christian.

Before we close, we have a word to say, lest our notice lose its *authority*. We do not think the volume without faults. There are inequalities in it. The metre is sometimes faulty; the author does not, in some instances, refine and polish enough; and his own judgment will no doubt suggest these things in a future collection, should he make one. But faults were to be expected in a first work; and nothing surely can be more unbecoming a judicious critic, than to seize on an initial effort, and attempt, by exaggerating its faults, to throw contempt upon the whole. This we think *has* been done, in some instances, with Mr. Bacon; and this is the reason we have stepped forward to do him justice, and cordially offer him the hand of encouragement.

O. P. Q.

PRETEXTS AND MOTIVES.

Don't think those gilt and hollow cones
 That *front* an organ, cause the tones ?
 Ah, no ! those pealing notes proceed
 From tubes of baser metal hid.
 This same remark, we might advance,
 Holds good in life's mysterious dance :
 In front the pompous pretext find,
 But the mean motive skulks behind.

SONNET.

WRITTEN UPON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY, PAINTED BY C. G. THOMPSON.

THERE is a sweetness in those up-turned eyes,
 A tearful lustre — such as fancy lends
 To the Madonna — and a soft surprise,
 As if they saw strange beauty in the air;
 Perchance a bird, whose little pinion bends
 To the same breeze that lifts that flowing hair.
 And, O, that lip, and cheek, and forehead fair,
 Reposing on the canvass! — that bright smile,
 Casting a mellow radiance over all!
 Say, didst thou strive, young artist, to beguile
 The gazer of his reason, and to thrall
 His every sense in meshes of delight?
 When thou, unconscious, made this phantom bright?
 Sure nothing real lives, which thus can charm the sight!

New-York, December, 1837.

P. B.

NAVAL SKETCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AND SHORE,' 'CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS,' ETC.

THE winter had passed — the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land — when we, as if obeying these awakening instincts of nature, weighed our anchors from the safe bed in which they had long been planted, and in company with the flag-ship which had first caught the moving infection, floated quietly from the harbor of Mahon, with recollections that endeared the past, and anticipations that brightened the future. The last voice I heard was that of a bird singing from a tree that shades an extreme cliff, and where it would seem as if the little warbler had come to give us his parting cheer. I admired that bird for several reasons; for its plumage — it was gay as hope; for its voice — it was full of sweetest melody; for its courage — it was one of the few that had escaped the shot and snares of our wicked pastimes; for its spirit of forgiveness — we had been all winter picking the bones of its fellows, and perhaps had deprived it of its vernal mate; yet it came forth to breathe its farewell, with the forgiving, clinging affection of the female heart for the one no longer worthy of her love and confidence. If the doctrine of the Samian sage be true, I would ask that at death my spirit may pass into the form of such a beautiful bird as this: not that I would, in that event, sing to those who had plotted my death; but I would fly to the convent of Santa Clara, and perching close to the grated window of the imprisoned Maria, relieve with my notes the solitude of her cell; and so sweet and impassioned should be the strain I would sing, that the wondering nun should every night murmur in her very dreams:

'A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that says a thousand things,
 And seems to say them all for me!'

And if the Lady Abbess came, as she undoubtedly would, to drive me away, I would sing a note in *her* ear, more fearful than that of the death-watch in the chamber of the dying. For, aside from the mischievous energy with which she exercises her abbatial functions, she has a face and figure that can fear no change that may betide humanity, and which would justify the expenses and pains of a journey to the Temple of Helen, at Therapne. I shall never forgive her for thrusting her ugly hand between my lips and the fingers of the beautiful Maria, just as I was taking my last leave. She might at least have accorded me this last and delicate indulgence of affection, after having accepted of me, with evident emotions of delight, a dozen of the best Virginia hams that ever yet crossed the Atlantic. But I have ever observed, that a woman excessively ugly, is usually excessively perverse. It would seem as if she intended to retaliate the wrongs of nature indiscriminately upon her unoffending species. No one of my female readers, I am sure, will take an exception to this remark, or construe it into a personality; for, whatever facts might justify, her good opinion will prevent her ranking herself with the class to which it refers. As for the abbess of the convent of Santa Clara, I may yet perhaps have an opportunity of returning her ungrateful effrontery; for if we drop anchor at Madeira, on our return home, it may not be my fault if she has not one the less nun on whom to rivet the chain of her sanctimonious tyranny.

But to resume the thread of our nautical tale. The morning of our first day out was peculiarly brilliant and serene, promising us a quiet and pleasant passage. But toward evening, the wind chopped about directly in our teeth, and suddenly assumed the dark and formidable force of a gale; obliging us to take in sail, and heaving against us a heavy head sea. It was not less diverting than melancholy, to witness the effect produced by the rolling and plunging of our ship. We had come out sleek as if born and cradled in a band-box. Not a bit of lint disfigured the coat or pantaloons; not a soil dimmed the reflecting surface of the boot; and the smooth corners of the shirt-collar, peering above the carefully-adjusted stock, shot forward like the ears of a rabbit listening to some rumpling sound ahead; when a saucy wave broke over our bows, sweeping the whole length of the ship, and all this starch and gloss went down, just as I have seen the feathers of an old family rooster, hieing from a drenching shower to his covert. Nor was the scene below less afflictive; for every thing that had not been previously secured, was now promiscuously moving about; some to maim you, but more, like ambition 'o'er leaping itself,' to knock out its own existence. My air-port, by some mistake, had been left open. The sea had now made a tunnel of it, and my state-room door being shut, my wardrobe and library, and — *horribile dictu!* — my manuscripts, were drifting about in a most disastrous and drowning condition. My only anxiety was to save the latter, feeling how much would be irreparably lost to the world, in their destruction! I thought of the Alexandrian Library, and knowing water to be as fatal as fire, seized at once these invaluable treasures; but was not a little mortified and vexed in finding them the most light and buoyant things in my apartment. Even a gauze handkerchief sank at their side. No serious

disaster, however, happened to the ship ; though a watch-boy, posted aloft, fell sound asleep, even while the masts were sweeping through nearly half of a frightful circle. O Sleep !

' Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,
With deaf'ning clamors, in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes,
Cans't thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
Deny it to a king !'

The wind subsided the next morning, and on the evening of the day succeeding, we anchored in Toulon. We were preparing to go on shore, when an officer, with a most grim, uncompromising visage — such an one as would befit a man whose business it is to announce the fatal sentence to prisoners under hope — approached our ship, and inquired where we were from ; and on being told, informed us that we must perform a quarantine of ten days ! This was enough to upset the patience of a Job. We had merely come over from Mahon, a place perfectly healthy, and known to be so, and had on board at this time scarcely a case of even ordinary indisposition ; certainly nothing more alarming or contagious than a tooth-ache, or broken finger ; and yet we were plunged into a quarantine, as if we had come from some Golgotha, freighted with reeking skulls ! But there is as little use in scolding now, as there was in quarrelling then. Men who have the least reason for their conduct, are the last to be influenced by argument. We tested this truth still more thoroughly on a subsequent occasion. Our ship had come to Marseilles, and we had freely communicated with the place ; after spending about a week in mingled concourse with its inhabitants, a party of us went over to Toulon, where it was well known who we were, and from whence we came ; (for not a mouse stirs in France, without being narrowly watched ; and it is said, that the appearance of a strange baboon on her Spanish frontier ~~was~~ once telegraphed to the police of Paris, and a detachment of the *gend'armes* sent out to watch the motions of the ambiguous stranger.) In the mean time, our ship came round to this port, and was put in quarantine ! We appeared before the magistrates of the health office, and told them that we were officers attached to the *Constellation*, and had left her at Marseilles, freely communicating with the shore, and that we had ourselves come over uninterruptedly by land, bringing contagion in *our own* skirts, if there was any ; but the only reply was a shrug of the shoulder, a Frenchman's last and only resort, when confounded in argument ; and our ship had to perform her week's quarantine, merely because the sanitary regulations of Marseilles had not exacted the penalty. We might laugh at such a farce as this, were it not so excessively annoying. But an audience may be so circumstanced, that the most ludicrous, blundering inconsistency and burlesque astuteness may fail to provoke a smile.

I have done with quarantines ; nor will I trouble the reader with

the details of any more, though they should come thick and fast as the plagues of Egypt. I detest the whole system, and only wish that every species of moral wrong wore in my eyes an equally repulsive and abhorred aspect. I wonder our universal restorationist, instead of transporting a spirit at once from a place of utter pollution to one of immaculate purity, never thought of putting him in quarantine, not only as a farther punishment, but as a salutary precaution on the part of heaven. It would have a greater check on me, than any thing which now enters into their purgatorial fiction. And I must say, of all fictions that ever yet insulted the common sense of mankind, in the shape of a religious creed, I consider this the most unqualifiedly absurd. As if the companionship of devils, and a communion with the damned, could fit a man for the fellowship of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect! As if the blasphemies of hell could attune his spirit to the seraphic harmonies of heaven! Let him gather to himself all the sanctity, virtue, and meekness, that ever did, or ever can, without a contradiction of terms, enter that region of cursing, hate, and agony, it cannot fit him for heaven, nor, by any conceivable possibility, render him happy, if admitted there. He would be a stranger among strangers; abashed at his own conscious unfitness for the place, he would fain hide himself from the pure presence of those around. Heaven might shake with the swelling anthem of the redeemed, but not a chord in his breast would vibrate. He would stand amid the transcendent glories of that upper world, lone and desolate, as a tree scathed and riven by lightning, amid the living verdures of an earthly landscape.

I leave this topic, though it has that within it which might justify a volume; yet honestly, it has nothing to do with my neglected narrative. I have generally refrained from topics of a religious nature, not, I trust, from a want of interest in them, but for reasons which I shall assign, if need be, in another place. I do not seek an exemption, on this or any other subject, from a reasonable responsibility; or conceive that because I am four thousand miles from home, I am any the less accountable to the religious and moral sense of the country where I was born, and where I hope to die. Nor will I, as some of the *antagonists* of religion have done, charge a masked battery, and engage another to fire it off, when I am under the shelter of the grave. Infidelity has often been driven to this miserable shift; thus developing two of those qualities which most witheringly disgrace human nature—a deep, disingenuous malignity, and a skulking cowardice.

We were now on shore in Toulon, casting about to see what it might contain worthy of the pains we had taken. The arsenal has in effective operation all the intentions of its gigantic plan; and exhibits a mass of waiting force, worthy of the interests which look to it for protection, and worthy, too, of its connexion with the spot where Bonaparte first impressed the terrors of his genius on the power of England. The French excel in the model of their ships, in every thing which belongs to naval architecture; and if they could only fight a ship, as well as they can build her, their flag would now be flying over many a deck that has passed to the hands of the stran-

ger. Their failure lies not in a want of courage, but in the absence of that thorough, rigid, dove-tailed discipline, which nearly divests the moral mechanism of a ship of individual volition. This surrender of private will and judgment is not so indispensable to success in an engagement on land; for there, a man hacks away more for himself; he has more scope for that shouting, cutting and slashing enthusiasm, which in such a situation perhaps more than compensates for the absence of consentaneous, constrained, action; but which on board a man-of-war, by the derangements it would introduce into the consecutive means by which each gun is to be discharged, and each evolution of the ship effected, would, perhaps more than any thing else, contribute to her capture. This is the reason why the French, who can conquer on the land, are defeated at sea. The spirit which covers them with laurels in their *military*, plunders them of their flag in their *naval* engagements. Divest an army composed of Frenchmen, of that personal, private, reckless enthusiasm, which blindly mingles its own impulses with the national honor; which would rush with as little hesitancy over the breast of a fallen friend, as the body of a foe, and which cuts its *own way* to preferment and plunder, and you would deprive it of all its efficiency; you would take from it the sinews of its strength; you would reduce it to an inert, impotent mass.

The harbor of Toulon affords a quiet and safe anchorage; while the sweeping lines of its shore swell into lofty and picturesque elevations. The town itself has a forbidding, heavy appearance, given it by the dull character of its architecture, and the massive military works which render it impregnable.

The streets are narrow and foul, but their darkness and dirt are relieved by a broad, brilliant quay, two or three comfortable hotels, the complaisant demeanor of the inhabitants, and above all, the sweet refreshing retreats which the adjacent country presents. Among the latter, Hieres takes the precedence. It has no antiquities to stir your imagination, although it was the spot from which pilgrims to the Holy Land took their departure; but it is filled with ambrosial shade, and it contains among other habitations, that in which Massillon was born; he who stood like a warning angel in the voluptuous court of Louis the Fourteenth. Here, also, among more recent fabrics, stands the beautiful chateau of Baron Shultz, one of the very few who ever earned a title of nobility, by the dexterity and industry of the needle. Some affect to sneer at his ribands; but I do not see why a tailor has not as good a right to cut out a baronetcy with his shears, as a trooper with his sword; for of the two, it is vastly the more feasible mode of getting a title; it does infinitely less injury to society; and after all, displays more skill; for it is much easier to put a sword through a man's body, than to fit nicely a coat to his back. None of this partiality, therefore! Let every man become a baron, a marquis, or a duke, in his own way. No longer confine these brilliant honors to the successful sabre of a cut-throat, or the lineality of one incapable, perhaps, of comprehending their import.

We now returned on board ship, and with much less annoyance than some of us experienced in getting on shore; for the agents of

the custom-house here are extremely rigorous in the discharge of their inquisitorial trust. If man has not an epaulette on his shoulder, or a cockade on his hat, even his pockets will hardly escape the dishonor of a search. Nor is the inspection always confined to the living; it sometimes extends to the dead! We had occasion to bury one of our crew here; and as we came on shore to pay him this last sad office of respect, his coffin was unceremoniously opened, to ascertain that it contained no contraband goods! I always knew the French to be an extremely shrewd and inquisitive people, but I did not suppose they would ever carry their researches into the secrets of the grave. O Death! I have heard thee accused by some of being an inexorable tyrant; by others of being an indiscriminate leveller; but never before, 'by saint, by savage or by sage,' have I heard thee accused of being a smuggler! And even if thou wert such, what couldst thou want of aught that our poor ship contained? Wast thou in quest of pea-jackets and tarpaulins? But thy sailors never go on watch; each in his hammock still slumbers as he laid himself down. Or wast thou in need of charts or quadrants? But thy ships never leave their moorings; each rots down piecemeal in its own berth. Or was it thy desire to obtain Bibles and hymn-books? But there is no worshipping assembly in thy dominions, and the preacher's voice is never heard there. O Death! thou art falsely suspected, and basely dishonored, by the Frenchman! — by him, too, who should ever regard thee with the most indulgent sentiments; for he has crowded millions of putrid corpses upon thy domains. From the chilling snows of Russia, to the burning sands of Egypt, he has sunk his victims into thy pale realm, thick as the devoted quails that fell for food around the famishing tents of wandering Israel!

I had intended to sketch a few of the most easily-detected features in the domestic habits of the people of Toulon; but this affair of the coffin, which will be discredited by many, but which can be established by the oath of fifty witnesses, has so disaffected me with the place, I leave it without farther comment. I only hope it may not be my mournful lot to die here, to be insulted in my shroud. The most deeply-wounding and irreparable wrong, is that which falsely suspects the dying; and the most mean and dishonorable distrust, is that which looks for selfish, sinister concealments, beneath the simple obsequies of the dead.

BENEVOLENCE.

As on the parching bosom of the plain
Descend the genial showers of kindly rain;
As the blue tint of heaven, with fragrant breeze,
Dispels the pallid spectre of disease;
So through the wounded mind and thrilling sense,
Flows the sweet balm of blest Benevolence:
To the lost wretch, by daily tortures torn,
Who wakes to weep, and only lives to mourn,
Can, with electric touch, new powers impart,
And warm to infant life the palsied heart;
Bid the raised eye unwonted language speak,
And drops of transport bathe the faded cheek:
With looks that bless, the saving hand regard,
And give to feeling worth a rich reward.

SCENES

DURING THE CONFLAGRATION IN NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 16TH, 1835.

THERE was a marriage, and the fair young bride
 Stood in her white robes, ready for that vow
 Which only Love can sanctify, and Death
 Alone may loose. Amid her glossy hair,
 There was one simple lily of the vale,
 Sweet emblem of her innocence and truth.
 — The fire-bells strike — the frantic shouts resound —
 The tumult swells !

‘ Proceed, thou holy man !
 Heed not a false alarm.’

So spake the youth
 Whose fondest hopes through many a sleepless night
 Had vision'd forth that hour, while fear and doubt,
 The company of love, with their cold breath
 Did oftentimes whisper that it ne'er would come.
 — And so the priest, with solemn voice inquir'd
 Who to this man the blooming maiden gave,
 In nuptial rite. And when the father rose
 To place within another's grasp the hand
 Which ever in its childish pastime lov'd
 To hide itself among his clustering locks,
 Making him glad, methought to his proud eye,
 Though her lip trembled like a breeze-swept rose,
 His darling ne'er had look'd so beautiful.
 What was the din without ? They heard it not.
 Their world was in the heart, and all beside
 Was a forgotten echo.

Lo, the tide
 Of fire rolls on ! Even from the parting lip
 The plighted faith is snatch'd. Hoarse through the door
 Rush a wild crowd, and scarce the bridegroom's brow
 Hath space to kindle with a moment's ire,
 Ere the dense smoke pours in, and the fierce flames,
 Already climbing toward the pillar'd roof,
 Warn them to 'scape for life.

Ah ! who can tell
 The unmeasur'd miseries of that fearful night ?
 A sick babe lay within its mother's arms —
 The half-loos'd soul hung quivering on its lips,
 Longing for freedom. The small veins stood forth
 In purple tenseness round the tiny neck,
 And where the temples met the golden hair,
 While each fair feature sharp and rigid grew,
 So strong did Nature struggle for her hold
 In that frail tenement.

Still hope was there ;
 Such desperate hope, as roots in deathless love —
 Hope that a mother nurtures, though her son
 Plunge headlong through the darkest depths of guilt.
 Even so this lone one trusted that her God
 Would not bereave her utterly, and safe
 Nursing a fond belief that sleep's soft balm
 Would heal the anguish of her restless child.
 She was a widow, and her only wealth
 Was garner'd up in that pale piece of clay.
 The chamber of her watching, long so dim
 With one faint taper's waning ray, grew bright
 With the red flashes of approaching flame.
 She mark'd it not. Her brooding sorrow dwelt
 With its drear watch-light in her inmost soul,

And noon and midnight were to her the same.
Sighs rent the bosom of the failing babe,
And its thin hands, with faint, convulsive clasp,
Sought for some prop.

Hark ! 't is the mother's cry,
So shrill, imploring His high help who met
A sad procession at the gates of Nain,
And from the bier gave back the quicken'd dead,
A widow's only son. But stranger feet
Break up her privacy, and hurried tones
Give warning in her ear — ' Away ! — away !'
The flames are o'er her threshold.

Torpid Grief
Still shakes its leaden sceptre o'er her soul,
As in her bosom gathering up her dead,
She passed out homeless, on that bitter night.

Hartford, (Conn.), Dec. 1837.

L. H. A.

STANZAS.

' Long, long the theme of every past delight,
And still to last, my vision of the night !'

' A thing of beauty is a joy for ever !'

I HAD a dream — a dream, but that is o'er,
Thy charms can move, thy beauty blind no more ;
Thy spell is broke, thy fascination past,
And I can see thee as thou art, at last ;
Unshackled once again, and proud, my soul
Now spurns, as once it courted, thy control.
No longer Beauty wears alone thy form,
No longer 't is alone thy smile can warm ;
Almost I dare to think that there may be
Another, lovely as I pictured thee,
When, fondly bending at thy feet in prayer,
I deemed that more than woman's soul was there ;
Oh wert thou still as then my fancy thought,
The world beside to me, the world were nought !

I own the light, the glory of thy brow ;
It dazzles, but it cannot warm me now !
No longer now it bids me bend the knee,
And think religion is — to worship thee ;
Condemned thyself a suppliant to bow,
My knee denies to do thee homage now ;
And as thy spirit to its idol turns,
With shame of thee, my cheek indignant burns ;
But yesterday so peerless ! — and to-day —
Oh what thou art, my lips refuse to say !

Farewell ! — and though the thought of thee may gleam
Perchance athwart my fauzy's wayward dream,
When, present things forgot, my soul shall dwell
On one ' it loved, not wisely, but too well ;'
Though sometimes in my secret breast shall rise
The memory of thy subduing eyes,
The magic music of thy voice, and all
That held the pulses of my heart in thrall,
Yet shall not these suffice again to move
The steadfast purpose of my soul to love.

L. L. D. P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCRIPTURAL ANTHOLOGY: OR, BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS. Designed as a Present for all Seasons. By NATHAN C. BROOKS, A. M. In one volume. pp. 180. Philadelphia: WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY. Baltimore: BAYLY AND BURNS.

On opening this volume, the first thing which meets the eye of the reader is the 'publishers' preface,' evidently written by the author, wherein the succeeding pages are spoken of, as 'blending exalted sentiment and devotional fervor with the enchantments of poetry.' This modest verdict is followed by this farther declaration: 'While we must claim for our author a high degree of poetic excellence, we would by no means insist that his productions will be found superior to criticism; as they are merely the relaxation of a scholar, while laboriously engaged as superintendent of one of our largest and most respectable literary institutions.' Here two or three birds are killed with one stone. Mr. BROOKS is not only a poet of the first order, but he is a scholar, and moreover, preceptor of a very superior academy; and his faults as a writer are to be excused, on the ground that he is engaged in literary occupations! As we perused this advance critique and academy advertisement, we could not help calling to mind the economical inscription upon a tomb-stone in Père La Chaise, Paris: 'Here lies the body of M — R — , an affectionate parent and kind husband. His disconsolate widow still keeps the shop, No. — , Rue — , where may be found, at all times, a superior assortment of gloves, hosiery, linens,' etc. But waiving the diffident introduction to the volume under notice, and bearing in mind, that while the elephant is always drawn smaller than life, a flea must be represented larger, let us pass to a few remarks upon the egg which is heralded by so much cackling.

Having read the 'Scriptural Anthology' through, (for which feat we trust to become distinguished, in like manner with that long, low, 'dark-complected' individual, who is pointed out on a sunny day in Broadway, as 'the man who has read 'The Monnikins,') we are prepared to speak our opinion of its merits; and since we neither know, nor have ever seen, the author, we cannot be accused of being influenced in our comments by personal considerations. 'Sooner shall the surges of the sandiferous sea ignify and evaporate,' ('style is style,' and we have caught the infection,) than we be justly chargeable with such disingenuous motives!

The first features of Mr. BROOKS' writings, which we have to notice, are their *inflation* and *redundance*. He is ever on stilts — aiming to petrify the reader in a single stanza — and 'winnowing the air with wingéd words.' He conceives nothing too high for him to mount; nor does he ever seem aware, in reducing his aspirations to practice, of the pressure about his heels. He tosses his splendid epithets around him, and hammers out hard sentences on the anvil of his brain, with untiring perseverance. This may be necessary, however, for the 'purposes of amplification,' mentioned in the 'publishers' preface.' He tells us how the 'opalled sun-beams' shone, and the moon-beams *leaped* from 'heaven's urn of blue;' how the sun played prompter, and 'rolled up the curtain of the world's theatre;' the winds are described as

'strong-lunged heralds of the storm,' while the thunder 'booms from pole to pole.' His *personal* similes are numerous. Take, for example, one feature. We have the 'cheek of heaven' turning pale, 'ocean's cheek,' the 'cheek of earth,' 'night's starry cheek,' and the 'cheek of day;' the loud winds 'seize the giant billows' Samson locks; the veil of darkness hangs in 'foldings' over the face of earth; and there are dark 'foldings' in the tempest's robe. If a line is not sufficiently full, nothing is easier than to remedy the defect by elongating a proper name—as 'Babylon-ia's waters,' or 'Egypt-ia's soil'—after the manner of that famed university poet, who, (embodying a sentiment worthy of Mr. Brooks' attention,) wrote:

'A man cannot make himself a poet,
No more 's a sheep can make itself a go-at!'

Subjoined are a few specimens of 'amplification.' The first is taken from 'Abraham's Sacrifice:'

—— 'The wizen neck
And ivory wrists were dented with the cords,
Until the purple blood seemed bursting through
The tissue of the pure, transparent skin.'

Elsewhere, he says:

—— 'The moon
Pours from her beamy urn a silver tide
Of living rays upon the slumbering earth.'

The annexed is from the 'Beheading of John the Baptist.' It is a fair specimen of our author's general style and taste:

'The man of blood bore in the gory head
On reeking platter, while the pallid lips
With life still quivered, and the blanching cheek,
And o'er his dying eyes the lids were drawn
Like faded violets. In the gasp of death—
In all its lividness—in all its writhe
Of mortal agony—with gouts of blood
Stiffening the beard!—clotting the mangled locks,
The youthful maiden, with complacent smile,
And step of triumph, bore the bleeding head
Unto her mother.'

How much better than poor prose is the following?—always excepting the electro-magnetic simile, so unaffected and so clear. Abraham is here spoken of:

'Strengthened and composed,
With holy resignation on his brow,
He left his tent; and saddling up his beast,
Clave, in obedience to the word of God,
Wood for a holocaust whereon his son
Should, to the Lord, an offering he made:
Sped on his journey to the distant hills
Of Mount Moriah.
And now the patriarch beheld, far off,
The place appointed. Then the electric flash
Of anguish ran, like lightning, down the wires
Of strong paternal feeling.'

We must protest against reducing touching and beautiful passages of Scripture to such verse as is in this volume turned to small account, in paraphrasing the captivity of Zion, our Saviour's lamentation over Jerusalem, the melting pathos of the 'Man of Uz,' or re-painting, in lines of tedious vapidty, a scene like that of Belshazzar's feast, what time his guests gazed at the hand-writing on the wall,

'Until their thought-strained eyes dilated grew!'

He must needs be largely gifted, who kindles adequately at the flame of the sacred writers. It requires something more than one who contents his ideas with the 'films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things,' to beautify, or render more poetical, some of the finest scenes recorded in Holy Writ.

Our author, we are sorry to perceive, has not at all times a proper regard for the

laws of *mēum* and *tūum*. He has borrowed, if not 'line upon line,' yet here a little, and there a great deal. CAMPBELL's noble line,

'And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,'

he has metamorphosed, for instance, into

'Beneath the night-watch of the sentinel stars ;'

and that admirable conceit which SHAKESPEARE puts into the mouth of Richard III.,

'And e'en the stars do wink,
As 't were with over-watching,'

is altered to

'The pale stars grow dim with watching.'

We have pencilled several other lines, equally glaring with the foregoing.

Now and then, we are struck with a few stanzas of a simple or sublime character, which convince us that were Mr. BROOKS to cease altogether to write *ad ostentationem*, he might hope for very respectable success. Witness the following lines, which are spirited and unaffected :

'The God Omnipotent, who rolled
The chariots of the crystal spheres,
To circle round their course of years,
Made the green earth, at his command,
Arise with all its mounts sublime,
And from the hollow of his hand
Poured out the immeasurable sea,
And bade its waves' eternal chime
Hymn his own vast immensity !'

And that is a good simile, which describes the marks of the deluge upon high mountains

'As a memorial of the curse of sin,
The cicatrices of the scourge of God
Upon its giant sides.'

But such passages are rare, amidst frequent trickeries of phrase, and examples of verbose bombast, and diluted thoughts, encumbered with tinsel and frippery. Our author does not lack words ; and, being born of few ideas, they flow freely enough from his mind and pen ; just as people come faster out of a church when it is empty, than when a crowd is at the door. Hence, it is needless to add, he is a preëminent mannerist.

Mr. BROOKS may be a scholar ; he may be well versed in the Greek and Roman story ; he may be a competent principal 'of one of our largest and most respectable literary institutions ;' but whatever his 'publishers' preface' may insinuate to the contrary, he is *no poet* ; and, as a volume of *poetry*, 'to compare his book with a bottle of small beer, would be greatly to belie that fluid.' He might, indeed, we have reason to believe — judging from his idea of the horrid, as manifested in the extract above, describing the 'head in a charger,' and other passages of a kindred description — concoct a melo-drama, that, in popular parlance, would 'take' well. Let him therefore study some of the higher flights of SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD, (whom he resembles, as a writer, in his worst points,) and become familiar with his night-riding incubi, Abaddon, etc., and then, being ripe for his task, write a play ; call it 'The Unknown Spirit of the Mysterious Grotto, or the Immense Vacuum of the Solitude of the Desert,' or designate it by some such euphonious and mysterious title, and we will use our influence with 'Mr. GEORGE JONES, the Great American Tragedian' — *par nobile fratrum* ! — to take the part of the 'Unknown Spirit.' So shall the fame of the author of 'Scriptural Anthology' be fully established.

The typographical execution of the volume is creditable to the publishers ; although little can be said in favor of the 'embellishments,' so ostentatiously set forth ; especially the 'minor embellishments, or tail-pieces' — small, coarse wood-cuts, an inch or two square. The persevering reader will be pleased, however, with one of these, at the close of the book. It is termed in the catalogue, 'FINIS !'

A LOVE-TOKEN FOR CHILDREN. * Designed for Sunday-School Libraries. By the Author of 'The Linwoods,' 'Live and Let Live,' 'Poor Rich Man, and Rich Poor Man,' etc. In one volume. pp. 142. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MISS SEDGWICK is pursuing a literary path of usefulness and honor, with undeviating steps; and long may she live to walk therein, and to illustrate the beauty of doing good, both in her productions and by her example. Possessing a heart softened with the love of human kind, she delights to seize upon scenes and events of common life, which, when followed out, serve, in the lessons they impart, to rob adversity of its sting, and as a counterpoise against the struggles of a world. She never seems to forget, that in the humblest creature of earth, there is a soul whose genealogy is God as well as her own. Hereafter, we cannot doubt, she will enjoy the reputation of having been, preëminently, the moral benefactress of the first nation of freemen on the globe; having sown, broad-cast, in the hearts of the youth of this republic, the seeds of humble domestic virtues, which shall yield in the future an hundred fold. Incidents of every-day existence — in the selection and results of which are displayed the eye of a true artist, not less than the benevolent spirit of the philanthropist, and the heart of a Christian — are detailed in the little book before us with the most winning simplicity, and yet with singular dramatic effect.

There are eight stories in the volume, bearing the titles of 'The Widow Ellis and her Son Willie,' 'The Magic Lamp,' 'Our Robins,' 'Old Rover,' 'The Chain of Love,' 'Mill Hill,' (in two parts,) and 'The Bantem.' Although intended for the young, there are moral truths in these unpretending little stories, which 'children of a larger growth' might imbibe, with edification and profit. We had marked passages in the first tale, and had separated a link or two from 'The Chain of Love,' (a 'similitude' worthy of BUNYAN,) to present to our readers; but all our extracts are shrunk to this little measure of quotation from 'Our Robins:'

"At a short distance from the village of S —, on the top of a hill, and somewhat retired and sheltered from the roadside, lives a farmer by the name of Lyman. He is an industrious, intelligent, and honest man; and though he has but a small farm, and that lying on bleak, stony hills, he has, by dint of working hard, applying his mind to his labor, and living frugally, met many losses and crosses without being cast down by them, and has always had a comfortable home for his children; and how comfortable is the home of even the humblest New-England farmer! with plenty to satisfy the physical wants of man, with plenty to give to the few wandering poor, and plenty wherewith to welcome to his board the friend that comes to his gate. And, added to this, he has books to read, a weekly newspaper, a school for his children, a church in which to worship, and kind neighbors to take part in his joy, and gather about him in time of trouble. Such a man is sheltered from many of the wants and discontents of those that are richer than he, and secured from the wants and temptations of those that are poorer.

"Late last winter Mr. Lyman's daughter, Mrs. Bradley, returned from Ohio, a widow with three children. Mrs. Bradley and I were old friends. When we were young girls we went to the same district school, and we had always loved and respected one another. Neither she nor I thought it any reason why we should not, that she lived on a little farm, and in an old small house, and I in one of the best in the village; nor that she dressed in very common clothes, and that mine, being purchased in the city, were a little better and smarter than any bought in the country. It was not the bonnets and gowns we cared for, but the heads and hearts those bonnets and gowns covered.

"The very morning after Mrs. Bradley's arrival in S —, her eldest son, Lyman, a boy ten years old, came to ask me to go and see his mother. 'Mother,' he said, 'was not very well, and wanted very much to see Miss S —.' So I went home with him. After walking half a mile along the road, I proposed getting over the fence and going, as we say in the country, 'cross lots.' So we got into the field, and pursued our way along the noisy little brook that, cutting Lyman's farm in two, winds its way do the hill, sometimes taking a jump of five or six feet, then murmuring over the stones, or playing round the bare roots of the old trees, as a child fondles about its parent, and finally steals off among the flowers it nourishes, the brilliant cardinals and snow-white clematis, till it mingles with the river that winds through our meadows. I would advise my young friends to choose the fields for their walks. Nature has always some-

thing in store for those who love her and seek her favors. You will be sure to see more birds in the green fields than on the roadside. Secure from the boys who may beidling along the road, ready to let fly stones at them, they rest longer on the perch, and feel more at home there. Then, as Lyman and I did, you will find many a familiar flower that, in these by-places, will look to you like the face of a friend; and you may chance to make a new acquaintance, and in that case you will take pleasure in picking it and carrying it home, and learning its name of some one wiser than you are. Most persons are curious to know the names of men and women whom they never saw before, and never may see again. This is idle curiosity; but often in learning the common name of a flower or plant, we learn something of its character or use; 'bitter-sweet,' 'devil's cream-pitcher,' or 'fever-bush,' for example.

"You like flowers, Lyman," I said as he scrambled up a rock to reach some pink columbines that grew from its crevices.

"Oh, yes, indeed I do like them," he said; 'but I am getting these for mother; she loves flowers above all things — all such sorts of things,' he added, with a smile.

"I remember very well," said I, 'your mother loved them when she was a little girl, and she and I once attended together some lectures on botany; that is, the science that describes plants and explains their nature.'

"Oh, I know, ma'am," said he, 'mother remembers all about it, and she has taught me a great deal she learned then. When we lived out in Ohio, I used to find her a great many flowers she never saw before; but she could class them, she said, though, they seemed like strangers, and she loved best the little flowers she had known at home, and those we used to plant about the door, and mother said she took comfort in them in the darkest times.'

"Dark times I knew my poor friend had had — much sickness, many deaths, many, many sorrows in her family; and I was thankful that she had continued to enjoy such a pleasure as flowers are to those that love them.

"As we approached Mrs. Lyman's, I looked for my friend, expecting she would come out to meet me, but I found she was not able to do so; and, when I saw her, I was struck with the thought that she would never living leave the house again. She was at first overcome at meeting me, but, after a few moments, she wiped away her tears and talked cheerfully. 'I hoped,' she said, 'my journey would have done me good, but I think it has been too much for me; I have so longed to get back to father's house, and to look over these hills once more; and though I am weak and sick, words can't tell how contented I feel; I sit in this chair and look out of this window, and feel as a hungry man sitting down to a full table. Look there,' she continued, pointing to a cherry-tree before the window, 'do you see that robin? ever since I can remember, every year a robin has had a nest in that tree. I used to write to father and inquire about it, when I was gone; and when he wrote to me, in the season of bird-nesting, he always said something about the robins; so that this morning, when I heard the robin's note, it seemed to me like the voice of one of the family.'

"Have you taught your children, Mary," I asked, 'to love birds as well as flowers?'

"I believe it is natural to them," she replied; 'but I suppose they take more notice of them from seeing how much I love them. I have not had much to give my children, for we have had great disappointments in the new countries, and have been what are called very poor folks; so I have been more anxious to give them what little knowledge I had, and to make them feel that God has given them a portion in the birds and the flowers, his good and beautiful creation.'

"Mother always says," said Lyman; and there, seeming to remember that I was a stranger, he stopped. 'What does mother always say?' I asked.

"She says we can enjoy looking out upon beautiful prospects, and smelling the flowers, and hearing the birds sing, just as much as if we could say 'they are mine!'

"Well, is it not just so?" said Mrs. Lyman; 'has not our Father in heaven given his children a share in all his works? I often think, when I look out upon the beautiful sky, the clear moon, the stars, the sunset clouds, the dawning day; when I smell the fresh woods and the perfumed air; when I hear the birds sing, and my heart is glad, I think, after all, that there is not so much difference in the possessions of the rich and poor as some think; 'God giveth to us all liberally, and upbraideth not.'"

"Ah!" thought I, 'the Bible says truly, 'as a man thinketh, so is he.' Here is my friend, a widow and poor, and with a sickness that she well knows must end in death, and yet, instead of sorrowing and complaining, she is cheerful and enjoying those pleasures that all may enjoy if they will; for the kingdom of nature abounds with them. Mrs. Brady was a disciple of Christ; this was the foundation of her peace; but, alas! all the disciples of Christ do not cultivate her wise, cheerful, and grateful spirit.'

We trust that this little volume will be widely circulated among our young friends as a New-Year's Gift. Surely nothing could be more appropriate, or fruitful of good lessons. True, it is not embellished with pictures, nor does it gleam in purple and gold; but it 'has that *within* which passeth show.'

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND. BY AN AMERICAN. Second Edition, with Additions. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have already noticed this work at large in these pages, accompanying our remarks with copious extracts. We have nothing to add to the praise which we bestowed upon the first edition of the book, save in regard to the *additions* which are here presented, and which are characterized by similar interest of topic, and freshness and originality of style, which the public have already so much admired. We are struck, in the added portions, with the many additional corroborations of the truth of Scripture history which they contain. The writer follows in the very footsteps of the Saviour. At Jacob's well, where Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman, our traveller would fain sit down. 'I could feel,' says he, 'and realize the whole scene. I could see our Saviour coming out from Judea, and travelling along this valley; I could see him, wearied with his journey, sitting down on this well to rest, and the Samaritan women, as I saw them at every town in the Holy Land, coming out for water. I could imagine his looking up to Mount Gerizim, and predicting the ruin of the temple, and telling her that the hour was coming when neither on that mountain nor yet in Jerusalem would she worship the God of her fathers. A large column lay across the top of the well, and the mouth was filled up with huge stones. I could see the water through the crevices; but, even with the assistance of Paul and the Arabs, found it impossible to remove them. I plucked a wild-flower growing in the mouth of the well, and passed on.' As he approached Sychar, the ancient Shechem, he saw a shepherd sitting on the bank of a beautiful stream, playing a reed pipe, with his flock feeding quietly around him; and outside the gate of the town, he beheld more than a dozen lepers, 'their faces shining, pimpled, and bloated, covered with sores and pustules, their nostrils open and filled with ulcers, and their red eyes fixed and staring. With swollen feet they dragged their disgusting bodies toward me, and with hoarse voices extended their deformed and hideous hands for charity.' He 'must needs go through Samaria,' also, where he learns, from an old Samaritan, that as cordial a hatred exists now as of old, between the Jews and Samaritans, they having no intercourse, save in the dealings of the market-place. 'I asked him,' says our author, 'about Jacob's well; he said he knew the place, and that he knew our Saviour, or Jesus Christ, as he familiarly called him, very well; he was Joseph the carpenter's son, of Nazareth; but that the story which the Christians had about the woman at the well was all a fiction; that Christ did not convert her; but that, on the contrary, she laughed at him, and even refused to give him water to drink.'

At the ancient Samaria, whose destruction was foretold by the prophet Amos, and amid the ruins of the palace of Herod, our traveller thus ruminates: 'And Herod has gone, and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone, and 'the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee' are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and—oh, what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness!—a fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace, knew not the name of the haughty Herod.' At the Lake of Genesareth, he exclaims: 'Christ walked upon that sea, and stilled the raging of its waters, and preached the tidings of salvation to the cities on its banks. But where are those cities now? Chorazin and Bethsaida, and thou too, Capernaum, that wast exalted unto heaven! The whole

lake is spread out before me, almost from where the Jordan enters, unto where that hallowed stream passes on to discharge its waters in the bituminous lake which covers the guilty cities; but there is no city, no habitation of man; all is still and quiet as the grave; save the miserable relic of the ancient Tiberias, standing on the very shore of the sea, a mere speck in the distance. Tyre, also, is thus described:

"On the extreme end of a long, low, sandy isthmus, which seems to have crawled out as far as it could, stands the fallen city of Tyre, seeming, at a distance, to rest on the bosom of the sea. A Turkish soldier was stationed at the gate. I entered under an arch, so low that it was necessary to stoop on the back of my horse, and passed through dark and narrow streets, sheltered by mats stretched over the bazaars from the scorching heat of a Syrian sun. A single fishing-boat was lying in the harbor of 'the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth.'

"I left the gate of Tyre between as honest a man and as great a rogue as the sun ever shone upon. The honest man was my old Arab, whom I kept with me in spite of his bad donkey; and the rogue was a limping, sore-eyed Arab, in an old and ragged suit of regimentals, whom I hired for two days to relieve the old man in whipping the donkeys. He was a dismissed soldier, turned out of Ibrahim Pacha's army as of no use whatever, than which there could not be a stronger certificate of worthlessness. He told me, however, that he had once been a man of property, and, like honest Dogberry, had had his losses; he had been worth sixty piastres, (nearly three dollars) with which he had come to live in the city, and been induced to embark in enterprises that had turned out unfortunately, and he had lost his all."

The reader will admire with us the quiet, oblique humor with which Mr. Stephens records many of the minor incidents of his journeyings. He learns, on rising in the morning, at Tiberias, that an European has arrived during the night. He hunts him up, and finds him to be a sporting English traveller, as 'indifferent' as SANDS' 'Mr. Green,' equipped with shooting-jacket, gun, dog, etc., — a regular old stager, 'who did not travel for scenery, associations, and all that, but who could tell every place where he had bagged a bird, from Damascus to the Sea of Galilee!' Again, and cordially, do we commend these volumes to our readers.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. To which are prefixed his Letters, and a Sketch of his Life. By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, one of his Executors. In two volumes. pp. 935. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

RIGHT pleased are we, in common, we doubt not, with the reading public at large in this country, to find the presses of the above-named eminent publishers groaning again under the burthen of 'good works.' Long may they live to print, and — so that their judgment and taste be as well exercised in the future as in the past — long may we live to read! The BROTHERS HARPER have been national benefactors; and, having sustained 'the pressure' with unfaltering credit, they may look forward into time, and see their names graven upon a thousand monuments of human intellect. Next to present success, we trust they regard this posthumous renown with becoming reverence and affection.

On looking over these volumes, we find them far more complete than we had anticipated. The 'Memoirs and Correspondence,' reviewed in our last number, do not fill even the first volume; and to these are added all the productions of 'Elia,' with many other essays, published letters, under assumed signatures, poems, sonnets, blank verse, album verses, dramatic efforts, etc., the whole forming a complete collection of the author's works, in a convenient form, and beautiful dress. Having already gone largely into the merits of the work, and presented copious extracts, we shall content ourselves with a few brief and desultory selections from the poetical department of the first volume.

From 'Lines Composed at Midnight,' we take the subjoined thrilling and graphic picture of one dying with consumption:

'Those are the moanings of the dying man,
Who lies in the upper chamber; restless moans,
And interrupted only by a cough
Consumptive, torturing the wasted lungs.
So in the bitterness of death he lies,
And waits in anguish for the morning's light.
What can that do for him, or what restore?
Short taste, faint sense, affecting notices,
And little images of pleasures past,
Of health and active life — health not yet slain.'

* * * 'On his tedious bed
He writhes, and turns him from the accusing light,
And finds no comfort in the sun, but says,
'When night comes, I shall get a little rest.'
Some few groans more, death comes, and there an end.'

We are sorely tempted to transcribe 'Angel-Help,' stanzas suggested by a drawing, in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint, who, having spun until past midnight, to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and angels are finishing her work. But we pass to the annexed fragment, descriptive of a curse visited by a witch-beldame upon the child of a venerable baronet, who has repulsed her from his gate, while she is asking alms:

—— 'Some two months after,
Young Philip Fairford suddenly fell sick,
And none could tell what ailed him; for he lay
And pined, and pined, till all his hair fell off,
And he, that was full-fleshed, became as thin
As a two-months' babe that has been starved in the nursing.'

* * * 'And sure I think
He bore his death-wound like a little child;
With such rare sweetness of dumb melancholy,
He strove to clothe his agony in smiles,
Which he would force up in his poor pale cheeks,
Like ill-timed guests, that had no proper dwelling there;
And when they asked him his complaint, he laid
His hand upon his heart, to show the place
Where Susan came to him a-nights, he said,
And pricked him with a pin:
And thereupon, Sir Francis called to mind
The beggar-witch that stood by the gateway,
And begged an alms.'

'The Housekeeper,' one of those choice embellishments of common objects, for which Lamb was so remarkable, must close our extracts for the present:

'The frugal snail, with forecasts of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 'tis well —
He curls up in his sanctuary-shell.
He 's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no quarter-day.
Himself he boards and lodges, both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam —
Knock when you will — he 's sure to be at home.'

A fine and spirited engraving of 'Elia,' delving (by candle-light, as was ever his wont,) at the mines of the elder spirits of English literature, from the burin of DICK, gives additional attractions to these very handsome volumes.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES. — Most of our readers are aware of the recent arrival in this country of the Hon. Mr. BUCKINGHAM, late member of the British Parliament, and well known throughout Christendom as a distinguished oriental traveller, not less than for his untiring and successful efforts in relation to the East India monopoly. But for the general circulation of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's 'Address to the People of the United States,' we should avail ourselves of the very interesting narrative therein recorded, together with an 'Explanatory Report of the plan and object of his Lectures,' with which we have been favored, to present a sketch of his life, travels, and writings. Leaving this object, however, for future consideration, we pass to a brief and inadequate notice of the matter and manner of Mr. BUCKINGHAM's public efforts. His lectures on Egypt embrace detailed descriptions of its geography, climate, and productions; ancient cities of Lower Egypt; splendid monuments of Upper Egypt; its chief towns and population; its religion, manners, government, and trade. In the lectures on Palestine, the same objects were treated of, including a description of the ancient cities beyond and on this side Jordan, with all the chief towns of Modern Syria and Palestine. As may be inferred, this wide range of illustration, in the hands of Mr. BUCKINGHAM, was made interesting in no ordinary degree. Books of travel, in these countries, after all, appeal more to the imagination, in their sketches, than to immediate comprehension and understanding. It is not so with oral discourse. The speaker narrates what he 'saw, and part of which he was;' he expatiates with spirit and energy, his mind playing out its variations, or relevant episodes, unfettered, and inducing a delightful sensation of freshness and reality. Both as a writer and speaker, Mr. BUCKINGHAM evinces the possession of good natural and acquired parts. The important facts which he presents, are reflected by lucid images, and expressed with clearness and propriety of diction; while the copiousness of his varied information serves to expound the events or narratives of Scripture history, so as to leave no room for doubt or cavil, in the mind even of an infidel or skeptic. The audiences of the lecturer are overflowing; indeed, he seems to have taken that 'many-headed beast the town' completely by the horns; and we cannot doubt that a room as large as Masonic Hall would as soon overflow with hearers, as the hall of the 'Stuyvesant Institute,' or the chapel of the University. We are glad to perceive that he enters immediately upon his courses on Egypt and Palestine, at the Chatham-street Chapel, where there will be 'ample room and verge enough.' It is proper to add, that after traversing the length and breadth of America, it is Mr. BUCKINGHAM's intention 'to visit the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of investigating this barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; to make an excursion through Mexico; and from thence pass onward by the South Sea Islands to China; visit the Phillippines and the Moluccas; go onward to Australia and Van Dieman's Land; continue from thence through the Indian Archipelago, by Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and Malacca, to India; traverse the Peninsula of Hindostan, from the Ganges to the Indus, and return to Europe by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.' Judging from the indefatigable energy and enterprise of our traveller hitherto, there is little reason to doubt that these designs will all ultimately be accomplished.

THE PAST — THE PRESENT — AND THE FUTURE. — We marvel what the ancient editor of the *BOSTON CENTINEL*, (who erewhile chuckled so fervently over the fresh news, brought in seven days from Philadelphia,) would say, could he come back among the 'young folk' of the present era, and peruse a Report, now lying before us, of the Utica and Oswego Rail-road Company. What *would* he think, of arriving at New-Orleans within eight days after leaving New-York; taking in the mean time his accustomed sleep, and by pleasantly-alternating modes of travel, journeying through every variety of scenery! Yet this is to be accomplished, when that important link in the great chain of rail-way and steam-boat communication from the Atlantic to the lakes, and to the states and territories west — the Oswego and Utica Rail-road — shall have been completed, in connexion with the rail-way across the Canada peninsula, from the head of Lake Ontario, and the two lines of road across Michigan, the one from Detroit by the valley of the St. Josephs, and the other from Huron by Grand River, toward Milwaukee; all of which are now in progress, or under survey. And when the Oswego and Utica road is finished — and Nature seems to have anticipated its construction, and graded its path to the hands of its projectors — how will our citizens converse, through the 'air-pipes of this mighty whispering-gallery,' with the good people of New-Orleans, and the vast intervening inland, 'stretched beyond the sight!' How will the lakes and prairies of the west be brought a-nigh, and the roar of the Great Cataract become a familiar sound in our ears! The far-reaching west will pour its rich stores into the lap of the Empire City, as well as the wide, fertile, and populous region of the Upper Canadian country, bordering upon the western part of the St. Lawrence, and the great lakes. Again we cast our eyes onward to the future, with new longings to stand upon an exceeding high mountain, and to be gifted with uninterrupted vision, to look around and afar off, and see the distant brought near, and our magnificent domain on every hand threaded and seamed, under the 'iron-rule' of rail-road enterprise! Oh for the respectable longevity of Methusaleh, were it only to behold the future glory of 'our own, our native land!'

'**SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.**' — 'HOWARD,' (whose hand-writing is a deplorable scratch,) is informed that his communication is enclosed to his address, and left at the desk of the publication-office. In the mean time, we take the liberty of assuring him, that so far as we are able to form an opinion, from incidental comment, in an extensive private correspondence, and from the free converse of social intercourse, the article whose title heads this notice, published in the October number, has been received with decided approbation by all candid, reflecting minds; and if 'HOWARD' will peruse the late work of Mrs. GILMAN, of South Carolina, he will find the sentiments and statements which he condemns and disbelieves, fully sustained by one who has drawn, as did our contributor, from scenes of *real life* at the South, with a faithful pencil. Our demurring philanthropist is as hot as an old radish, and seems to burn with

'Thoughts too deep to be expressed,
And too strong to be suppressed.'

He intimates, that not to be warm in such a cause as he has espoused, is to be frozen. Now we are quite unable to see an adequate cause for all this pudder. Has he ever resided at the South? We dare say, nay. Does he *know* that to be true, which he would insinuate as truth to our readers? Questionless, no — or his proofs would be forthcoming. This Magazine is not intended to be the medium of political, religious, or social wrangling; nor would it be fulfilling the purposes to which it is devoted, should the Editors permit 'HOWARD' to irritate a 'gangrene and running sore in the public mind,' by his intemperate crudity. We are not disposed to allow any amateur philanthropist to emulate, in our pages, the example of an experimental philosopher, of whom we have somewhere read, who was anxious to wager three-pence with any one of a large circle of by-standers, that he could perforate a keg of gunpowder, standing near him, with a red-hot iron, without endangering the contents, or the lives of the lookers-on!

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. — The 'Cry and Prayer against the Imprisonment of Small Children,' in the present number, will arrest the attention of parents, and instructors of youth. In reading Part Fifth of LOCKHART'S *Life of SCOTT*, we remark, in one of his letters to his son WALTER, the fervent expression of sentiments in entire unison with those of our correspondent upon this subject; and BULWER, in 'Ernest Maltravers,' embodies kindred views, in some sound and judicious remarks upon the education of the young. This over-tasking of immature intellects is exciting public attention, both abroad and at home. A work by a valued contributor to this Magazine, (A. BRIGHAM, M. D., of the New-York College of Physicians and Surgeons,) which treats of the abuse of the brain in children, was recently warmly commended in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and the positions of the writer enforced by unanswerable arguments adduced by the reviewer.

'ALL THE MOTHER!' — 'Will the Editors of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, by inserting in their Magazine the accompanying lines, confer a favor upon a bereaved mother, who mourns the loss of a dear infant-boy?' Thus reads the modest envelope which covered the subjoined most touching and beautiful stanzas. Tears, such as seem, in several places, to have blotted the mss., were in our eyes as we read them. Are they original? Certainly, we have never seen them before. Whether original or translated, let us hope that the lady from whom we have received them, will not hereafter withhold her talents or taste from our pages.

TO A DYING INFANT.

'Sleep, little baby! sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.'

Yes! — with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be:
Oh! many a weary night,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursing!
Flee to thy grassy nest;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labors with short'ning breath;
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh —
Those are the damps of Death!

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee,
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby! thou seem'st to me.

Thine up-turned eyes, glazed over,
Like violets wet with dew;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open —
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves) there
Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit! haste, depart!
And is this Death! — dread Thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face;
So passionless! so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!
Ay, weep — 't will ease thine heart:
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one —
'T is hard from him to part!

'T is hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth —
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once glad some with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Thou, wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till mem'ry on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night,
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling —
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother!
In after years, look back
(Time brings such wondrous easing.)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say: 'My first-born blessing!
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet, for thee, I know
'T was better to depart.

'God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb, untask'd, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

'I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And oh! beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

'The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that prest —
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lull'd thee on my breast!

'Now (like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone)
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One!

'And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
'To meet and welcome me.'

THE MAJESTY OF THE HEAVENS. — We have received from the eminent philosopher, Dr. DICK, of Scotland, but too late for insertion in the present number, an original article, written for our pages, upon the subject of certain celestial phenomena. Our readers are not ignorant of this distinguished author's comprehensive grasp of mind, and the depth and variety of his mental resources. In anticipating, therefore, a rich treat from his pen, they will run no risk of disappointment. 'Great spirits ask great play-room;' and in the present instance, we are almost overpowered with the extent and majesty of the philosopher's field of thought and vision. We say overpowered; for it is no easy task, after following such a writer as Dr. DICK along the 'pathway of the skies,' and amid the countless worlds that revolve in space, to bring one's imagination down to strait-lacing, mundane actuality. The soul is lifted to the Power that spread out the heavens like a curtain, and makes the clouds his pavilion; and is prompted to exclaim in the sublime language of a poet too little known to the world:

—— 'Come, when still night
Hath silenced the loud hum of wakeful hours,
And the lone pulses beat, as if it were
The general pulse of nature; then, with eye
Of fix'd and awe-struck meditation, look
From world to world!
How, with its vast and bright diameter,
'The proudest of the planets seems afar
Diminish'd to a point! Yet there, perchance,
Are cities with gay spires and towers, above
The pitch of earthly mountains; still beyond —
At sunless distances, and thicker far
Than all earth's living myriads — *hosts of suns*
Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launched,
Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven,
With their attendant spheres. They are the same
Enduring constellations seen by them,
Your sires, before the flood; still fixed serene
O'er you ethereal vault, that lifts itself
In distant grandeur. 'Tis the ancient dome
Of God's most durable fabric: far beneath
Crowned with her populous kingdoms, Earth revolves,
An atom in the host of worlds!"

The article in question will form the first original paper in the KNICKERBOCKER for February.

DINNER TO MR. FORREST. — The dinner recently given to Mr. FORREST, by his native city, is pronounced to have been 'one of the most splendid ever had in Brotherly Love.' Hon. J. R. INGERSOLL presided; and, after the cloth was removed, addressed the company on the occasion of their meeting, and gave a toast complimentary to Mr. FORREST, who 'returned his grateful and moving thanks, in an address, whose power and effect,' it has been said, 'cannot well be conceived by any description with pen and ink. It rehearsed his career from his boyish days to the present time, with the brevity of a modest pride, but with the emotions of a generous heart. Briefly recounting his successes abroad, he said these latter honors had not so high a claim upon his gratitude as those which the citizens of his native Philadelphia had previously conferred upon him, in generous anticipation of future deservings. The whole address was fraught with that truest eloquence, whose source and fountain is the heart. The grace of the actor mingled with the emotion of the man, in happy and unstudied combination.' Many of the most eminent citizens of Philadelphia were among the large concourse who assembled to do honor to one who, both professionally and as an American gentleman, has reflected honor upon himself and his country, abroad as well as at home.

THE DRAMA.

NATIONAL THEATRE. — Mademoiselle AUGUSTA, the graceful, brilliant and fascinating AUGUSTA, and the almost equally charming Miss TURPIN, have been the bright particular stars, since Mr. Vandenhoff bade us a temporary adieu, after his masterly personation of Sir Giles Overreach. The ever attractive La Bayadere, got up with liberality and good taste, worthy of all praise, was repeated many a time and oft, to full and sometimes crowded houses. Mr. MORLEY's 'Olifour' was more than respectable; and he is right, we think, in making the old judge less feeble and decrepid than Richings presents him, yet the latter is our favorite in this character. We scarcely know whether to prefer HORNCASTLE or JONES in 'The Unknown.' Jones sings sweetly, but of all moving automatons, he is the least lovely to look upon. The chief new features in the opera, however, are Miss Turpin, in the singing Bayadere, the full and effective choruses, and the dancing girls of the ballet. It is the best looking and best acting vocal company we have ever had on the stage. Of Augusta it is superfluous to speak. It is not her magnificent dancing alone, that pleases; it is her graceful agility, united with lady-like modesty and good taste in every movement, which wins golden opinions from all sorts of people. And how expressive are her beautiful and classic features in the pantomime! One scarcely believes, on hearing her 'Two Words' in the little piece of that name, that she has not spoken before.

The ballet and pantomime of 'La Somnambulé,' from which the opera of that name was taken, has also been successfully produced. It was first acted for Augusta's benefit, the fair *danseuse* in the part of Amina. The incidents are much the same as those of the opera, and the story was as well told as it could be by mere gesture; some of it indeed was admirable. Yet pantomime is better suited to the French, who are so peculiarly a people of gestures. We like rather to have the poetry of motion and poetry of sound united.

Touching the other performances of the month, we have barely space to allude to a few of them. The 'Old English Gentleman' is one of the best pieces we ever saw performed; well written — admirably acted — quiet and natural, with no clap-trap or startling incident, yet enlisting your interest to the last. The park scenery, the lawn, and mansion in the distance, are beautifully represented. Mr. J. W. WALLACE has given us specimens of rare excellence in acting, in his character of Rattle, in 'Spring and Autumn,' Rolla, Erasmus Book-worm, 'The Scholar,' Don Felix in 'The Wonder,' and Master Walter, 'The Hunchback.' In short, without curtailing 'farther particulars,' we would honestly commend to our readers the sterling drama in its purest form, as well as the rich musical attractions, at the National Theatre.

So much for cordial and unqualified praise, and the *per contra* balance is small. One hint, however, we would venture, and that is, that for the future the buffoonries of Jim Crow and 'Bone Squash Diavolo' be abolished. A little of the *song*, occasionally, as an interlude, is well enough, but *au reste*, let it be dispensed with. This we think is the verdict of the public, however uproarious may be the groundlings and the gallery, in favor of those *elegant* entertainments.

PARK THEATRE — MR. FORREST. — This gentleman's last engagement has not, we are sorry to say, added to his reputation. A round of arduous characters has presented Mr. FORREST to his audiences with all those defects in his personations which have ever attended his attempts of Shakspeare. 'Othello,' of all Mr. Forrest's Shakspearean delineations, is the least objectionable; yet even this is only an exhibition of the *man* 'Othello,' without the mind. His gesture, voice, and emphasis are generally good; but there is not the *spirituagl* expression of the character at all. The genius, the soul, is wanting. He looks as Othello might have looked; he uses the same words; but he does not speak as Othello should speak; he does not shadow forth the inward construction of his mind, 'with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love;' he does not do this, simply because he does not, and perhaps cannot, identify himself with the genius and spirit of the past. In the expression of jealousy, the great plague-spot which taints the whole of Othello's conduct, Mr. Forrest moulds his face into a distortion, the meaning of which we defy any living physiognomist to decipher. Is it rage, hatred, malice, envy, separate or conjoined? Or is it the unmeaning twisting of the muscles, which a mountebank or a madman could equally well effect? Whatever it may be meant to be, it is no more an expression of jealousy than of joy. It seems something borrowed from Bedlam; 'full of fury, and signifying nothing.'

When dressed for 'Lear,' Mr. Forrest's face, garments, and 'tout ensemble' are truly and effectively 'got up;' and as he stands, a painter might choose him for a model of the ill-judging king, provided he had genius enough himself to conceive his true expression. But his acting of the character is physically and morally false. Lear has declined into the vale of years, and it is his infirmities, as much as his paternal affection, which induce the wish for retirement. He leaves the throne, because he feels the infirmities of age upon him, and because, he desires that the evening of his life may pass quietly away, and give rest and peace to his venerable decline. Now in Mr. Forrest's delineation of this time-worn man, one would imagine that the animal strength of boyhood had rejuvenated the palsied limbs of fourscore years, or that a frolicsome youth had donned his grand-papa's wig and cane, and was giving a boisterous imitation of the old gentleman's squeaking treble, accompanied by a sturdy copy of the debilitated movements of his 'most weak hams.' Lear could never utter the curse upon his daughters as Mr. Forrest persists in giving it; or, if he *could* have called back the strong and healthy lungs of his youth, and collected every bodily energy for the withering effort, and made it, it would have been his last effort — his dying speech; and the play might end there, for any personal aid which the principal character could, in his material substance, have given it afterward. 'The greatness of Lear,' says CHARLES LAMB, 'is not in corporeal dimensions, but in intellectual. The explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano. They are storms, turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is *his mind* which is laid bare. The case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it.' It is not in the curse alone, but throughout the play, that we see the great physical force of Mr. FORREST predominating over all the spiritual qualities which should be exhibited. The genius of the character seems forgotten; probability is outraged; and instead of the old, injured, imbecile father, unable to draw even sympathy from his daughters, we see a stern, sinewy, implacable giant, with a white beard, possessing bone, muscle, and all sorts of physical energy, enough to pulverize his daughters, and 'drive their subjects before him like a flock of wild geese.'

Mrs. SHAW.—Few who had the pleasure of seeing her, can have forgotten Mrs. SHAW, who made her first appearance in this country at the Park some year or two since. Returned from a western and southern tour, she has, during the past month, reappeared at this house, and ably sustained her favorite characters. As 'Julia,' in the 'Hunchback,' 'Desdemona,' 'Cordelia' in tragedy, 'Christine' in the 'Youthful Queen,' and other personations, quite as difficult and as varied, she has maintained the good impression which her first engagement so justly created. With a very agreeable person, a perfect knowledge of stage business, a round, rich, and full voice, although sometimes monotonous, Mrs. SHAW has intellectual talents well worthy of the profession which she adorns. Unlike most of those who have gone the circuit of the western and southern theatres, she has returned with a good taste, unadulterated by the pernicious cant and fustian clap-trap, which is so much admired in the back woods of Kentucky, and prevails more or less through all the western theatres. Mrs. SHAW's manner is chaste and subdued. She is never betrayed into those indecent, passion-tearing, pocket-handkerchief enormities, in which some of our popular actresses so effectively indulge. Where real talent exists, these availables of the 'rough and tumble school' are justly despised; and it is only a consciousness of the lack of legitimate power, which can ever induce a performer to make use of them. Mrs. Shaw would be a most valuable addition to the stock company of the Park, which in the ladies' as well as the gentlemen's department, is yet sadly deficient. With the exception of Mrs. WHEATLEY, and Mrs. VERNON, there is not now at this house a lady performer worth listening to. Mrs. RICHARDSON has been for some time indisposed, but we hope will soon be enabled to appear with all her well-remembered power. Miss CUSHMAN is sometimes effective, and natural; always sprightly in farce; and, strange to say, not the worst Lady Macbeth in the world; but she will be guilty of the enormity of pantaloons. Mrs. SHAW would fill a great vacancy, and we sincerely hope, for the honor of Old Drury, that she may make her own terms, and that they may be accepted.

MADAME LECOMPTE, a *danseuse* of considerable celebrity, has greatly increased the attractions of the past month. Both as a dancer and pantomimic, Madame LECOMPTE has almost turned the heads of the good people. There is more skill and greater agility, more physical power and steady confidence, in all the many evolutions of this artiste, than has ever before been witnessed on the American stage. In 'La Bayadere' and the 'Fenella' of 'Massaniello,' she has won great applause, and the dollars, of large and delighted audiences. c.

'AMERICAN THEATRE,' BOWERY.—The past month has again afforded us an opportunity of seeing Mr. BOOTH in some of his principal characters; and as usual, we must award him liberal praise for the admirable manner in which his personations, throughout his engagement, were sustained. We have so recently spoken of the performances of this gentleman, that it is unnecessary to go into detail in this place. We cannot forbear adverting, however, to his 'Sir Giles Overreach,' as recently presented, in terms of pointed laud. Who that heard and saw him in this part, will ever forget the scene where, in reply to 'Wellborn's' charge of indebtedness, seconded by 'Lady Allworth,' he exclaims, with a look of condensed passion and bitterness:

—— 'Good, good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady: second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manner is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favor.'

'Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory ——' etc.

And, as the 'fair skin of parchment' is disclosed to his astonished gaze, his impassioned cry :

'I am overwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this! What subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? The wax
Turned into dust!"

From henceforward to the end of the play, is one continued exhibition of triumphant genius; and the total abandonment of the actor to the spirit of the author; his avoidance of that low trickery which appeals alone to the eye and ear; drew down deserved plaudits, loud and long.

'The Frost-Spirit and Sun-God,' recently produced at this establishment, far exceeds, as a scenic and mechanical spectacle, any thing of the kind heretofore presented. The excellent manager, Mr. DINNEFORD, was very properly called out, and justly complimented upon the entire success of the piece.

OBSERVATIONS ON ELECTRICITY AND 'LOOMING.' — We invite attention to the first paper in the present number, upon the subjects of Electricity, and the phenomenon of 'Looming.' The article of which it forms a part, came to us through the hands of an esteemed friend, who was himself greatly interested in the subjects treated of; and our readers will share the pleasure which the author's reluctant permission to insert it in our pages has afforded us. To the correctness of the facts therein stated, we can ourselves bear decided testimony. We have often encountered those 'moving bodies of warm air,' and always during such a state of the atmosphere as is described by the writer. The peculiarities of 'looming,' as here recorded, are doubtless familiar to our readers on the Atlantic sea-board, and along the shores of the great western lakes; and that the theory of their cause, here advanced, is the true one, we entertain no doubt. We invite particular attention to the terseness and clearness of the language in which these 'Observations' are conveyed to the reader. It will be seen that the writer comprehends what he intends to say in a few words, and those which are most expressive. We refer to this, because a style thus simple, is a great *desideratum* with many writers upon scientific topics, who too commonly indulge in dry and barren explications, and adopt unintelligible nomenclature, instead of coming directly to the point, with 'all plainness of speech.'

The next and concluding number of these 'Observations,' which will be given in the *KNICKERBOCKER* for February, will be devoted to a consideration of the transmission of sound through the air, and a theory of thunder-showers and of west and north-west winds. The deductions of the author, in support of his positions, are fortified both by experience, and the concurrent testimony of some of the soundest minds in this country. It is proper to add, that the entire article in question was written some years since, and that its facts have been confirmed by repeated observation of corroborative phenomena; placing the truth of the theories advanced, beyond the reach of doubt.

'MAD DOG! — MAD DOG!' — Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN has published a small pamphlet, intitled 'A Treatise on Hydrophobia, taken from the mss. of a late eminent physician, to which is added an INFALLIBLE REMEDY, both as a Preventative, (where is the word 'preventative' to be found?) and in confirmed cases. By HENRY HUGHES, H. M. First Royal Regt., Montreal.' In 1821, if we remember rightly, a New-York physician was notoriously sanguine in relation to the effects of the *scutellaria laterifolia*, in the relief of this dreadful disorder. A thousand cases were declared to have been effected by it; yet it had no more real or lasting effect than *anasellis*, so much boasted of at an earlier period, and *alima plantago*, afterward held as a certain cure. They all finally grew out of repute; and we fear such will be the fate of the present 'infallible remedy.' But the medicine should never be left untried, in any confirmed case of hydrophobia.

THE KNICKERBOCKERS. — Never-to-be-forgotten name! Who that sat down to the sumptuous dinner and intellectual feast given and enjoyed at the late anniversary of the Society of good Saint Nicholas, at DELMONICO's, but must needs glory in belonging to this ancient and honorable family! What were the old portraits of the departed Dutch fathers, which ornamented the banqueting-hall — what the sour-kROUT, the oily-köeks, the 'crisp and crumbling krullers,' under which the table groaned — to the spiritual banquet; the letters from absent members, and distinguished guests invited; the toasts, the songs; the rich and matter-full speech of the president; the general hilarity? Verily, had not the daily journals, with that pestilent *hurry* which characterizes these latter days, long ago given the details of this anniversary to the world, we should be tempted to enbalm them in these pages; but 'express mails' and rail-roads have made them, ere now, familiar to newspaper-readers, in every quarter of the land; and we would fain avoid being the organ of disseminating 'Johnny Thompson's news.' We annex, however, the letter of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, which, in several of our daily papers, was sadly marred in the printing. It was read with great feeling by the President, and received with the profoundest emotion:

'EERWAARDIGE HEER: Als gy een pyppit hebt om te rooken ik zende u met dese kort brief het Algemeen Handels blad om te lezen. Ik kan niet middag mit u eeten om dat onzer Hollandshe Koninginne is overleden maar ik zende u. 'Een dracht maakt macht.' Ik bly ve a getrouw vriend,
'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.'

Success and long life to the ancient Society of SAINT NICHOLAS!

TO PUBLISHERS, READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Notices of the following works, although in type, have been unavoidably omitted with the 'Literary Record' department of the present number: 'Constance Latimer,' by Mrs. EMBURY; 'Never Despair,' by Prof. BOKUM; 'City of the Sultan,' by Miss PARDOE; 'The Duke of Monmouth,' a Novel; 'Tales from the German,' by NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq.; 'The Clock-Maker,' CAREY on Wealth; 'WAYLAND's 'Political Economy'; 'The Tourist in Europe,' 'Advent: a Mystery,' 'Recollections of a Southern Matron,' ADAMS' 'Elements of Moral Philosophy,' WYSE on Education; 'The Old Commodore; FOERER's Counting-House Manual; and a new 'History of Rome.' Beside a good variety of amusing and entertaining articles, 'Original Letters from an American Abroad; Ollapodiana,' etc., the following papers, of a more solid character, are filed for insertion: 'American Antiquities, Number Five; 'A Few Plain Thoughts on Phrenology; and 'Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities.' Number Two of the 'Intercepted Letters from a Sensitive Briton,' will appear in the February number; together with an exciting document of the 'olden time,' in the shape of an original journal of, 'eight years' hard fighting during the war for our independence,' in the hand-writing of that gallant officer, MAJOR ALLAN M'LANE, father of the Hon. LOUIS M'LANE, and an original poem from JOHN GALT, Esq., of Scotland. Our readers will be glad to hear again from their old favorite, the author of the 'Cruise of a Guineaman,' 'The Mastay,' etc. The 'Letters from Rome,' are respectfully declined. They are evidently intended as imitations of the admirable 'Palmyra Letters,' and as such, are worse, if possible — and this is supposing an extreme case — than the 'Conclusion of Ernest Maltravers,' which some one of the inferior scribblers, who has no occasion to envy the male for his redundancy of ear, has been palming upon this community, (through the mistaken courtesy of our worthy weekly contemporary, the 'MIRROR,') as a genuine production of the author of 'Pelham!' Mr. BULWER, it is scarcely necessary to say, has never written an original article for any American periodical, save the two which were placed in type from his MSS., for the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. 'Stanzas for Christmas' are certainly clever lines, but they are marred by a little cacophany, toward the close. Moreover, 'H. D. C.' will find the scenes he has chosen for illustration much better described in the 'Visit of St. Nicholas,' written several years since, by CLEMENT C. MOORE, of this city, and still circulated every season, about Christmas-time, in all the newspapers, far and near.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 2.

THE RINGS OF SATURN.

BY THOMAS DICK, LL.D., AUTHOR OF 'THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER,' ETC.

THE rings which encircle the planet Saturn, may be considered as among the most grand and wonderful phenomena of the universe. This phenomenon was first perceived by Galileo, in the year 1610, soon after the invention of the telescope ; but its real nature was not at first apprehended. He imagined that Saturn was 'in the shape of an olive,' and that this planet consisted of two small globes attached to a larger one ; one of these globes being placed on one side, and another upon the other side. In the above year, he published his discovery, in a Latin sentence, the meaning of which was, that he had seen Saturn appearing *with three bodies*. After viewing the planet in this form for two years, he was surprised to see it become quite round, without its adjoining globes, and to remain in this state for some time ; and, after a considerable period, to appear again in its triple form, as before. This deception was owing to the want of magnifying power in the telescope used by Galileo. For the first telescope constructed by this astronomer, magnified the diameters of objects only three times ; his second improved telescope magnified only eight times ; and the best telescope which, at that time, he found himself capable of constructing, magnified little more than *thirty times* ; and with this telescope he made most of his discoveries. But a telescope of this power is not sufficient to show the opening, or dark space, between the ring and Saturn, on each side of the planet ; and, at the time it appeared divested of its two appendages, the thin and dark edge of the ring must have been in a line between his eye and the body of Saturn — which phenomenon happens once every fifteen years. About forty years after this period, the celebrated Huygens greatly improved the art of grinding object-glasses ; and with a telescope of his own construction, twelve feet long, and afterward with another of twenty-three feet, which magnified objects one hundred times, he discovered the true shape of Saturn's ring ; and in 1659, published his '*Systema Saturnium*,' in which he describes and delineates all its appearances.

It was suspected by astronomers, more than a century ago, that the ring of Saturn was double, or divided into two concentric rings. Carsini supposed it was probable that this was the case. Mr. Pound, in the account of his observations on Saturn, in 1723, by means of

Hadley's new reflecting telescope, states, that with this instrument he could plainly perceive '*the black list in Saturn's ring,*' and gives an engraving of the planet and ring, with this dark stripe distinctly marked, as in the modern views of Saturn. It was not, however, till Sir W. Herschel began to make observations on this planet, with his powerful telescopes, that Saturn was recognised as being invested with two concentric rings. The following are the dimensions of the rings, as determined by the observations of this astronomer, which are here expressed in the nearest round numbers. Outside diameter of the *exterior* ring, 204,800 miles, which is nearly twenty-six times the diameter of the earth. Inside diameter of this ring, 190,200 miles. Breadth of the dark space between the two rings, 2,839 miles, which is seven hundred miles more than the diameter of our moon, so that a body as large as the moon would have room to move between the rings. Outside diameter of the *interior* ring, 184,400, and the inside diameter, 146,300 miles. *Breadth* of the exterior ring, 7,200 miles; breadth of the interior, 20,000 miles, or two-and-a-half times the diameter of the earth; so that the interior ring is nearly three times broader than the exterior. The *thickness* of the rings has not yet been accurately determined. Sir John Herschel supposes that it does not exceed one hundred miles. 'So very thin is the ring,' says Sir John, 'that it is quite invisible, when its edge is directly turned to the earth, to any but telescopes of extraordinary power.' The breadth of the two rings, including the dark space between them, is very nearly equal to the dark space which intervenes between the globe of Saturn, and the inside of the interior ring. It appears to have been lately ascertained that this double ring is not exactly circular, but eccentric. This seems to have been first observed by *Schwalz*, of Dessau, in 1828. He informed Mr. Harding of it, who thought he saw the same thing. Mr. Harding informed Professor Schumacher, who applied to M. Struve, to settle the question, by means of the superb micrometer attached to his great telescope. M. Struve measured the distance between the ring and the body of the planet, on five different days, and ascertained that Saturn's ring is really eccentric, and consequently that the centre of the planet does not coincide with the centre of the ring, but that the centre of gravity of the rings oscillates round that of the body of Saturn, describing a very minute orbit. This is considered as of the utmost importance to the *stability* of the system of the rings, in preventing them from being shifted from their equilibrium by any external force, such as the attraction of the satellites, which might endanger their falling upon the planet.

This double ring is now found to have a swift rotation around Saturn in its own plane, which it accomplishes in ten hours and a half. This rotation was detected by observing that some portions of the rings were a little less bright than others. Sir W. Herschel, when examining the plane of the ring with a powerful telescope, perceived near the extremity of its arms, or *ansa*, several lucid or protuberant points, which seemed to adhere to the ring. At first he imagined them to be satellites, but afterward found, upon careful examination,

that none of the satellites could exhibit such an appearance; and therefore concluded that these points adhered to the ring, and that the variation in their position arose from a rotation of the ring in the period above stated. The circumference of the exterior ring being 643,650 miles, every point of its outer surface moves with a velocity of more than a thousand miles every minute, or seventeen miles during one beat of the clock. It is highly probable that this rapid motion of the ring is one of the principal causes, under the arrangements of the Creator, of *sustaining* the ring, and preventing it from collapsing, and falling down upon the planet. This double ring is evidently a *solid*, compact substance, and not a mere cloud, or shining fluid. For it casts a deep shadow upon different regions of the planet, which is plainly perceived by good telescopes. Beside, were it not a solid arch, its centrifugal force, caused by its rapid rotation, would soon dissipate all its parts, and scatter them in the surrounding spaces. It is not yet ascertained whether both the rings have the same period of rotation. This magnificent appendage to the globe of Saturn, is about 30,000 miles distant from the surface of the planet, so that four globes, nearly as large as the earth, could be interposed between them; it keeps always the same position in respect to the planet; is incessantly moving around; and is carried along with the planet in its revolution round the sun.

DIMENSIONS OF SATURN'S RINGS.

IT is difficult for the mind to form an adequate conception of the magnitude, the mechanism, and the magnificence of these wonderful rings, which form one of the most astonishing objects that the universe displays. In order to appreciate, in some measure, the *immense size* of these rings, it may be proper to attend to the following statements. Suppose a person to travel round the outer edge of the exterior ring, and to continue his journey without intermission, at the rate of twenty-five miles every day, it would require more than seventy years, before he could finish his tour round this immense celestial arch. The interior boundary of the inner ring encloses a space which would be sufficient to contain within it *three hundred and forty globes* as large as the earth; and the outer ring could enclose, within its inner circumference, five hundred and seventy-five globes of the same magnitude, supposing every portion of the enclosed area to be filled. This outer ring would likewise enclose a globe containing 2,829,580,622,048,315, or more than two thousand eight hundred *billions* of cubical miles; which globe would be equal to more than *ten thousand eight hundred globes* of the size of the earth. In regard to the *quantity of surface* contained in these rings, the one side of the outer ring contains an area of 4,529,401,800, or more than four thousand five hundred millions of square miles. The one side of the inner ring contains 9,895,780,318, or nearly ten thousand millions of square miles. The two rings, therefore, contain on one side, above fourteen thousand four hundred millions of square miles; and as the other sides of the rings contain the same extent of surface, the whole area comprehended in these rings will amount

to 28,850,365,236, or more than twenty-eight thousand eight hundred millions of square miles. This quantity of surface is equal to one hundred and forty-six times the number of square miles in the terraqueous globe, and is more than five hundred times the area of all the habitable portions of the earth. Were we to suppose these rings inhabited, (which is not at all improbable,) they would accommodate a population — at the rate of two hundred and eighty inhabitants to a square mile, as in England — of 8,078,102,266,080, or more than *eight billions*, which is equal to more than *ten thousand times* the present population of our globe. So that these rings, in reference to the space they contain, may be considered, in one point of view, as equal to ten thousand worlds.

These rings, therefore, exhibit a striking idea of the *power* of the Creator, and of the grandeur and magnificence of his plans and operations. They likewise display the depths of his *wisdom* and intelligence. For they are so adjusted, both in respect to their position around the body of the planet, and to the degree of motion impressed upon them, as to prevent both their falling in on the planet, and their flying off from it through the distant regions of space. We have already stated, that the rings are not exactly concentric with the body of the planet. Now it is demonstrable from physical considerations, that, were they mathematically perfect in their circular form, and exactly concentric with the planet, they would form a system, in a state of *unstable equilibrium*, which the slightest external power, such as the attraction of the satellites, might completely subvert, by precipitating them unbroken on the surface of the planet. For physical laws must be considered as operating in the system of Saturn, as well as in the earth and moon, and the other planets; and every minute circumstance must be adjusted so as to correspond with those laws. 'The observed oscillation,' says Sir J. Herschel, 'of the centres of the rings about that of the planet, is in itself the evidence of a perpetual contest between conservative and destructive powers; both extremely feeble, but so antagonizing one another, as to prevent the latter from ever acquiring an uncontrollable ascendancy, and rushing to a catastrophe.' 'The smallest difference of velocity between the body and rings must infallibly precipitate the latter on the former, never more to be separated; consequently, either their motion in their common orbit round the sun must have been adjusted to each other by an external power, with the minutest precision, or the rings must have been formed about the planet, while subject to their common orbital motion, and under the full, free influence of all the acting forces.' Here then, we have an evident proof of the consummate wisdom of the Almighty Contriver, in so nicely adjusting every thing in respect to number, weight, position, and motion, so as to preserve in undeviating stability and permanency this wonderful system of Saturn. And we have palpable evidence, that every thing conducive to this end has been accomplished, from the fact, that no sensible deviation has been observed in this system for more than two hundred and twenty years, or since the ring was discovered, nor, in all probability, has there ever been any change or catastrophe in this respect, since the planet was first created, and launched into the depths of space.

APPEARANCE OF THE RINGS FROM THE BODY OF SATURN.

THESE rings will appear in the firmament of Saturn like large luminous arches, or semicircles of light, stretching across the heavens from the eastern to the western horizon, occupying the one-fourth or one-fifth part of the visible sky. As they appear more brilliant than the body of the planet, it is probable that they are composed of substances fitted for reflecting the solar light with peculiar splendor; and therefore will present a most magnificent and brilliant aspect in the firmament of Saturn. Their appearance will be different in different regions of the planet. At a little distance from the equator, they will be seen nearly as complete semicircles, stretching along the whole celestial hemisphere, and appearing in their greatest splendor. In the day time, they will present a dim appearance, like a cloud, or like our moon, when the sun is above the horizon. After sunset, their brightness will increase, as our moon increases in brilliancy when the sun disappears, and the shadow of the globe of Saturn will be seen on their eastern boundary, directly opposite to the sun. The shadow will appear to move gradually along the rings till midnight, when it will be seen near the zenith, or the highest point of these celestial arches. After midnight, it will appear to decline to the western horizon, where it will be seen near the time of the rising of the sun. After sun-rise, its brightness decays, and it appears like a cloudy arch throughout the day. The following circumstances will add to the interest of this astonishing spectacle :

1. The *rapid motion* of the rings, which will appear to move from the eastern horizon to the zenith in two hours and a half.

2. The *diversity of surface* which the rings will exhibit. For, if we can trace inequalities on those rings, by the telescope, at the distance of more than eight hundred millions of miles, much more must the inhabitants of Saturn perceive all the variety with which they are adorned, when they are placed so near them as the one-eighth part of the distance of our moon. Every two or three minutes, therefore, a new portion of the scenery of the rings will make its appearance in the horizon, with all their diversified objects; and, if these rings be inhabited, the various scenes and operations connected with their population, might be distinguished from the surface of Saturn with such eyes as ours, aided by our most powerful telescopes.

3. The motion of the shadow of the globe of Saturn, in a direction contrary to the motion of the rings, which shadow will occupy a space of many thousand miles upon the rings, will form another variety of scenery in the firmament.

4. If the two rings revolve around the planet in different periods of time, the appearances in the celestial vault will be still more diversified; then one scene will be seen rising on the upper, and another and a different scene rising on the lower ring; and through the opening between the rings, the stars, the planets, or one or two of the satellites, may sometimes appear.

Near the polar regions of the planet, only a comparatively small portion of the rings will appear above the horizon, dividing the celestial hemisphere into two unequal parts, and presenting the same general appearances now described, but upon a smaller scale. To-

ward the polar points, the rings will, in all probability, be quite invisible. During the space of fourteen years and nine months, which is half the year of the planet, the sun shines on the one side of these rings without intermission, and during the same period he shines on the other side. During nearly fifteen years, therefore, the inhabitants on one side of the equator will be enlightened by the sun in the day time, and the rings by night, while those on the other hemisphere, who live under the dark sides of the rings, suffer a solar eclipse of fifteen years' continuance, during which they never see the sun. At the time when the sun ceases to shine on one side of the rings, and is about to shine on the other, the rings will be invisible, for a few days or weeks, to all the inhabitants of Saturn.

At first view, we might be apt to suppose that it must be a gloomy situation for those who live under the shadow of the rings, during so long a period as fifteen years. But, we are not acquainted with *all the circumstances* of their situation, or the numerous beneficent contrivances which may tend to cheer them during this period; and therefore are not warranted to conclude that such a situation is physically uncomfortable. We know that they enjoy the light of their moons without almost any interruption. Sometimes two, sometimes four, and sometimes all their seven moons, are shining in their hemisphere in one bright assemblage. Beside, during this period is the principal opportunity they enjoy of contemplating the starry firmament, and surveying the more distant regions of the universe, in which they may enjoy a pleasure equal, if not superior, to what is felt amidst the splendor of the solar rays; and it is not improbable, that multitudes may resort to these darker regions, for the purpose of making celestial observations. For the bright shining of the rings during the continuance of night will, in all probability, prevent the numerous objects in the starry heavens from being distinguished. The very circumstance, then, which might at first view convey to our minds images of gloom and horror, may be parts of a system in which are displayed the most striking evidences of beneficent contrivance and design.

It has often been asked, as a mysterious question, 'What is the use of the rings with which Saturn is environed?' This is a question which, I conceive, there is no great difficulty in answering. The following considerations will go a great way in determining this question:

1. They are intended to produce all the varieties of celestial and terrestrial scenery which I have described above, and doubtless other varieties, with which we are unacquainted; and this circumstance of itself, although we could devise no other reason, might be sufficient to warrant the Creator in deviating from his general arrangements in respect to the other planets. For *variety* is one characteristic of his plans and operations, both in respect to the objects on our globe, and to those which exist throughout the planetary system; and it is accordant with those desires for novelty and variety which are implanted in the minds of intelligent beings.

2. They are intended to give a display of the grandeur of the Divine Being, and of the effects of his Omnipotence. They are also intended to evince his inscrutable wisdom and intelligence, in the

nice adjustment of their motions and positions, so as to secure their stability and permanency in their revolutions along with the planet around the sun.

3. They are doubtless intended to teach us what varied kinds of sublimity and beauty the Deity has introduced, or may yet introduce, into various regions throughout the universe. We are acquainted with only a few particulars respecting *one* planetary system. But we have every reason to conclude, that many millions of similar or analogous systems exist throughout the unlimited regions of space. In some of these systems, the arrangements connected with the worlds which compose them, may be as different from those of our globe, and some of the other planets, as the arrangements and apparatus connected with Saturn are different from those of the planets Vesta or Mars. Around some of these worlds there may be thrown not only two concentric rings, but rings standing at right angles to each other, and enclosing and revolving around each other. Yea, for aught we know, there may be an indefinite number of rings around some worlds, and variously inclined to each other, so that the planet may appear like a terrestrial globe, suspended in the middle of an armillary sphere; and all these rings may be revolving within and around each other, in various directions, and on different periods of time, so as to produce a variety and sublimity of aspect, of which we can form no adequate conception. There is nothing irrational or extravagant in these suppositions: for had we never discovered the rings of Saturn, we could have formed no conception of such an appendage being thrown around any world, and it would have been considered in the highest degree improbable and romantic, had any one broached the idea. We are therefore led to conclude, from the characteristic of *variety* impressed on the universe, that Saturn is not the only planet in creation that is surrounded with such an apparatus, and that the number and position of its rings were not the only models according to which the planetary arrangements in other systems may be constructed.

4. Beside the considerations now stated, the chief use, I presume, for which these rings were created, was — *that they might serve as a spacious abode for myriads of intelligent creatures*. If we admit that the globe of Saturn was formed for the reception of rational beings, we have the same reason to believe that the rings were formed for a similar purpose. It is not at all likely that a surface of 29,000,000,000 of square miles, capable of containing ten thousand times the population of our globe, would be left destitute of inhabitants, when there is not a puddle, or marsh, or drop of water, on our globe, but teems with living beings. These rings are as capable of supporting sensitive and intelligent beings as any of the globes which compose the solar system. They are solid bodies; they have an attractive power; they are endowed with motion; and from their surface the most grand and magnificent displays may be beheld of celestial scenery. From all the circumstances which have been stated above, it is evident that the numerous objects connected with the rings and with the globe of Saturn, were not intended merely to illuminate barren sands and hideous deserts, but to afford a comfortable and magnificent habitation for thousands of millions of rational inhabitants, who employ their

faculties in the contemplation of the wonders which surround them, and give to their Creator the glory which is due to his name.

A variety of other scenes and circumstances might have been detailed, in reference to the rings of Saturn ; but this paper has already been protracted to an inconvenient length ; and without figures and machinery, it is impossible to convey clear and definite ideas on this subject.

T. D.

THE GOOD WINE.

'O thou only God of wine,
Comfort this poor heart of mine,
With that nectar of thy blood.'

ALEXANDER ROSS, 1650.

CYPRIAN wine is not for me,
Nor the juice of Italy ;
Nor Atlantic's luscious pride,
From Madeira's sunny side ;
Nor from Caprea's royal hoard,
Nor from Lisbon's modern board,
Nor from elder Egypt's crypt,
Which Mark Antony hath stripp'd ;
Nor from Rhine or laughing France,
Where Garonne's blue ripples dance,
Nor from banks of classic river,
Winding Po or Guadalquiver.

All the grapes in vintage crushed,
Could not satisfy my thirst ;
Purple flood in chrysolite,
Where it moves itself aright,
Freely pour'd in princely hall,
Sparkling at high festival,
Well refined or on the lees,
Could not my ambition please ;
Draught that passing pleasure brings,
Leaving ever-during stings.

When my lips the beaker kiss,
I have other wine than this,
Taken from the fruitful hill,
Which doth live in poësy still ;
Where for vine, a cross of wood,
Guarded by the Roman, stood ;
Whose rich spoil was gathered when
Triumphed hell and triumphed men :
Crushed and mangled was whose grape,
While the heavens look'd agape,
And in sackcloth hid — whose wine
Streaming dimm'd the mid-day's shine,
Fermented in nature's sigh,
Ripened in the earthquake's cry.

How it stirs my languid blood !
How it cheers my soul, like food !
Drink ye kings ! and cares forget,
Drink ye sad ! and triumph yet,
Drink ye aged ! strength renew,
Drink ye children ! 't is for you.
Drink ye pilgrims ! while 't is nigh —
Drink, nor in the desert die.
Drink ye fainting ! thirst ye never,
Drink ye dead ! and live for ever.

Boston, December, 1837.

WILLIAM B. TAFTAN.

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER NINE.

'ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue,
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea mew.'

I HAVE said I took passage in a vessel bound to New-Orleans. I had never been at sea; and this was fortunate, for I required some excitement to arouse my torpid energies. It was a Sabbath evening, when we set sail. Hardly were we out of the harbor, when the wind rose, and drove us furiously on our course. The land was soon lost to view, in distance and darkness.

There being danger on deck, I sought my cabin and sleep. The noise of the winds, the quick, startling commands of the captain, and the running here and there; the knocking of blocks, and tackles, and ropes; the groaning of the ship as the seas struck her, to me inexperienced, seemed to betoken imminent peril. Every moment, for I lay awake all night, I expected to hear cries of alarm, and to be buried in the waves. I resigned myself calmly to my fate. I thought we must perish; and it was joy to think, that that life which had been so tempestuous and stormy, was about to be closed on the wide sea, amid the conflicts of the elements, in solitude and darkness. I was thankful, too, that time was allowed me to commend my soul to God; to ask forgiveness for my sins; to pray for the happiness of my friends, whom I had so much disregarded, and who had so often forgiven me. This is true. It was a blessed moment. I felt I had an immortal soul.

The danger, however, was all in my own imagination. It blowed hard, but we were perfectly secure. Landsmen have no idea of the power of a ship, or the magnificence of a real storm at sea. After once undergoing one, we are in possession of a secret; and a stiff gale is a source of pleasure rather than of pain. On land, the same wind that unroofs our houses, and prostrates the tall forest trees, breaks not the blade of grass, nor snaps the tender vine. A good ship yields in the soft element, and bends her head to the tempest. The danger at sea lies in squalls and sudden gusts. Give a seaman sea-room enough, and he cares not how hard it blows, if it blow steadily.

The morning dawned at last, and I had just fallen into a deep sleep, worn out with watching, when the captain roused me, and said, 'Come, if you would see a fine sight.'

I went upon deck, and looked upon the most majestic scene my eyes ever beheld. The sun was just rising; not a cloud was in the sky; the waves ran mountain high, and their curled tops, covered with white foam, glistened in the slanting sun-beams. No land was in sight, but at some distance we could descry a tall ship dancing upon the waters, as if it were no heavier than a nut-shell. The crew looked fresh and animated, as they once more regained their own element; and the captain, whom on land I had thought a coarse, illiterate, clumsy, sleepy booby, now appeared to possess a dignity and force of character, which awed me into silent respect before him.

The moment, however, we were seated at breakfast, out of sight of the sailors, he relapsed again into the easy, jovial companion; and I, in my turn, showed my superiority in the graces of the table.

The laborer is graceful as he ploughs the field, or sweeps the scythe; the artisan is graceful at his work; the sailor on the sea, as he climbs the giddy mast. Men are only clowns, when they attempt that which is foreign to their natures and habits. Dress the laborer in rich garments, and set him to work; put the mechanic into a ball-room, or the sailor on the land, and they are awkward and clumsy. Ease, and the *mens conscia recti*, is gracefulness; consistency is gracefulness; to appear what we truly are, is to be truly dignified.

As we proceeded out to sea, and the bracing air of the ocean operated upon my health, giving me life and gayety; as I underwent danger from storms, and heard our captain tell of his 'hair-breadth 'scapes' on the deep; of shipwreck, murder, famine, and death; my own misfortunes sank into insignificance, and I began to feel ashamed of myself for yielding to despair, in the presence of men who were happy and contented with the recollection of past misfortunes upon their minds, and the chance of danger always hanging over them.

Confined to the narrow sphere of a village or family, we are apt to acquire a force of character only sufficiently strong to meet trite and common events. We look upon little things as large; we magnify inconveniences into misfortunes, accidents into judgments, and are frequently made positively unhappy by things unworthy the notice of an immortal being. Travel, and a larger intercourse with mankind, will correct this weakness. Our scope of comparison will be wider, and by getting to know that difficulty attends every enterprise; that all men, from the highest to the lowest, are not, in any one instance, exempted from suffering; we return to the circumscribed society of the village, and are happy by comparison. Though our bodies move only over a short space of earth, still, in our minds, we live in the world, in the widest sense, and acquire that elevation, and liberality, and reasonableness of thought, so great a source of happiness to others and to its possessor.

After a very long, but not to me tedious passage, for I was sorry when we came in sight of land, we arrived at New-Orleans. I am not about to give a description of the country or cities; but the impression is still vivid in my memory, of the feelings I experienced as we stemmed the tide of the mighty river, and dragged by the low marshes to the mud-walled city of the South; the sink of filth; the palace of beauty; the France of America; the gambling *dépôt* of planters and desperadoes, uniting all nations, complexions, religions; all codes of morals, all steps to vice, all degrees of virtue. Here is the gloomy fanatic, the vociferating Methodist, the astute Jesuit, the self-satisfied Catholic, high-born and wealthy, devout in his observances, infidel in his sentiments, and polluted in his life, all walking side by side; while the calm, quiet, unassuming Quaker, emblem of meekness, Christian humility, and heavenly love, glides along his noiseless way, and impresses you with the belief, that true Christianity has yet her disciples on earth.

With a year's allowance in my pocket, I set out to dissipate my

cares, and to make a bold rush at something. Not much of a traveller, except among the moral inhabitants of the North, I began, after observing the latitude of conduct here, to place myself quite above par in the scale of virtue. Northerners have no idea of the utter want of principle that characterizes the southern man of pleasure; of the grossness, the debauchery, the sensuality, that walks in open day, and glories in its degradation. Here is every thing to entice the senses; and the blood of the northerner, warmed up by the climate; his senses fascinated by novel and luxurious allurements to sensual pleasure; his avarice revelling in the heaps of gold he may, *by chance*, realize, and that too from the smallest beginnings; all tend to lead him astray. If at home he has the character of a saint, here he will, most likely, have the character of a man ruined beyond redemption, or fortunate, beyond the hopes of independence. There is no medium. Hundreds of young men go annually from the northern states to New-Orleans to seek their fortunes. About one-third return with the appearance of premature old age, and pretty fortunes. The remainder die, or linger about the city, waiting, hoping for death to come to their relief. Beside, the men who have made their fortunes at the South, rarely bring home with them the respect they once had for religion and good morals. They are indeed gentlemen, as the term goes, and bear, many of them, the *honorable* scars of courage at twelve paces; but they pine for the freedom from restraint which the South affords; they have lost their former habits and tastes, and they find no sympathy for their newly-acquired substitutes.

Moralists may talk about principle as they please. It is good in the abstract. Men must have habits of goodness, or they will fail, with the purest intentions in the world. It is hard to find out where habit ends, and principle begins. Principle! Why, it is conscience, common sense. It puts us into a good path; it points out when we have lost the way: but habit governs us. Habit begets principle, and bad principles are sometimes only sophistry — that is, want of common sense. I pray God to give me good habits! You may reason about the excellence of virtue and temperance till you die; you never will become morally pure, until you first are physically so. Dr. Johnson said a very foolish thing when he said, 'A man may have good principles and bad practice.' A mere period! Prettily balanced sentence! How many have you sent to the devil!

Soon after I had got established at a hotel, I formed an acquaintance with Mr. D —, from Charleston. He was a very gentlemanly man, whom I had seen at college, rather disposed for frolic, but with nothing vicious in his nature. He introduced me to a fine set, as he thought them — acquaintances he had made since his residence in the city. Already he had been pigeoned to a considerable amount by these friends, but his large resources and unsuspicious nature concealed from him their real character.

All young men of large fortune and inexperience in the world will be subject to such friends, upon first coming out. This kind of friendship is a perfect game. These fallen gentlemen who hang round our cities, more particularly at the South, where they can lodge out of doors, (good policy!) get quite a comfortable living by initiating young men into the world. They have the exterior of gentle-

men; they have been gentlemen in their feelings. They possess the *artem captandi*, the indefinite agreeable, the slash look, the easy carriage, which imposes so readily upon a young man, fresh from his books and the dreams of the world.

The keepers of houses of entertainment know these men by instinct; and they are aware that they are known. There is no agreement but a tacit one. They have the appearance of credit at such places; they can order their bottle and a dinner, (the bottle always comes first;) they get it not for money but for service — a regular *quid pro quo*. The 'quo' is, to exert themselves for the credit of the house, and lead their dupes there to be sacrificed. This is the slight o' hand of living. Having been duped themselves, they now live by duping others; and it is not improbable that the fathers of their victims are the fortunate possessors of the wealth acquired from them.

At gambling houses they play with the keeper's money, and play into his hands, and receive a per centage on the profits of the night. This is blackleg-ism. Mr. D — and myself played, and in consequence were stripped in a short time of all our means. We were largely in debt at our hotel for the dinners and wines we had furnished our *friends*. We were not fairly sober during the whole time of our stay in the city. At the houses we frequented, we were kept under continual excitement. Servants were always at hand to assuage our thirst, and give ardor to our courage. These rooms are very splendid; richer than any private apartments at the North; more luxurious. Sofas, couches, mirrors, paintings, fountains of nectar, and the music of seraphs, enchant the senses.

How many wretched forms have reclined upon these very couches! How many haggard faces have been reflected from these mirrors! Here, sitting where my form rests, the suicide thought of his beggared wife, and the boy — the first born of his union — and burying his face in his hands, formed the awful resolution. Here too the old and respectable planter has sat in mute despair to contemplate his bankruptcy and loss of reputation; but he did not think of suicide. The old love life, though they know it to be pain and sorrow. Can splendor, and music, and gayety, and youth, throw even a gleam of joy over apartments so accursed? The air is death. Men will not grow wise by any thing but their own experience. Though all the dead bodies of suicide, and all the mental pangs personified, sat by to warn the gambler, he would not stop. Yes! all goes on now as before. The cards that are handled to-day, and the dice that rattle so merrily, and the spots so well drawn, have been handled, and rattled, and seen, by fingers and eyes that now clasp the worm, and furnish a nest for the coiling reptile.

Women made no small part of our amusement. There is a refinement in vice; but so far from 'robbing it of half its evil,' it only makes it more damnable in its effects. How much sophistry is concealed under great names and rich language!

Balls and evening parties are established, where only those who have gold can find admission, and where women are found, who look like angels, with all the enticements of dress, and passion, and complexion, and winning smiles, to waylay the imprudent. And what is strange enough, many of these women are strictly chaste, and, in scenes of

riot and debauchery, wear brows adorned with the virgin wreath. In point of moral dignity, they rank with the turtle that crawls about in the yards of eating-houses. They are to be bought and consumed. Those who have been bought, and used, resemble the same turtle, when he has been cooked, and served up, and warmed over, for so much a bowl.

No man can look upon these young girls, panting to be bought, (for they are to be sold by their parents,) with indifference. They have been educated for the market — taught all the graceful movements the female body is capable of. They sing, they converse, divinely. With their black flashing eyes, swimming in passion; their luxurious persons, adorned with consummate taste; with limbs to enchant the statuary; but fifteen years of age, and yet blooming in all the richness of womanhood; they certainly, though not of full blood, are the most beautiful women in the world.

It is a wretched trade! There certainly is a hell. I am convinced of it, though all my life inclined to skepticism. These children are trained as we fat our cattle for market. They bring an immense price sometimes; and after a few months or years, as it may be, of servitude to their masters, moving in the higher circles of whoredom, that is, attending balls, wearing expensive dresses, and drinking champagne, they are removed step by step down to the herd who walk the streets, and seek subsistence and pleasure in filthy vice and drunkenness.

It is very philanthropic and sounding to discourse about abolition. It is very affecting to see tears shed for the 'poor negroes, chained and tasked.' Men get a vast deal of credit by these means; but we may as well hope to drain the ocean by a pump, placed at one of our wharves, as to attempt the project of emancipation of slaves at once. There are certain intermediate steps to this result. I utter not a crude opinion, when I say, that if we hope to do any permanent good, we must begin at the foundation of opinion and conduct; that when education is generally encouraged in all parts of our country, and there is not a child destitute of school instruction, and a well-informed mother, that then slavery will die — go out, as a candle goes out when there is no oil to nourish it. Public sentiment produces reform, and not societies. Societies influence the intelligent part of the community, but not men who are steeled against them by their ignorance and their interests. If the money expended in presses, and papers, and missionaries, and preachers, and in the purchasing of slaves to colonize Liberia, were to be devoted to building school-houses, buying books, and paying teachers, perhaps we might not do so much for one, two, or ten years, but in fifty years we should do more than will be done by present means.

Certainly the society of these beautiful quadroons was very charming to us young men, and we did not stop to reason very profoundly about vice and virtue, but gave ourselves up to the fascination of the senses. Young men are apt to form very strong sensual attachments. I remember — it is too weak a word — her image is fixed in my heart — one young girl gave herself to me of her own accord. She said she loved me, and I was very well pleased with the adventure. I believe it was the delicacy of my treatment of her

which gained her feelings. I never can treat a female coarsely, be she ever so bad. To talk of the affections of a prostitute, may seem quite ridiculous to some; but they know very little of human nature, who deny that a female may lose her virtue, and yet retain pure affections.

For my part, I know they can. Let us state a case. A young girl in the country, ignorant of the world and its vices, with no arranged armor against temptation, which women who live much in society always carry about them, is seduced by some young villain well versed in the art. He could only succeed by gaining her affections. She loves him, and in the madness of our shamefully excitable nature, in both sexes, she yields to his passion and her own, and is bereft of all that gives her honor. She becomes a mother — she is scorned by society — her betrayer deserts her — she loses all confidence and respect — she esteems herself worse than she really is; she gives up in despair. The bad gather around her; she is lured by some procuress to the city. She is initiated into the art of getting her bread by the sacrifice of her person, and becomes what is called a prostitute. Does the fault in the first instance deprive her of all goodness? We go with the multitude in our opinions, too often, and esteem that which is viewed as bad, for the sake of general principles, as bad in itself. The laws of society require us to frown upon such cases, upon the principle of general good. This is like the case of the man who commits murder in a fit of drunkenness, and yet we do not attribute that crime to him, in a moral point of view, for he was insane. We punish him with death, because we have no alternative; his execution is for the sake of the validity of the law. So the woman who loses her virtue, her physical virtue, in a moment of imprudence or mad passion, is punished; and she is made lower every day; for she cannot rise; and she gradually gets to be what she at first was falsely called, a prostitute, in body and soul. The mind will accommodate itself to circumstances, and to appearance she seems reconciled to her lot. But has this female no affections? Is she incapable of loving? Is her moral sense blunted? May she not feel constant regret for past errors, and disgust at her life? Is the door of salvation closed to her? If she may reform, if she may become a pure woman, in the sight of God, why not in your sight? Women, in this respect, play a very unequal game with men. This may appear all nonsense to the man of the world. The immaculate old maid, who has forgotten her early indiscretions, shielded by chance from the obloquy of the world, may pucker up her lips, and grin a horrible smile of incredulity. How unjust and uncharitable women are toward one another! How lenient they are toward the vices of men! So that it seems, after all, that their detestation of vice only extends to the vice of their own sex, and is, in fact, a kind of jealousy or malice, rather than a principle of virtue. I think that in a number of the British Essayist, (I cannot specify which,) we have a story of a girl restored to her father from the pollution of a London street-walker's life; and she is given back, in a short time, 'pure in spirit,' as the writer says. Now what is physical impurity, compared with prostitution of mind? If the mind can be brought back to virtue, why not respect the body that bears it?

I am not advocating the reception of such women into society, even after reformation; but I wish to establish their capacity for forming attachments, and feeling gratitude and love to God; sentiments their own sex deny them.

The origin of making the sin of women more culpable than the same sin in men, can be traced to the nature of the English law of inheritance in that country; and I would, in our country, where no such reason exists, be in favor of viewing it equal in both sexes. If infidelity excludes the wife, let it also exclude the guilty husband.

This young quadroom was evidently attached to me, and I could not injure her. She would willingly have given me all she possessed. She would have left the city with me, and in my necessities which followed my gambling speculations, and when thrown into prison, she came to me. She found me out, and clung to me as if her whole life was at stake. She wished to heap money upon me, for she had money from some source. She would have purchased my release by the prostitution of her person to one she loathed; and I hardly know how I should have escaped this humiliation, had not Mr. D. — furnished me a supply for present exigencies. She knew and lamented the lot to which she was born, but could find no way of escape.

I was in that city ten years after the events here recorded, and found her in the lowest grade of wretchedness and vice. She knew me too; and never to my dying day shall I forget the mingled look of joy, despair, and shame, that passed over her still beautiful form and features, as she recognised me. There are some facts in life that put invention entirely out of countenance. There are some inconsistencies in our nature, which tell the student of mankind that he is in pursuit of another philosopher's stone. Man is past finding out; and, certainly, woman.

EUGENE ARAM.

'It is a strange truth! We do forget! The summer passes over the furrow, and the corn springs up; the battle-field forgets the blood that has been spilt upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noonday sun that slept upon its bosom. All nature preaches forgetfulness. Its very order is the progress of oblivion.'

BULWER.

Was this thy thought, pale sophist! at the hour
When the land slept; by night from toil set free;
And thou, lone watcher, from thy silent tower
Didst woo the stars, and they came forth to thee,
Those radiant ones! and oped the glittering scroll,
Of their most wondrous lore! all eloquent —
Lighting its mysteries — till thy midnight soul
Glowed 'neath the splendors of the firmament!

What sought the student — o'er the darkened page
The oil of life consuming! Wisdom's mine?
A store of wealth to that fair heritage
Of mind? Renown! an offering for thy golden shrine?
No! — thou wert seeking death to memory!
To that one preying, withering regret!
There came a deep voice ever up to thee
From the stained sod, 'When didst thou e'er forget?'

LONG.

SOLILOQUY

ON AWAKENING IN THE SAME BED-ROOM, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS, AND WHILE
AFFLICTED WITH ELEVEN STROKES AND AGGRAVATIONS OF PARALYSIS.

I QUENCH'D *that* candle in *that* candlestick,
And when in bed, I saw upon the wick
A red star twinkling; then I fell asleep.
Mysterious Nature, wherefore do I weep?
The room, the candlestick, all are the same!
Sure thou hast power to reilluminate a flame:
Are all the same? The candle, it was tall,
That, to the socket burnt, is wasted all.

Oh such a dream as I have dreamed! Was none
To hear my spirit in its anguish groan;
(For groan'd I must have, in that dream so drear,
Was none to waken me, did no one hear?
Methought I went, some thirty years ago,
Into the world; on all around the glow
Of hope reflected from my bosom shone,
Although I went into the world alone.

In pride of youth, with buoyant steps so gay,
All nature smiled on the perfidious day;
But soon the blasts that blight and mildew bring,
With sudden withering, check'd my prosperous spring,
And all the blossoms, ere the fruit was set,
Were as the cyphers of a bankrupt's debt.
But, unsubdued by that mishap, again,
Though in my heart I felt strange anguish-pain,
I trusted Fortune, and again the cheat
Shut her proud door, and left me in the street!

Surpris'd I stood; while ling'ring in the cold,
I saw once more the gorgeous robe unfold,
And pleased, behind, she beckon'd me to come;
All then seem'd right, the harlot was at home:
I turn'd, no victor prouder from the race—
I gain'd the steps—she slammed it in my face!
With spirit gall'd, I took another aim;
Bent my stiff back, and risk'd a humbler game;
But even then the fickle loon pass'd by,
And cut the string before the shaft could fly.

Knowing too well, that by her charms enthralld,
Though chill'd and sullen, I was unappall'd,
She fram'd a new device, as if contrite;
A fire it seem'd, but was phosphoric light:
I went to warm, and stood with fingers spread,
But all was rottenness, and cold, and dead.
Anon, as if by hate that work'd like love,
Inspir'd she labor'd, and *did* seem to prove,
By glorious glaik, she was contrite at last:
But still delusive, soon the glories passed.

Then, grown indignant at the harlot's hate,
I dared her malice, with a heart elate;
Perfidious strumpet, Nature lent her wo,
To aid the purpose of my overthrow;
All in the flood-time of a seeming calm,
She struck me suddenly—what was that qualm?
Have I not dreamed?—are these indeed gray hairs?
And am I, then, a theme for good men's prayers,
Awak'ning, after thirty years and more,
In the same chamber that was mine before?

OBSERVATIONS

ON ELECTRICITY, LOOMING, AND SOUNDS: TOGETHER WITH A THEORY OF THUNDER-SHOWERS, AND OF WEST AND NORTH-WEST WINDS.

BY GEORGE F. HOPKINS.

OF SOUNDS.

THERE are certain periods in the state of the atmosphere, when it seems altogether reasonable to suppose that evaporation goes on with increased force; and I think we are warranted in the conclusion, that the mass of ascending vapor presents a material obstacle to the transmission of sound. I have frequently observed, during the prevalence of serene and pleasant weather, that the conveyance of sound to any considerable distance was attended with a great deal of difficulty. At other times, without much apparent change, sound would appear to move with the utmost ease, meeting with no impediment, and spreading over an extended surface. The nature and cause of this, in my opinion, admit of a satisfactory explanation.

Whether sound appears to move with ease, and to strike the ear in a clear and distinct manner, or whether it meets with a resisting agent, and falls upon the ear in a way that seems to be imperfect and murmuring, I conceive it to be wholly owing to the principle or law of evaporation. When the agency of this power is exerted in its full strength, it follows as a natural consequence, that the atmosphere must be highly charged with this subtile fluid. And although it is ordinarily as imperceptible as the air itself, it must, from the nature of the case, occupy a large portion of space, and possess in a high degree the properties of the element from which it is chiefly drawn. Under such circumstances, it is easy to perceive, that sound cannot proceed as far, nor indeed, one would think, with the same velocity, as when there is a feebler resisting medium. And that there is often a surprising difference in the condition of the atmosphere in this respect, can hardly have escaped the observation of any man.

It is within the knowledge of most people, that owing to some cause not generally understood, the state of the atmosphere at times is such, in which an extraordinary degree of stillness seems to reign, that sounds which are not unusually loud, are heard at a great distance. The sound of men's voices in conversation has been sometimes heard across the water, for the distance of near two miles. The crowing of a cock may then be heard so far that, were it not a fact of common notoriety, it would be deemed incredible. I recollect an extraordinary instance, though of a different kind, that comes strongly in point. At one of those still periods, I heard very distinctly at the Battery, the sound of a conch-shell, that was evidently blown at the ferry on Staten Island, a distance of seven miles. My opinion at the time was, it could have been heard at least two miles farther up Hudson's river. The sound was most probably somewhat aided by a gentle movement of the air from that quarter. These and similar occurrences are common in the bay of New-York; and

must necessarily be so in every place where there are large bodies of water. It is a remark frequently made among people in the country, when this kind of stillness recurs, and sounds from different quarters are heard distinctly, that it forebodes a change of weather. As a general remark, it may be said to be strictly warranted by experience. It is my belief that there are but few instances in which these indications are not quickly followed by discharges from the clouds.

I ascribe these phenomena to one cause only. It seems clear to my understanding, that during the prevalence of this state of things, there is a total suspension of the power of evaporation; and that such periods must constantly and necessarily succeed a loaded atmosphere, will be readily believed. The facts already mentioned I deem satisfactory on this point. There can remain consequently but very little resistance to the movement of sound; the whole of the vapor having ascended to the higher regions, leaving the lower portion of the atmosphere completely disburdened. And the circumstance that it soon returns to the earth in showers, is strongly corroborative of the position.

That the operation of the principle of evaporation should be suspended when the higher regions of the atmosphere are completely loaded with vapor, must be supposed to be a consequence following so naturally as scarcely to admit of doubt. For it would not be consonant with common sense to imagine, that while copious streams were in readiness to descend from the clouds, the law of evaporation should remain in force.

THEORY OF THUNDER-SHOWERS.

THAT the element of heat governs and controls all the others, and is the prime cause of every movement, and of every change or modification to which they are subject, there can exist no doubt. Its power seems proportioned to the magnitude and splendor of the object that dispenses it; and all nature attests its supreme potency. So copiously indeed does the great fountain pour it upon our planet, and such is its transcendent influence, that some powerful reacting agent was required in the system, in order to keep up the charm of freshness and beauty on the face of creation, and to preserve health and life in the nameless grades of existing beings.

There are numerous reasons for supposing, that during the prevalence of summer heat, there must be a great inequality in its distribution over the surface of the ground. The positions and altitudes of numberless ridges and mountains, and of the knobs, spurs, and diverging lines of those ridges and mountains; of the many intervening plains and valleys; of great lakes, bays, and rivers, and of the falls and rapid currents of many of those rivers; together with the constant but variable influence of the mighty ocean, with the ceaseless flux and reflux of its once inexplicable tides, all unite to produce this effect. The setting of currents of air from cold or warm regions, which fluctuate incessantly, contributes essentially to the same end. Hence we find, that it is no uncommon thing for one portion of our

continent to be for some time severely oppressed with a sultry atmosphere, invariably experiencing a corresponding degree of vivid lightning and loud thunder, while a different division shall remain comparatively cool, and much exempt from those phenomena.* But it must not be forgotten, that in proportion as the heat is diminished, in that proportion do we always find the absence of thunder and lightning. This fact is indeed familiar to every person capable of observation.

Arguments are not necessary to show the constant efforts of nature to keep up a general equilibrium in her movements. This is visible every where ; and so long as the vital principle of heat shall continue to be profusely spread upon the earth, and so long as its resistless energy is 'felt through nature's depths,' so long will the whole phenomena of thunder-showers, hail storms, hurricanes, and furious winds, with all their inseparable concomitants, be the undeviating and natural consequence. The vivifying effects which immediately spring out of these convulsive movements of the elements, sufficiently point out the cause, while they demonstrate their efficacy and usefulness.

A high degree of heat is seldom known to prevail for several successive days in any section of country, without being succeeded by a fierce tempest. One cannot exist, without the certainty of producing the other. This operation will be as constant and as durable as the existence of those laws to which, under the present system of things, the whole are subject ; for cause and effect must remain unchangeable.

Here, however, it may be proper to remark, that notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer of 1825, which exceeded in degree and duration any thing that we have an account of, perhaps no season ever passed off in which, not only at this place, but for an extended district contiguous to it, there were fewer thunder-showers, or so small a display of the electric property. But it will be remembered, that in other parts of this state, and in various parts of the United States, tempests of a most terrific nature were experienced. From the numerous accounts detailed in the gazettes, we are authorized to believe, that so much destruction was never before produced in one season from the same cause. Whole districts of country were swept by tremendous winds ; vegetation of every kind prostrated and cut to pieces by the most extraordinary quantities of hail, some of which was of enormous size ; and many people and animals were killed by the lightning.

To show the rapid operation of the elements upon each other, I would simply refer to a metal or glass vessel filled with cold water in a sultry day. It will be perceived, that in a few minutes the whole surface of the vessel will be covered with water ; and the ordinary term which people make use of to express their idea of it, is *sweating*.

* It will doubtless be recollected by many that during a part of the summer of 1824, the heat in the southern portion of the United States was felt to a degree never before known, which was attended by very terrific thunder and lightning. During the prevalence of these phenomena in that direction, it cannot be forgotten that in some of the northern and middle states, the season was unusually cool, and marked with inconsiderable electrical displays.

But it is well known to be occasioned solely by the powerful influence which a mass of cold water, and metal or glass of equal coldness, have on a very sultry and humid atmosphere; the warm air rushing strongly into the colder and denser element, which it continues to do until the water in the vessel becomes of the same temperature as the circumambient air itself. By this operation, the moisture soon accumulates to such a degree as to form large drops, which fall from the sides of the vessel.

The same effect, though the operation be reversed, may often be seen in winter, when the cold is severe. The windows of a room without shutters, in which a fire has been kept up through the day, will be found the next morning to be completely coated with ice. This is produced by a cold atmosphere acting on a warm one, after the fire is extinguished, but the warmth retained. The external moisture which lodges on the glass, but which cannot enter the room, soon becomes completely congealed.

Of the immense quantities of vapor that are exhaled into the atmosphere, and which are sometimes so abundant as to skirt the whole heavens, always floating in or near the cold regions, large portions must necessarily be drawn to those sections of the country that are overcharged with heat; and hence the very common occurrence of thunder-showers in the afternoon. Such frequently is its overbearing ascendancy during the day, that some time before sun-down we perceive clouds rising in the north-west, which, by means of the wind being drawn from that direction, (it being the quarter from whence proceed the coldest currents of air,) soon multiply and spread, until they gather sufficient strength to produce in their course all their usual and interesting characteristics. The infinite inequalities in the surface of the ground, connected with the causes before mentioned, must give rise to the constant succession of these operations, in numberless portions of the country, and to the great diversity in their character. Some showers afford bountiful supplies of water, and copious emissions of the electric property; while others are limited in their effects in both of these particulars.

The heat in any district must be supposed to multiply, until its influence shall become so predominant as to be felt in those cold regions that are nearest to it. Action and reaction quickly succeed — a consequence which I presume must immediately follow — and the effects must always be proportioned to the force and peculiarities of the combined causes. Currents of cold air will often set strongly in that direction; sometimes rushing with extreme impetuosity. This cannot take place, without carrying along with them large bodies of vapor, which are speedily condensed to such a degree as to form heavy, dark, and extended clouds; and this condensation must beget showers of rain in proportion to their depth, surface, and compactness. If they rise to an unusual height in the atmosphere, it appears to me the cold is communicated through them in the like degree to the earth; for that they serve as a medium through which heat and cold are equalized, is a conclusion that I believe will not be disputed. The inference therefore seems reasonable, that vapor must be very much condensed, and extend to a great height, before it reaches those

extreme cold regions which are sufficient to congeal the water, and occasion it to fall in masses of ice.

Mr. Volney, in his view of the United States, suggests the *probability* of occasional vertical currents; but if my memory serves me, he barely makes the suggestion, without proceeding to trace their general influence or agency. Had he pursued the theory, he would beyond all doubt have established it not only to his own, but to the satisfaction of every reader. It has often struck me as matter of surprise, that so little has been said on this subject; and the more so, as it appears to me a position as important as it is undeniable. That almost all the great changes which are so frequently felt in our atmosphere, are brought about through this medium, I believe to be capable of sufficient demonstration. The usual serenity of the air consequent on these changes, is itself a pretty clear evidence of it. Strong horizontal currents, of great extent, could only bring with them the impure exhalations of boundless forests, extensive morasses, and great inland seas. These could neither produce a serene atmosphere, nor could they yield that portion of health and comfort which are required by nature in her complicated and infinitely varied concerns. Such movements would not only be contrary to every principle of that wise and rational economy, which is one of the most prominent features in all her multifarious works, but they would be attended with such wide-spread ruin, as in a great measure to counteract all those kind and beneficent intentions which, under all circumstances, and in all seasons, are so striking and manifest, even to a superficial observer.

I have the fullest faith in a constant succession of these operations; and am persuaded, that to this cause more than to any other, nay, infinitely more than to all others, is to be ascribed the coolness, freshness, and serenity, so commonly experienced after a thunder-storm. It is difficult to conceive from what other quarter such delightful changes should come, or how and by what other means effects so extraordinary should so soon be brought about. The common fact that these currents, in the great majority of cases, come from the north-west, furnishes no argument that they proceed from remote cold regions in that quarter; because nothing is more common than the occurrence of a thunder-storm, not only in the maritime districts, but frequently very far in the interior, attended with furious winds that sweep over the face of the country, producing much devastation, while another district, not very far to the north or north-west of it, shall experience a calm and serene atmosphere. If any man will be at the trouble to make suitable inquiries, he will find this to be an almost every day occurrence in the summer season. And the operation of these causes thus explained, presents itself to my mind as not less correct and simple in theory, than it is obviously beneficial and delightful in its results. Hence I conclude, that there can be little doubt or hesitation entertained that it is one of the permanent laws in our system, and that to the operation of this law are we constantly indebted for nameless enjoyments and benefits. The circumstance that currents of air at such times set strongly from the north-west, is an objection of very little weight against the prevalence of vertical currents; for as the maritime districts are univer-

sally found to be hotter than those in the interior, it would seem to follow, as a fair consequence, that these currents, owing to the influence of such a cause, would take that direction, even before they reached the ground.

From every view that can be taken of the subject, it seems reasonable to suppose, that a flood of accumulated heat, covering a measureless area of land and water, must have an inconceivably strong influence on cold air and vapor that are placed near it : it must of necessity produce a high degree of excitement and agitation amongst them ; and action will be succeeded by reaction, until their complete approximation ; when those fierce but salutary concussions take place, which are so often observed in the summer months. All the superabundance of heat which has been poured upon the earth, and which is either aggregated in bodies or otherwise, (for that the heat is constantly aggregating in small globes or volumes, I am fully convinced,) rushes into the clouds, with a rapidity proportioned to their coldness, weight, and magnitude, and bursts from them in successive and splendid streams, as they are carried along by the force of the winds through the atmosphere ; thus fulfilling a most important and wise provision in nature, the effects of which are infinitely beneficial. The earth is at once relieved from the overwhelming and wasting influence of an agent that at times becomes almost insupportable to every grade of animated nature, while vegetation every where withers and sinks beneath its consuming power.

In addition to the arguments already advanced in support of my theory, there is one prominent fact to which I would advert, and which may be seen by any one, whenever a thunder-shower is at such a distance that it can be contemplated with safety and composure. In almost every instance, the lightning bursts immediately on the *surface* of the cloud, and the streams of fire continue to spread themselves on its surface, until their whole force is spent. If there are instances, (and such may occasionally be observed,) where the lightning seems to shoot from the body of the cloud, I am still persuaded that the effect is only apparent, not real. It doubtless explodes on a more distant part of the cloud, while the eye is deceived by the light shining through the vapor. It must be recollected that very frequently a small portion of the surface of a cloud only is seen. This I deem a sufficient answer to any objection that might be suggested to the remark.

I have not unfrequently observed, while contemplating the lightning playing on the bosom of a distant cloud, that streams of electricity would *ascend* from the lower part of the cloud, almost in a right line, for some distance before they separated into diverging lines. During the summer of 1824, I beheld an interesting occurrence of this kind. A heavy cloud, which apparently hung over the southern shore of Long Island, was suspended a few degrees above the horizon. A stream of electricity shot up from the *lower skirt* of the cloud, and ascended in a right line eight or ten degrees. Hence it appears to me that no other judgment can be formed from these plain indications, than that electricity is drawn solely from the surface of the earth, and that it is no other than the great mass of redundant heat which collects together in low grounds, being attracted

into the body of dense vapor, and that it explodes the moment they come in contact. Any other conclusion adduced from these facts, I should certainly conceive to be erroneous. My full persuasion therefore is, that this is the natural and true operation of the elements. It agrees with those simple movements which are known to characterize nature wherever they are understood; that this operation too is as wise and useful as it is sublime and beautiful; and, in my judgment, the electric property neither is nor can be produced from any other possible source.

The utility of these movements has been already explained;* and the indispensable necessity there would seem to be for such operations during the oppressive and sultry season of the year, with numerous other circumstances, all combine to show, that the economy of nature actually requires such an agency; that without it her benign intentions would in a great measure be frustrated, and the grandeur and majesty of her works deprived of much of their imposing and interesting scenery, as well as of some of their noblest and most useful purposes.

THEORY OF WEST AND NORTH-WEST WINDS.

I PROCEED to offer a few remarks by way of a Theory of West and North-West Winds. These are the most generally prevailing winds that we have, and ordinarily they are much the fiercest. That these winds originate from a quarter totally different from what has been the general supposition, is sufficiently clear to my understanding; and that they do not come from the distant western or north-western regions, is susceptible of abundant proof.

It is a fact not sufficiently adverted to, or perhaps not generally known, that west of the mountains the prevalence of boisterous winds is extremely rare. A residence of several years in the state of Ohio enables me to speak confidently on this subject. Boisterous winds are of unusual occurrence in that country; and furious gales from the north-west are almost unknown, after getting beyond the great dividing ridges. It is beyond all question true, that in most cases during the prevalence of those strong winds in the Atlantic states, the atmosphere in the great Ohio valley, and between that and the lakes, and even onward west to the Mississippi, remains unmoved. The currents of air in that quarter generally move in a different direction. The prevailing wind there is known to come from the south-west;† though north-east winds are not unfrequent. Both are almost always comparatively gentle; and this is not only the common character of the winds in that country, but it may be easily ascertained, that such is the usual state of the atmosphere in that region, during the movements of the fiercest western gales on the Atlantic coast, and east of the mountains.

Then how and by what means are those boisterous and piercing winds engendered, and from what region do they proceed? This leads me to the purpose which was before me, and on which I propose to offer my opinions.

* Article on Electricity.

† Drake's View.

I have already had occasion to remark upon the action of vertical currents, and have expressed my entire conviction of their existence and constant agency. In my opinion the arguments adduced are of sufficient weight to entitle the hypothesis to full confidence. And I now say, that not only do I feel the most perfect persuasion of its correctness, but that herein consists the grand source of all the great and important changes which so frequently occur in the state of our atmosphere. Their first movements I hold to be invariably vertical; but before they reach the earth, they take a direction toward the Atlantic, and move with a strength and velocity proportioned to the exciting cause. This cause is the great accumulation and ceaseless influence of heat in the Gulf of Mexico, the Carribean sea, the coasts of North and South America, and the whole group of West India islands. When it has become sufficiently predominant, and has spread over a large portion of sea and the contiguous lands, its influence is strongly felt upon our continent, and extends back to the great western ridges. The air immediately rushes from the higher regions toward the earth, but soon moves off with a mighty force in a direct line to the ocean. When a vacuum, or something like it — which the operations of nature in her wise economy may have produced — is supplied, and that equilibrium restored which seems to be required to preserve an equal ascendancy among the elements, the effect immediately ceases with the cause. In every instance, and I think under all circumstances, the accumulation of heat upon the sea-coast, and in the warm latitudes, begets these effects; and that the air should first proceed from those cold regions contiguous to lofty mountains, is a conclusion that seems both reasonable and natural, and in my opinion is sufficiently warranted by every movement and indication within the compass of our observation. It is consonant to all the known operations of nature, and therefore may safely be admitted as correct doctrine.

I deem it not improper here to record a fact to which I was myself a witness, and which confirmed me in my opinion of this theory. On my passage over the mountains, which was in the month of November, my attention was suddenly arrested, when at the foot of the North or Cove Mountain, about seventeen miles from Chambersburg, by a furious rush of the wind. I was led to take notice of it from its singular operation. The limbs of the trees were pressed suddenly and strongly toward the ground, and some were made almost to touch it. I could not discredit my own senses; and therefore never doubted that it was a powerful current from the higher regions.

If then my arguments are admitted to be reasonable, and my deductions fair, we cannot be at a loss to account for the phenomena of frequent tempests, and fierce and piercing winds. In every point of view, it would appear to be a wise provision, that the first movements of currents of air should be vertical. The beneficence of nature is here made very apparent; for these currents proceed from a perfectly pure source; are consequently in the highest degree salubrious; they spread over a less extent of surface, and in their course therefore occasion less mischief.

This subject may be farther illustrated, by a reference to the influ-

ence of heat during the warm season. For some time before the summer solstice, and for a considerable period afterward, a west or north-west wind is a rare occurrence, except during the operation and immediately after a thunder-storm. For this, an obvious and satisfactory reason presents itself. Our continent at this season is subject to as high a degree of heat as prevails in the West India seas and islands; there exists consequently no exciting cause for the movements of those strong winds, which frequently rush with such force toward the ocean. On the contrary, it would appear that an exciting cause of sufficient strength does really exist, for producing a brisk current from a directly opposite course. The south wind becomes the prevailing one; and this effect necessarily results from the greater accumulation of heat on the continent than on the ocean. It generally continues, as we well know, during most of the hot season; but it may be remarked, that it almost always lulls as the sun declines. It would therefore seem, that the instant the strength of the heat is diminished, the exciting cause fails, and the current ceases. So that whether the heat predominates in a northern or more southern latitude, the real effect is the same, varying only according to the degree and duration of the excitement. These facts, in my opinion, come strongly in aid of my hypothesis, and show incontestably the resistless energy of the great ruling power in our system.

That these operations are the effect of a universal law, may be easily believed, if we are to believe the agency of heat is supreme, and that it is every where the exciting cause of action in all the other elements. That it is the sole and prime instrument of every change and movement among them, and the spring of all action through every channel and ramification of nature, I presume no one will undertake to controvert.

S O N G .

I.

Her beauty, like the star of night,
Outshone them all, beyond compare;
But, ah! it was an icy light,
That froze as well as glittered there.

II.

No jewel might her brow adorn,
Or deck her locks of flowing gold;
Her eye was brighter than the morn,
But ah! her bosom — it was cold!

III.

Her ripened cheek outblushed the dawn,
Her lips were roses dashed with dew,
Her light step tripp'd it like the fawn;
O she was fair, had she been true!

IV.

Her beauty, like the star of night,
Outshone them all, beyond compare,
But, ah! it was an icy light
That froze as well as glittered there.

G. L.

L I N E S

ON A SHIP'S CREW WHO BORE THE NAMES OF ELEVEN EMINENT DIVINES.

In life's unsettled, sad career,
 What changes every day appear,
 To please or plague the eye!
 Men bearing names of pious priests,
 Here in this ship are swearing beasts,
 That heaven and hell defy.

Here BONNER, bruised with many a knock,
 Has changed the surplice for a frock,
 While FRISKINE swabs the decks;
 And WATTS, a name that pleasure took
 In writing hymns, is here a cook —
 Sinners he does not vex.

Here BURNET, TILLOTSON, and BLAIR,
 With HERVEY, how they curse and swear,
 While CUDWORTH mixes grog!
 PEARSON the crew to dinner hails,
 A graceless SHERLOCK trims the sails,
 And BUNYAN heaves the log!

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKSPEARE is in every body's mouth, not because it is Shakspeare, but because it is nature and truth. How often do his divine counsels find entrance to our minds, by the way, in the ball-room, at the theatre, on 'change, from the pulpit, and in our own homes, coming with strange troublings of spirit; waking in us the soul; making us feel that there is a world of thought, a capacity for enjoyment and suffering, in our own bosoms, as yet unrevealed distinctly to ourselves. If it be true (and who doubts it?) that that mind which is fastened to the earth, and spent in ministering to a perishable body, is, at some time, to expand and unfold angelic powers — to be independent of time and space — a pure spirit; to have to do with God himself, if not face to face, yet nearly and sensibly — then these master geniuses, themselves in chains, though freer than the rest, exciting in us, by their charmed words, strong emotion, vague aspiration, and intense desire, for something higher and purer than earth affords, are engaged in as true a work, as he who subserves our commonest necessity: and we have no more right to question the reality and naturalness of the sentiments we feel, and to call them mere vagaries of the imagination, than we have to doubt the sincerity of those tears that fall upon the grave of a bosom friend.

It is the gift of some men to have a singular power over the human mind. And it is a fact, that this power does not depend upon moral worth, nor philosophical acuteness; it does not depend upon the acquisitions of learning, nor the subtlety of science. It is a different power from the revolutionizing acumen of a Bacon; it is not just

sentiment, and taste, and feeling, never so refined, such as prompted the writings of Alison, and Goldsmith, and Burns. It is, in a manner, born to a man. It is the influence Shakspeare exerts, more and more, as the world grows wiser, and comes to see more clearly what he means. Byron once possessed this power for a season, but that age has passed. Wordsworth and Carlyle have small German principalities under their sway. Scott, after all that has been said, never ruled in those high courts of the intellect, where men never appear in boots; in short, he lacks spirituality and refinement. None but the bard of Avon ever bore 'wide and extended rule.' The reason of this is not so much on account of the newness and beauty of his precepts and conclusions, ('queer terms in which to talk of Shakspeare,' says the reader; 'one would think the writer was criticizing a sermon;') as because they are adapted to our wants, and seem to be the echo of our own experience. Shakspeare is the universal mirror in which any man can see himself. There he may find the riddle of his own life unravelled; there too, for the first time, he is aware of his own motives; and after living somewhat, and being ready to exclaim, 'Life seems to me to be a great farce,' he turns to Shakspeare, and finds written:

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.'

Whatever the subject, Shakspeare has anticipated all that can be said. If we can quote him aptly, we consider the argument our own. Whether in a sermon or at a supper, by our fireside or in the halls of debate, to weave in Shakspeare, is to gain applause. In a few words he says more than other men say in large volumes; and his wisdom seems more like inspiration than the result of thought. He is a sound jurist, a profound statesman, abounding in wit, of superior taste in dress, behavior, and cookery; and he is all this, without wearing a wig, or living at court; without being a dandy, a flatterer, or a glutton.

In the twenty-eight lines put into the mouth of the 'melancholy Jaques,' the two first of which we have just quoted, it seems that a little book was intended to be written. It has preface, chapter and verse. The hero, man, is introduced, according to the best models, in his 'nurse's arms,' and made to describe a complete circle above ground, even to 'second childishness;' whereas some writers are content to give us a mere arc of a man. But nothing can be more perfect in its kind than our subject; and we look in vain, in the whole range of the plays, for a speaker better worthy than the quaint Jaques to be the utterer of so great a work. Without appearing to be aware that he is saying 'immortal words,' without any apparent effort at condensation, governed by the perfect balancing of expression to thought, he is touched to produce fine issues, and says what will always be read, if for no other reason, because it is a whole, and a short and true one.

This character, who 'met a fool i' the forest,' from whom he extracted so much wisdom, seems himself to be a kind of higher 'fool,' if we judge from the sageness of his remarks, and the privilege of his tongue. He appears to be the favorite of his author, and has the

honor of speaking his own sentiments, and of being the organ of his complaints against an unjust world. He is represented as loving

——— 'to lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,'

in such mood as we may easily imagine he himself loved to lie, when forming into being his own deep-toned inspirings. The more fitly to bring him into sympathy with himself, he removes him from the din of courts, and places him in the forest of Arden. There he allows him all freedom of thought and observation, and, in 'motley wear,' to pour out those serio-comic sayings, which are the sincerest sayings a man ever utters: for his solemn and set words are the off-spring of place and circumstance; his lighter sallies the mere ebullition of a fleeting feeling; while, always longing to be himself, when he does indulge in such an imprudence, he thinks to shield his hearty frankness by a jocose manner and a high-key'd laugh.

Shakspeare's love for 'fools,' the deep philosophy of his 'fools,' is explained by Jaques, when he says,

——— 'Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleansse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine;'

for in the 'fool' he could consistently give vent to those bitter taunts and those private opinions that his regard for his art forbade him to put into the lips of any pretendedly rational person — those very prudent people, who are known at this day, who, before they speak, must see how and when their words will fall, whom offend, how affect party, how touch interest. The world Shakspeare painted was our world. Mankind are ever the same. Persons of place and consequence could no more say what they thought then, than they can now. We do not sympathize with *their* restraints, and wonder they are not more bold with their opportunities — are half vexed with them for their prudence; but the master genius was true to nature, and only gives us his true opinions, his real feelings, by the 'mouth of fools.'

If it would not be considered irreverent, we would say, that this notion furnishes some illustration of the apostle's meaning, where he says: 'If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a *fool*, that he may be wise,' i. e., let him become disregarding of the usual motives that cramp other men, that his *sense* may have full play. And again; 'God hath chosen the *foolish* things of the world to confound the wise.' Now we contend that Shakspeare and the apostle had one and the same idea upon this subject. Indeed it would not be difficult to show that Shakspeare was a diligent student of the Bible, and, in the then scarcity of books, did not neglect so rich a fund of thought and expression as the sacred pages.

It may be said that the plays are full of satire upon the abuses of the world, and that the author does every where speak openly and boldly. It is not so; it would not be natural to be so. Shakspeare's plays are not satires, but *bona fide* pictures of events and scenes. Herein consist their beauty and popularity. When the disappointed

man rails, we set it to the account of his disappointment ; when innocence complains, we pity the singularity of her case ; when the misanthrope scorns, we regret his bile, and think our author very consistent ; but the *world*, the *world* escapes. Far otherwise is it with the disinterested remark of the 'fool,' who is privileged to speak, and paid for speaking ; whose own comfort is augmented by his severity upon others, and who, like a razor, is valued only as he is sharp.

The banishment of the Duke brings Jaques into his native element. His melancholy is a passion, for no man is happier. He is a thinker. He revels about the woods,

' Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing ;'

weeps with the 'poor deer,' scolds about the Duke for his encroachments upon natural liberty, and is as wild in all his actions, and as wise in all he says, as any 'fool' could be.

To select Shakspeare's favorite, where all are so favored, is almost presumption ; but we cannot help this conclusion. The most showy characters are not always the greatest favorites with their authors. The most popular productions by no means bear a corresponding interest in their minds, over other, lesser famed, works of the poet and the painter. A little poem, perhaps unnoticed by the great world, shall register the cherished thoughts and private feelings of the one ; a small picture, that the casual observer deems insignificant, shall be a view of the spot where the other first loved — 'of the cot where he was born' — by chance, it may be a green mound, with a stone at its head, and trees, and a simple enclosure ; there he has spent his whole art, and it is to him more than all the gorgeous drapery and speaking features of his lauded efforts. What the world the most admires, the individual rarely loves, and takes home to his soul, to foster with his secret sympathies, and deify by his private devotions. The mother loves most fondly her deformed child, not because it is deformed or maimed, but not having the world's admiration, shut out from common paths by its hapless lot, it grows faster in those inner qualities, those higher sympathies that bind the souls of men. The child thus situated has associations, and is happy in interchanges of thoughts and affections with its mother, which the 'fair in form' do not know.

From our view of Jaques, we attach great importance to all he says ; and if for no other reason, we should do so from his having committed to him the uttering of that little book, *multum in parvo*, of which we will now quote the introduction :

' All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.'

In the conclusion, of *our* introduction, we would say, that we mean to read this book with curious and attentive eyes ; for in its leaf seems to be written the history of man.

CHAPTER FIRST—AGE FIRST—INFANCY.

‘At first, the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse’s arms.’

Thus begins and closes the first chapter of man’s history. Why say more, in a book which was to be immortal in its conciseness? Every mother and father can fill up the outline. It is enough for our author to say, that infancy is a season of helplessness and sickness, of danger and of pain. To get foothold in the world is hard; to maintain it is labor; and when time has cemented our feet to the rocky soil, to tear asunder the habit of living, is harder still. The infant dies, as it first lived, by a single gasp. The playful boy asks for his hoop and ball, and weeps, as he languishes on his last couch, when he hears the merry shout of his play-fellows beneath his window. He asks to see the sunshine, and longs for the green pastures and the running streams. At some still hour of morning, when the day has settled into soberness, he asks his mother to raise him upon his pillow, that he may lean his head upon her bosom; and so he dies. But there is no illusion, when the man enters the dark valley of the shadow of death. All is real solemnity—an awe that forbids open and violent resistance; but his arms are fastened like a vice around his wife and his children, or his eyes are rivetted upon a lofty goal he had almost reached. But a giant hand unlocks his embrace, and an iron film covers his eyes, and silently and shudderingly he passes.

At its first breath, the infant utters a cry, by which the mother knows she has given birth to a living child. How true a token that it is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward! Wise Providence, who hast for thy own best purpose appointed sorrow to man while on earth, how kind and beneficent art thou, in beginning this immortal training at the first! The little ‘muling’ thing! A puke is thy first dose, or was; physic may have improved. This is not all. Thou art submitted to no gentle rubbing, no questionable bath. Taken from the tender cradle of a mother’s care, who has moved in all her ways mindful of her precious burden, and who has already learned to love thee by the pain thou causedst, as she will hereafter delight in thy tiny scratches, and no careful handlings of her cap and lace, thou art each morn immersed in water from the pump. This will teach thee to bear the cold glances of thy friends, when fortune frowns and they shall look askance at thee; and thou must learn to look calm amid estrangement; to be passive under wrong; to be forgiving of injury. All early suffering is for thy good. The fires of affliction purify; the chills of adversity strengthen.

Escaping from this rough introduction to our world, happy art thou if permitted to cuddle to thy mother’s breast. Perchance no such blissful lot awaits thee. Thy mother, darling, may be one whom, with all a mother’s tenderness ready to glow and flourish around her heart, cruel fashion and her kindest friends have persuaded, that to nurse thee, to let thee slake thy longing lips at the true fountain, is a sin against the *ton*. Oh miserable state! Thy tender limbs clad in garments the curious work of six long months, with cap

made elegantly rough with dot and eyelet-hole, like a huge nutmeg-grater, thou art condemned to some old nurse, whose eager eyes, meanwhile she dandles, rocks, and trots, shall be engaged to look for some strange mark of leg of bacon, strawberry or peach, or read thy fortune in her grounds of tea. And worse than this, must ever and anon feed her huge nostrils with a pound of snuff, to help her incantations damned and dire. Who can depict the horror that must swell thy breast, when that lean, spectacled face fills the virgin retina of thine eye! If there be a standard of beauty, we pity thee.

But oh! most blessed by comparison, though 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' if thy mother be an honest craftsman's wife, who cannot spare to buy thee foreign milk! Then shalt thou repose thy cheek upon a couch made soft by love and 'sleepless tenderness;' then shalt thou bite to please thyself, and ease thy sprouting gums, while she, 'fond creature,' shall be happy even in her pain. And happy still art thou, if born in some low, humble thatch, where decent poverty joined with pious trust shall make a little heaven for thy new eyes, with flowers and clambering vines, and all the thousand ingenious contrivances which taste prompts, and nature supplies materials for executing, where there is love, and virtue, and humility. Then too shall the arms of a father, made strong by toil, lift thee as if thou wert a feather, till thy tiny arms shall flap, and thy new-found voice shall crow, with joy at such a parentage.

But where can we find tears enough to weep thy lonely fate, if brought a 'sinless child of sin' into this world, with none to own thy coming? Some cold evening in December, perhaps a wealthy merchant, warm from his coal fire, shall stumble over thee, encased in a band-box, in which thou hast been for hours upon his door-stone. Think not thy stay will be long in his abode. Thou wilt be handled tenderly, and women there may weep for a few moments; and they will look if thou bearest any mark of lover or acquaintance. But, curiosity satisfied, and the longing of some maiden aunt repressed, to adopt thee as a gift of heaven to her unappropriated existence, thou shalt be trundled to the Foundling Hospital. There babies are no novelty — turned off like a morning baking of biscuits. We hope in mercy thou wilt die; not for thy body's sake, but for thy soul's. Not all the pleasing incidents of 'Japhet' in his 'Search' may chance to thee; but thou mayest bear all his pain, and more; and if heaven have given thee a sensitive mind, thou wilt live with a heavy sense of wrong rankling in thy bosom, and seek crime, and recklessly steep thy name in guilt, to wound thy cruel father's heart.

Dear infancy! whether born in palaces or hovels; whether thy birth be welcomed by the sound of bells, or namelessly thou art laid upon the stranger's door-stone; thou art doomed to have untold wishes, unexpressed desires, pains thou canst never tell, and to shed tears, *of course*.

Here is the greatest reason for sympathy with the infant's 'age.' Often no ingenuity can interpret its moan. An opiate may lull it, but it will wake to moan again. How many die in agony! What writhings of the limbs! A pin is now sticking deep in its tender flesh! It has no tongue to tell its intense suffering.

Its pains end not with the 'nurse's arms.' What thumps and tum-

bles, what bumps and bruises, does it get in learning to walk? How bitterer than the drunkard's agony its thirst, when first denied the breast! It counts it all to cruelty and neglect. No sooner does it make an effort to talk, than it suffers perpetual disappointment in being misconceived, and in having its most earnest expressions slighted.

But though humanity is thus fulfilling its destiny from its earliest breath, still infancy has its mission to the world. It has been called most beautifully the Perpetual Messiah. The morality of childhood begins in the 'nurse's arms.' Infancy binds us to home. The mother hurries from the theatre, the ball, sick of heartless mirth, to find real pleasure by her infant's side. Side-walks are less crowded in prolific years. The merchant pauses amid desperate speculations and the hazard of his fortune, for his little ones at home; the drunkard pushes aside the bowl; the gambler leaves his dice; and thoughtless youth, become a mother or a father, grows circumspect and grave. We do not talk much of this influence; perhaps are not fully aware of its extent; but it operates silently upon us all. Even the dying gladiator, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday,' heeded not 'the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.'

——— 'His eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play.'

And this is our reading of the first chapter of our history.

Taunton, Mass.

J. N. B.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning, 'as soon as the lark,'
Late in the evening, when falleth the dark,
Afar on the upland, or under the tree,
Come the sweet voices of children to me.
I am an old man, and my hair is gray,
But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play,
And a kindlier current doth run through each vein,
And I bless you, bright creatures! again and again.
I rejoice in your sports, in the warm summer weather,
While, hand locked in hand, ye are striving together;
But I see what ye see not; the sorrow and strife
Of the years that will come in the contest of life.

For I am an old man, and age looketh on
To the time that will be, from the time that is gone;
But you, blessed creatures! you think not of sorrow,
Your joy is to-day, and ye have no to-morrow!
Ay, sport ye, and wrestle — be glad as the sun,
And lie down to rest when your pastime is done;
For your dreams are of sunshine, of blossom, and dew,
And the 'God of the Blesséd' doth watch over you,
While the angels of heaven are missioned to keep
Unbroken the calm of your innocent sleep;
And an old man's blessing doth o'er you dwell,
The whole day long: and so fare ye well!

THE BETRAYER.

SAY to the flower thou hast plucked, bloom on,
 Bloom on, sweet rose !
 Say to the grass that 's mown, be fresh ~~once~~ more ;
 Say to the wreath removed from Beauty's brow,
 When the mad hour of revelry is o'er,
 Again be sweet and bright,
 And grace that brow another night ;
 But say not to the fair girl's withered heart,
 Crushed by a villain's coward art —
 To that sad heart, erewhile so warm and pure,
 But now whose wound the grave alone may cure,
 ' Sad heart, be glad !'

Montreal, December, 1837.

A. A. M.

THE DICTATOR'S TRIUMPH.

A SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BROTHERS.'

It was a glorious morning in the latter part of June, and at an hour so early, that the heavy dews of summer were yet hanging unexhaled on wold and woodland, although the sun had lifted his broad disc above the horizon, when the two armies came in view on Winsley field, near Horncastle. It was a gallant and a graceful spectacle as ever met the eye of man. The scene a broad and waving tract of moorish meadow land, checkered with many a patch of feathery coppice — birch, ash, and alder — tufts of furze, full of its golden bloom, and waving fern — and here and there a bare gray rock peering above the soil, or a clear pool of water reflecting the white clouds that hung aloft, all motionless in the blue firmament ; and over this romantic champaign a magnificent array of horse, four thousand at the least in numbers, contracting or extending their bright squadrons, now falling into column, and now deploying into line, as best they might among the obstacles of this their battleground — their polished armor and their many-colored scarfs now flashing out superbly as the sunshine kissed their masses with its golden light, now sobered into mellow hues, as some great cloud would flit across the sky and cast its sweeping shadow over them ; their trumpets ever and anon waking the echoes of the woodlands that surrounded them on every side with their exulting notes, and their gay standards fluttering in the breeze — their gallant chargers, arching their necks against the curb, bounding and curvetting along, as if they panted for the onset — while toward the eastern limits of the plain, upon a gentle elevation, flanked on the one side by the gully of a deep and stony brook, and on the other by a coppice, tangled with ancient thorns, and matted with wild rose briars, which protected likewise the whole rear of his position, Cromwell had formed his line. Nor, though inferior far in numbers, and lacking all that chivalrous and splendid decoration which their floating plumes and gorgeous dresses lent to the cavaliers, could his dark

squadrons have been looked upon without attention — ay, and admiration also, by the most unromantic of observers. The admirable discipline and perfect armature of the stern zealots who composed the ranks — the plain, but soldierly and bright accoutrements — the horses, superior even to the chargers of the royalists in blood, and bone, and beauty, and, above all, in that precise and jealous grooming, without which all the rest are little worth — the grim and stubborn countenances of the riders — some animated with a fiery zeal that would have smiled exultingly upon the stake of martyrdom, some lowering with a dark and sullen scowl, but all severe, and resolute, and dauntless ! A single glance sufficed to tell that every battlefield to them must be a triumph or a grave !

Silent they stood and motionless — their long array drawn up, two deep, by squadrons at brief intervals — solemn and voiceless, presenting a strange contrast to the shifting movements and the intricate manœuvres of their approaching enemy. Not a man moved in his saddle, not a sound broke the quiet of their discipline, save now and then the stamp and neigh of an unruly charger, or the sharp clatter of his steel caparison. And now the cavaliers, within a short mile's distance, having already cleared the broken ground, might be seen halting on the farther verge of the smooth space which swept away toward them in a gentle slope, unmarred by bush, or brake, or obstacle of any kind to the career of the most timid rider ; when, with some three or four of his most trusty captains, Cromwell advanced before his lines. Of stout, ungainly stature when dismounted, none showed to more advantage on his war-horse, and in full caparison of battle, than did the colonel of the iron-sides. It was not that his seat was graceful, or that he ruled his charger with the ease of the manège, but that he swayed him with an absolute dominion, which seemed to arise rather from his mere volition, than from the exercise of strength or skill. His whole soul seemed engrossed by the approaching conflict — careless of self, exalted, and enthusiastical. His eyes flashed with a brightness almost supernatural from the dark shadow of his morion, and his whole visage wore an aspect so irradiate with energy and mind, that Edgar wondered how he ever could have deemed him ill-favored or ungraceful. His horse, a superb black, bore him as if he too were conscious of Divine authority ; and such was the commanding greatness of his whole appearance, that no human eye could have descended to remark the plainness of his war-array ! Of the small group of officers who rode beside the bridle of their leader, the most were ordinary-looking men, burghers of Huntingdon, or small esquires of the surrounding country, selected for the stations which they occupied, by the wise politician who had levied them, on account of those morose and gloomy tenets which, with an early prescience, he discovered to be the only power that might cope with the high spirit of the gentlemen who formed the bulk of their antagonists — men who affected, or imagined visions and transports — who believed themselves predestined instruments, and deemed that in the slaying of malignants they were doing an especial service to the God whose chosen servants they declared themselves, with a faith in the truth of the assertion which rendered them almost

invincible. Among these plain and heavy-looking soldiers, the form of Ardenne, high-born, and full of the intuitive and untaught grace of noble blood, gallantly armed and handsomely attired — for he was not one of those who fancied that the approbation of Heaven could be won by a rusty corslet or an ill-blackened boot — mounted on a dark chestnut, thorough-bred, yet powerful enough to bear a man-at-arms fully accoutred through the longest day, showed like a glorious falcon among a tribe of buzzards; yet even he, handsome, and young, and fairly clad, filled not the eye like the majestic person of his colonel. At a quick trot they swept along the lines, inspecting their array, with now a word of commendation, and now a short reproof, to the dark fanatics, who had been chosen lance-pesades or sergeants for their savage and enthusiastic humor. Just as they finished their career, a long and cheery shout, accompanied and blended with the clang of kettle-drums and the shrill flourish of their trumpets, burst from the columns of the cavaliers, now wheeling into line, and eager for the onset. No shout or burst of instruments replied from the parliamentarians; but their leader, at the sound, checking his charger from his speed till he reared bolt upright, threw forth his arm with a proud gesture of defiance: 'Brethren,' he called aloud, in accents harsh, but clearly audible, and thrilling to the heart; 'Brethren and fellow-soldiers in the Lord, the men of Belial are before you — the persecutors of the saints — the spillers of the innocent blood — godless and desperate! — slayers of babes and sucklings — ravishers of maids and matrons — revilers of the prophets and the law — accursed of the Lord Jehovah! Wherefore, faint not, nor be of feeble heart, for surely on this day shall the Lord yield them up into your hands, that ye may work his vengeance on their heads, and execute his judgments. For said he not of old, 'Lo! I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come!' So saith the Lord of Hosts, Amen! amen! Selah!

And, with a deep and sullen hum, the puritans took up the words, 'So saith the Lord of Hosts. Amen! amen! Selah!'

'And are not we,' continued the fierce zealot, with increasing energy, 'and are not we — blinded although we be, and ignorant, and sinful — I ask ye, brethren, are not we the chosen of the Lord, and shall we not obey his bidding? Smite them, then — smite the idolatrous, besotted followers of the old Antichrist, even as just Elijah slew the priests of Baal at the brook of Kishon. Be strong, and fear ye not! For lo! the Lord hath said, 'Ye shall not suffer one of them to live!' and who are we that we should now gainsay the bidding of the Lord, even the Lord of Hosts? Lift up your voices, then that yon malignants may perceive in whom we put our trust!'

Again, and in a sterner and more heart-felt shout, the approbation of the puritans greeted their leader's ears; and as he ceased, with brandished blades and inflamed features, and with voices that drowned utterly the feebler music of the cavaliers, already confident of victory, and maddened with religious zeal, they thundered forth their favorite hymn.

'What saith the God of battles, the mighty Lord of Hosts?
'Ye shall prevail against them, though loud their godless boasts!
Ye shall destroy them utterly, and root them from the land,
For I will give ye strength, and edge your battle-brand!

'At the rebuke of one shall mighty thousands fly,
For I have heard my people's prayer, their sad and grievous cry!
And I will raise my glorious voice, that it be heard afar,
And show the lightning of my hand — my right hand — in the war.

'Wo unto them that put their trust in the Egyptian's crown —
His chariots and his horsemen — his power and his renown! —
The Egyptian he is man — not God — in whom they put their trust;
His horses are not spirit — but frail and fleeting dust!

'When I stretch out my hand, together they shall fall,
The helper and the holpen — yea! they shall perish all!
Of old ordain'd was Tophet; for the king it was made hot,
As thorns that in the furnace blaze, or briars beneath the pot!

'But ye — ye are my people — the ransom'd of my soul!
Glory shall be your heritage, Jerusalem your goal!
And the sceptre shall not leave ye, and the crown shall not depart
From the faithful house of Judah — from the chosen of my heart!'

The fierce strains ceased, and a loud acclamation followed them, solemnly breathing a sublime, yet savage spirit of defiance, and was responded to immediately by the huzzahs of the advancing cavaliers, and the rich symphonies of horn and kettle-drum. A small reserve of some five hundred men was posted in the rear, and, in one mighty line, the rest swept forward at a brisk trot, the front rank with their carbines all unslung, and matches lighted. Cromwell gazed steadfastly upon them for an instant; then his eye lightened, and his lip curled scornfully, as he addressed his second in command: 'Lieutenant-colonel Ardenne,' he exclaimed, 'dismount two hundred of our best dragoons, and, under Fight-the-good-fight Egerton, let them file down that gully to our left, and fire constantly on the advance of these misproud malignants.' Without a moment's pause the order was transmitted and obeyed; and, ere five minutes had elapsed, the party was detached and scrambling down the rocky bed of the ravine, unnoted by the royalists, under the guidance of as morose and bold a puritan as ever levelled musket, or misquoted holy writ. 'Sir Edmund Winthrop,' Oliver continued, 'your stout lieutenant shall hold your regiment, as our reserve, here on this ground of vantage — but shall not stir from it, unless at your command or mine. We will not tarry for their charge, but meet them horse to horse — in onset of alternate squadrons. I lead the first division, you shall support me with the second. When you shall hear my bugle sound a recal and rally, then strike in, and the Lord strike with you! 'Truth' is our word, and 'Peace.' Amen! Selah!

Even as he spoke, the royalists gave fire from their first rank, but at too great a distance to do execution, and halted to reload. 'Steady, men!' shouted Cromwell, whose sword was not yet drawn, from the extreme left, as he perceived a demonstration of anxiety to charge among his troopers; 'steady, men; let them come nigher, and when they fire again, shoot also ye, upon their flash, through your whole

line; and instantly, alternate squadrons from the left, charge on them ere they may reload !'

Scarce had he ended, ere the line again advanced on a hard trot ; a single shot rang from the gully, broken and fringed by thorns and alder-bushes — another, and another — a rapid and continuous fire of skirmishers, picking off half a score of officers, and throwing the right wing of the royalists into some slight confusion ; on, however, they still came, their banners rustling, and their gay plumes and baldrics fluttering in the wind, while, trusting to make such impression on the main host of the puritans as should cause their ambuscade to be of no effect, they hurried to the onset. On they came, resolute and dauntless ! Their bugle sounded for the gallop — for the charge ! and at the latter call, again the levelled carbines rose to the rider's cheeks — a bright flash ran along their line, and a dense veil of smoke covered their orderly and brilliant front. Before it cleared away, the shattering volley of the puritans, poured in with a deliberate aim, made fearful havoc in their ranks, and on the instant, casting aside their match-locks and whirling their long rapiers from the scabbards, one half the squadrons of the parliament hurled themselves furiously upon the advancing foe. Eagerly, anxiously did Edgar gaze upon the charge. On went the colonel of the iron-sides, six horses' lengths in front of his division, and all as gallantly out dashed a leader of the king's to meet him. They met, and it was but an instant ere the charger of the royalist ran masterless, and its unhappy owner rolled, weltering in his blood, beneath the trampling hoofs of the fierce puritans. There was no faltering — no doubt in either line ; forward they rushed, all straining to the charge, their horses foaming and struggling against the bit, and their swords flashing in the sunlight. Edgar unsheathed his rapier, for now a horse's length scarce intervened ; yet neither host had paused or turned aside. And now they were encountering, when the rear rank of the cavaliers threw in with desperate execution their reserved volley, shaking the line of the parliamentarians like an earthquake, emptying scores of saddles, and hurling riders and horses headlong to the earth. The smoky curtain once again swept over them ; it cleared away, and Ardenne saw his fellow-troopers, unbroken and in close array, so orderly had they closed in above the falling, now mingled hand to hand, and fighting with the cavaliers, whose front was bending like a bow — the points, on which the troops of Oliver had charged, beat backward a full pistol-shot, and the alternate squadrons which had met no foe wavering and undecided what to do. Sword cuts were glancing through the air on helm and corslet ; pistol-shots flashed among the *melee* ; and the shouts, ' God and the Church ! ' ' God and the king ! ' blended with groans, and yells, and curses, and the clash of blades, and the wild blast of trumpets, pealed dissonantly to the sky. Still Cromwell's bugle sounded not, nor were his men drawn off ; and Ardenne paused in doubt. His eye fell suddenly upon the form of Oliver fighting among the foremost ; another volley from a small knot of cavaliers, and he fell — horse and man — and the strife closed more fiercely round him ; at the same instant the reserve of Henderson moved up to reinforce

his battle. Then Edgar paused no longer. 'Forward!' he shouted, in a voice of thunder — 'forward! — charge home!' and dashing down the grassy slope, before a minute passed, burst like a thunderbolt upon the unengaged division of the enemy, and, killing two men with his own hand, drave them in terrible confusion, by the fury of his onset, back on their own reserve. Turning his eye, now he had gained a moment's leisure, toward the spot where he had seen his colonel fall, he caught a glimpse of him on foot, fighting with desperate courage against some six or seven horsemen, who were hewing at him all together with their long broadswords, and hindering each other by their own impetuosity. Three strokes of his good sword, and the superb exertions of his charger, placed him at Cromwell's side, just as he fell to the earth, stunned but unwounded by a heavy blow. One of the cavaliers received the point of Edgar's rapier in his throat, before he checked his horse; the others were engaged and beaten backward by the foremost of his troopers. Hastily springing to the ground, as Oliver regained his feet, 'Mount!' he exclaimed, 'mount, Colonel Cromwell, on my horse, and finish what so well you have begun!'

Without a word, the zealot leaped to the saddle, cast his eyes with a quick comprehensive glance around him, and read the fortunes of the day upon the instant.

'They are half beaten now!' he shouted, in exulting tones; 'one charge more, and we sweep them like dust before the winds of heaven! Away! Sir — down with the reserve, and fall upon their left flank. I will draw off my men, and, ere you be in action, will be prepared to give it them again in front. Ho! bugler,' he continued, as Ardenne, mounting his brown mare, which his equerry had led up, galloped off swiftly to the rear — 'ho! bugler, sound me a recall and rally!' The shrill notes of the instrument rang aloud above the din of battle; and with that strict obedience for which they had already gained repute, the ironsides drew off from the encounter orderly, and beautifully formed again, before the shattered and disordered masses of the cavaliers had fallen into any semblance of array. In the mean time, Ardenne had reached his regiment, the men burning to emulate the glory half achieved by their companions, the horses pawing the turf, and snorting with impatience. A loud shout greeted him as he addressed them, in a few words terse and full of fire, formed them by troops in open column, and advanced between the coppice on his right and the extreme left of the enemy, now near a quarter of a mile pushed forward beyond their right and centre, which had been most disordered by the fire of the skirmishers, and Cromwell's furious charge. So great, indeed, was the confusion of the royalists, their officers toiling along the ranks, laboring with oaths, and menaces, and exhortations, to rally and reform the men, that they perceived not Ardenne's movement till he was wheeling into line to the left, previous to charging them. Then, when it was too late, they struggled to redeem their error, nobly but fruitlessly; for, ere they could show front against him, the trumpets sounded — Oliver's in front, and Edgar's on the flank — and simultaneously they were charged, broken, and dispersed. The action was

already over — but the rout, the flight, the havoc, the despair, the hideous, indiscriminating massacre, urged to the utmost by religious fury and political rancour, ceased not till noon; when Cromwell's bugles, slowly and most reluctantly obeyed, called back the men, their weapons blunted and their arms weary, but their hearts insatiate of carnage, from the hard-pressed pursuit.

PILGRIM SONG.

Over the mountain wave,
See where they come;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home:
Yet where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along,
Deep-toned and free!

'Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!

'England hath sunny dales,
Dearly they bloom;
Scotia hath heather-hills,
Sweet their perfume:
Yet through the wilderness
Cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land —
Home far away!

Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!

Dim grew the forest path,
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God!
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song —
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along:

'Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!

Not theirs the glory-wreath,
Torn by the blast;
Heavenward their holy steps,
Heavenward they passed!
Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along,
Ever the same:

'Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be —
This is our home!

SOCIETY.

VALLEY OF THE MONTECUCULI, STATE OF YUCATAN.

Where liv' our works some other's wo.
Each good some other's ill;
And overtly sustained, he said
That overflows to him:

Where gold a willing servant finds
In each — in most a slave;
And law the just and righteous cause
An insensate slave:

Where dungeons admonish'd guilt
In double darkness bind,
Or from the body loose the chain,
To organize the mind.

Where man's trained a murder man,
And art restriction schools,
To multiply the work of death,
By scientific rules.

Where in each precious element
That heaven's search supplies,
We learn, by knowledge better hid,
Against ourselves to rise.

That that boasted king that men
The social compact term;
Of law, ice, and misert,
The forced but fatal germ.

This to the Italian's crooked soul
An art of truth advised,
And planned for slaves the rich reward,
To better men denied.

This to Geneva's madman lent
His trumpet over the sea,
And half redeemed the latter sin
A Swift's malignant page.

Oh! warned by wo, and taught by time,
Shall Reason, nil of years,
'Tis true, but woe's her sold and said
Prerogative of years.

Oh! when will man each soon release,
That names a brother's name,
And seek, where's none remains,
In others' sins, their own.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

VALLEY OF THE MONTECUCULI.

THESE verses and others gone, in quest of change,
To venturous seas the boat was sent;
A desert howl, by lightning's stroke, a strange
Disorder, and a wild forgotten name.

PRECEDING numbers of our articles upon this subject, led us into the inquiry, "Who were the people that first inhabited the Valley of Mexico, and from whence did they come?" Our conclusions, in answer to this query, were in favor of the opinion, that they were Tultecans; that they came from the province of Chiapa, or Guatemala, and that they formed the nucleus around which northern tribes successively gathered and made up, in process of time, the numerous nations composing the Mexican people. The great Tultecan empire, comprising the original people of this continent, and for time unknown, inhabiting, as a great and prosperous nation, the provinces of Yucatan, Chiapa, and Guatemala, having been compelled to desert their extensive and populous cities, from natural causes, not satisfactorily defined, it is but reasonable to suppose, aside from the evidence afforded by the subsequent analogy in the arts and sciences, that they migrated to the great Mexican Valley, where, having settled themselves, they communicated to succeeding people much of that knowledge by which they had been distinguished, and for which, it is

well known, the Mexican nations ever acknowledged their obligations. In order to render this more clear, it will be necessary to revert to some farther particulars respecting the primitive Tultecans, and their astonishing arts, for the purpose of showing the connection between the last of the one, and the beginning of those of the other. We left the reader prepared to unite with us in supposing the northern tribes which collected in Mexico, were derived from the present territory of the United States, and from the shores and Islands of the Pacific; and hence the proposed transition will be both easy and natural. Many of the extraordinary conflicts which grew out of this union of various warlike tribes in Mexico, of which we are in the possession of many stirring particulars, hitherto little if at all known, will follow in order of time and place.

From what has been said respecting the remarkable ruins in Central America, no one previously unacquainted with their existence, their magnitude and extent, will have reflected upon them, without emotions of surprise and astonishment. That our continent, yes, and our own country, should have been the theatre of extraordinary and continuous events, at the earliest periods of mankind, and that the remains of those periods, the familiar arts of our species, perhaps in the first stages of existence, and the incipient steps of intellectual development, are presented for our wonder and admiration, all around us, while not a fragment of recorded truth has come down through the long and dark interval, is indeed a fact calculated to awaken our curiosity, and enlist our inquiries. And, while this is all true, and while the very relics which so justly astonish us, and which, if rightly investigated, might roll back the darkness of ages, and let in from the remote past a flood of light, is it a matter of less astonishment to every enlightened American, that but few efforts have yet been made to investigate a subject so important to the civilized world? Why, we would ask — and we believe the question is on the lips of every patriotic citizen — why does not our general government take this matter into consideration? Why, when the subject has so long and so imperiously demanded the attention of legislative authority, when our treasury is overflowing, and when the most valuable of these antiquities are rapidly disappearing, in this ‘age of improvement,’ and before the march of cultivation, does not our state and national councils awaken to its importance, and at once make an ample appropriation for its accomplishment? Paltry indeed would be the requisite cost, compared with that incurred for infinitely less valuable purposes; and yet not a solitary effort has been made to call it forth. A few thousand dollars would be all-sufficient for an investigation, which would result both to the honor of our government, and the advancement of a knowledge of our country, and of mankind. Can it be supposed that our government would pass over this subject with indifference, if applied to, and that if the attention of Congress be called to it, by a petition, that petition would be disregarded? We believe not. For one, we would trust the result of an application for this object to the intellect and liberality of that body; nor can we believe that there would be found one among that enlightened assemblage, who would so far compromise his claims to love of country, and his regard for knowledge, as

to oppose it. We need not here point out the advantages which must follow a thorough investigation of the existing, and a faithful inquiry into the past, relics of the ancient inhabitants of our country. Every one, we believe, will at the first glance perceive those advantages, and unite with us in awakening public attention to the importance of a critical examination and description, under the authority of our government, of all the relics of this country, if not those of Central America. It is due to ourselves to observe, in closing this slight digression from our subject, that we were induced, at the commencement of these articles, in a great measure, by a desire to elicit general attention, the more effectually to secure that of Congress, to the all-important objects of a national exploration, illustration, and record, of American Antiquities.

The name of the great and ancient city which has been denominated Palenqua, from the Spanish village some fifteen miles distant, may, from the opinion adopted respecting the earliest Mexicans, the paintings and traditions which they preserved, be called *Huchuetapallan*, *Atzallan*, or *Tulla*. The city of Copan, Ytzalan, or perhaps some other one of the many cities that were inhabited by the first people of the American continent, may also be that referred to by the Mexicans, as the point from whence they wandered. Copan, the first of these, was, beyond doubt, the last city deserted by those primitive inhabitants, and, consequently, is best entitled, we think, to the distinction of being considered the source of the Toultecs; from whence, after wandering about for one hundred and twenty-six years, they arrived at a spot in the Mexican Valley, where they settled, and which they called *Tula*. Waldrick thinks that the *Tultiques* (by which he means, no doubt, the *Toultecs* of Humboldt,) knew nothing, except from tradition, of the extinct nation of Palencians, or Huchuetapallans. This may be true, and yet that nation have been derived from the latter people, inasmuch as they were more than a century on their way, or more than that period of time had elapsed since they left their original city. He thinks, likewise, that the religious worship, the hieroglyphics, nor the architecture, had any connection with the Toultecs or Aztecs. From this we are disposed to dissent, so far as some portions of their religious worship and architecture are concerned; and more particularly, in consequence of the remarkable coincidence in their respective knowledge of the science of astronomy. There were nevertheless, in the two first particulars, some striking discrepancies; yet even these might be attributable to the union of the Chichimecas, the Aztiques, and other northern nations, with the remnant of the Tultecans, after their arrival in the Valley of Mexico. Notwithstanding it has been thought that the Tultecans possessed a more perfect knowledge of astronomy than any other people of their own or of any subsequent time, except the present, yet we are induced to believe that many, if not all, the primitive inhabitants of the United States, and especially those of the Ohioan valley, were as well versed in that science, as the ancient Mexicans. Hence it is not impossible that the country to which the early Mexican traditions and paintings allude, may have been some city or populous place within that valley, as, for instance, at Circleville, Newark, Chillicothe, or Portsmouth;

or perhaps the site of the ancient stone buildings on the Rio Gila, in New Calafornia, may indicate the spot from whence they emanated.

The before-mentioned traveller, to whom we owe much deference, in the way of description, at least, supposed the ancient city of Palenqua to have been destroyed by a neighboring power, with which the Palencians had a long and desperate war; and that this took place about nine hundred years before the Spanish conquest, or in the year 630 of the Christian era. The neighboring power alluded to, was probably Ehulha, the capital of the kingdom of Tlepallan. The city he supposes to have been taken by assault, and left uninhabited.

The original stock of the Palencians, he concludes, might have been Chaldeans; and he also infers that the Hindoos subsequently made up the principal body of the people. Still, the monuments and buildings bore no remarkable resemblance to those of that people. According to the dates which this devoted explorer has given, the monuments, temples, etc., could not have been long in ruins when the trees which he found growing upon them took root; for, admitting that there had been no previous growth of trees upon those ruins, a circumstance by no means improbable, two hundred and thirty-four years only would be left for the building to have decayed, fallen to the earth, and after all, to have acquired, by a slow and natural process, a sufficient depth of earth for the growth of forest trees, of very great size and age. This is not at all probable. But the inference before stated, as to the date of the destruction of the Palencian city, is shown to have much less probability, from the fact that many of the Palencian buildings are yet standing, and in a tolerable state of preservation, one thousand two hundred and seven years after the supposed destruction of the city. The other buildings throughout this great city, therefore, must have fallen within two hundred and thirty-four years after the city was taken by assault; for it will be recollected that one of the trees cut down by Waldrick, on the top of one of the buildings, was nine hundred and seventy-three years of age! Deducting this period from the previously mentioned dates, and we have the result as above. How long, then, may not the edifices now standing remain, before they shall have crumbled into an indiscriminate mass, and become the foundation of a dense and aged forest, like the others? Certainly more than two hundred and thirty-four years. There can be no more satisfactory reasons for believing that the destruction of the city of Palenqua was the result of a war with a neighboring power, for no concurring facts prove the existence of any such power during that of the Palencian empire. Colonies from that populous nation may have been established, as heretofore stated; and, in fact, distinct divisions of that nation are clearly proved to have existed in the neighboring provinces of Yucatan and Guatemala; yet there are no reasons to conclude that these local divisions rebelled against the general government, or that they destroyed the great metropolis. On the contrary, every thing shows the greatest identity of interests between every part of the empire; the uninterrupted harmony of the people, and the ultimate desertion and destruction of the capital, in consequence of the combined causes of famine, pestilence, and time. Great anxiety is felt for the

important truths which may yet be developed by the key to the hieroglyphics, which Waldrick believes he has discovered, during his twelve years' study, among the extensive ruins, and the expenditure of eight thousand pounds, in deciphering the mysteries of this once powerful people. The characters which every where mark these ruins are still very perfect, and supposed to have phonetic power. How far they will be found to corroborate this or that theory, respecting the origin and history of this remote American people, should the true key have been discovered, remains to be known. Their resemblance to the African alphabets and glyphs, as presented in a tabular view by Professor Rafinesque, is striking in some particulars, yet not sufficiently satisfactory to be considered conclusive. The lovers of the antique, therefore, look with intense interest for farther light upon this subject, from the promised descriptions and illustrations of the enterprising explorer in question. Other descriptive accounts and drawings have added to our acquaintance with the remains of this extraordinary people, some of which, in our possession, are from a gentlemen now, and for several years past, on the ruins of the ancient Palencian city. Among the idols found there, one of which is in this city, was an image of massive gold. Numerous articles, tables of hieroglyphics, specimens of sculpture, and of architecture, have been transmitted to Europe, while none of very great importance have been received in this country. Casts of many interesting specimens of art have however been promised, and materials were long since forwarded from this city to Central America, for the purpose of facilitating and securing these valuable works. From no source are we justified in believing that more interesting information will be found, than from the continuous and laborious researches of the before-mentioned traveller, respecting whom a passing remark may not be without interest.

Having resolved to prosecute his inquiries to the greatest extent, after a tedious voyage from Europe, and much vexatious delay, he was admitted to the Mexican museums, where he copied very many curious manuscripts, the finest specimens of sculpture, with other valuable relics of art, descriptions of customs, natural history, scenery, etc., together with a hieroglyphic grammar, and a vocabulary of the Aztique language. Among these, was a copy of an original likeness of Montezuma, the great chief of the Mexicans, when subdued by the Spaniards, and whose melancholy fate, as the victim of Spanish cupidity and bloody tyranny, cannot be unknown to the reader. This portrait was painted by an Italian artist, who accompanied Cortes in his expedition of robbery and murder. Lithographic drawings of the collections of relics in the University of Mexico, were also made, which, if preserved from subsequent plunder, will prove of much importance to the antiquarian. Proceeding thence to the ruins of Palenqua, he labored with enthusiasm for two years among the fragmentary arts of that once opulent city, during which time Santa Anna's revolution deprived him not only of his means of subsistence, but of his invaluable drawings, the result of his long and ambitious labors. Far from being discouraged, or relinquishing in despair his devoted purposes, by this sudden and unexpected act of treachery and paltry theft, by a base government, he continued his re-

searches, penniless and alone, subsisting upon the wild game which sported in the forest that entombed the wide-spread arts of primeval greatness and splendor. During this time, he made one hundred and nineteen drawings, with a valuable collection of zoological specimens, etc. At length, driven by sheer necessity, he made his way to the province of Yucatan, at a time of famine and pestilence. Here, aided by the liberality of a European gentleman, he turned his attention to the central mountains, where are ruins equal in extent and grandeur to those of the far-famed city of Palenqua. Among the remains of an ancient city in this province, he spent two years more. Although his enthusiasm and wonder had been excited beyond the power of description, at what he had beheld at Palenqua, yet here his ideas were raised to the utmost extent of the imagination. He continued his observations throughout this province and Guatemala, for several years longer; when, after taking many drawings, and critically examining innumerable ruins of antique greatness and labor, he returned to Europe to prepare his researches for publication. Why these have not yet appeared — though their preparation is doubtless attended with much labor and expense — is yet a subject of concern.

Previous to our proposed notice of the magnificent ruins in the province of Yucatan, and of farther particulars respecting those at Palenque, we shall mention the extraordinary ruins of an ancient city in the north of Mexico, recently discovered, and which, with the many other relics of a people beyond all computation as to numbers, and all tradition and history as to antiquity, that have inhabited this continent far and wide, are calculated to increase our astonishment and admiration, as we proceed in our inquiries.

On the acclivity of a mountain, a few miles to the north of Villa Neuva, and about thirty-five to the south of Zalcatecas, are to be seen remarkable and extensive ruins, which clearly indicate the existence at some remote period of a populous and strongly-fortified city. The buildings yet remaining are called by the people there '*Los Edificios*.' These are situated on terraces, formed either by art or nature; and affording a fine view over the valley at the base of the mountain. The location on the declivity of a steep mountain, instead of that afforded by the beautiful plain, was evidently selected for the purpose of defence, which was regarded as of more consequence than mere convenience. The principal buildings are on the south-east side, while the most numerous are on a wide terrace on the east, with the summit of the mountain towering high above the ruins. The largest of these buildings is on the south of the mountain, and upon a terrace projecting from the south-west. It is at present quite insulated, but seems to have been connected, at some distant date, with other buildings on the west. Its longest dimensions are from east to west, which are divided by an opening intended as an entrance. The eastern division is surrounded by a wall, yet in very perfect preservation, eighteen feet high, and eight feet thick. This division of the building is one hundred and thirty-eight feet long, and one hundred wide. At the distance of twenty-three feet from the longer side of this apartment, and nineteen and a half from the short side, are fourteen huge pillars, running around the in-

terior, eleven of which are in good preservation. They are placed at equal distances, so that three are on each of the short sides, and four on each of the long sides. These pillars are eighteen feet high, and seventeen feet in circumference, or more than five and a half feet in diameter! They are perfectly round, without base or capital, and appear to have supported a roof which covered the space from the wall to the pillars, leaving the inner space open. No such roof, however, is now to be seen. The whole interior is covered with high grass. The western division, or apartment, is two hundred and thirty-one feet long, and one hundred and ninety-four feet wide! Unlike the other apartment, the longer side is reversed, or runs from east to west, instead of from north to south. This division of the building has also been surrounded by a wall eight feet thick, and eighteen feet high, but which has not entirely resisted the effects of time. In the centre of this great apartment, is a basin five feet deep, surrounded by a stone wall. From the centre of each of the four sides of the wall, descend broad flights of steps into the basin. A drain is perceived around the basin, lined with stone, and covered with slabs of the same material, which was intended to convey water, no doubt, as it came down the mountain, into the reservoir. These basins, we are inclined to think, were intended for, and used as baths. But one pillar is standing in this apartment. It is of the same height and diameter with those in the other, and, with an equal number, probably, supported a roof over a part of the enclosure around the basin. In the middle of this basin stands a small pyramid, like those to be seen in the other building; but this is now a heap of rubbish. The walls, pyramids, and pillars, are composed of unhewn stones of *trachyte-porphyre*, which being easily split into thin plates, afforded a good and convenient material for the buildings. They are carefully and admirably cemented together, by a composition of black earth, dry grass, roots, etc.

Proceeding from this great building, you ascend by means of artificial terraces, made on the side of the mountain, of innumerable slabs of the porphyritic stone, to a similar building at the north-west. This stands much higher above the plain, and upon a terrace projecting to the south. It has two apartments like the first, one of which contains a basin similar to the one before described. There are no pillars in this building; and, from the size of the apartments, it is thought to have been more difficult to enclose by a roof. There are two truncated pyramids in the basin, both of which are much decayed. One of these is thirty feet square at the base, and thirty feet in height, around which were walls in the form of stairs. The ruins of smaller buildings are perceived on one side of this edifice, forming a labyrinth of small chambers, built in the same style with the other building, but without any roof. A little lower and farther to the eastward, are large mountain-terraces, of masonry, formed of slabs of stone. From these are two ways, which lead down into roads extending beyond the buildings, and conducting onward to a neighboring stream. One of these roads terminates at the stream, while the other appears on the other side of it, and proceeds to heaps of stone which formerly composed a great pyramid. These roads are fourteen feet wide, perfectly straight, and well-paved! At the

west of the principal building, a circular spot appears, from which proceed several roads, like the radii of a circle, some of which run far into the plain. All these roads are raised above the adjacent surface, and paved with stones, along which, it is conjectured, stood the dwellings of the people when the city was in its glory. Numerous pyramids stand in different places, some of which are fifty feet square at the base, and the same in height. Near another building, of the same kind as those described, are two pyramids, from which proceed two roads running around the mountain. These roads are much wider than the others, and are bounded by steep precipices. On the west side of the mountain are numerous buildings, standing upon a terrace, which is inaccessible, except from one side. This terrace is connected on the north with the prominent points of two other mountains; and where an access is possible, in the intervening space, it is blocked up by high walls. In another building, at the south-east ridge, which joins the principal mountain, is a large building, in the basin of which is a pyramid, surrounded by a thick wall, from which descend four flights of stairs, as in some of the other buildings. The passage from this building to the north-west, and toward the ridge of rocks, is guarded by a strong wall, an opening in which allows only a few persons to pass at a time. At the north-west end of the ridge, the access is securely defended by two wide, projecting terraces, which are so constructed as to be capable of defending the only two approachable points; and the whole is still more safely guarded by strong walls.

We have here given a partial description of an ancient city, all traces of whose inhabitants have disappeared in the midnight darkness of the long-lost past. To inquire into the origin of the people who constructed this strongly-fortified place, their history, and the events which have marked their mountain capital, would but mock our anxious curiosity. All has gone down into oblivion, from which no effort can recal a single incident. Untold ages have passed on in gloomy silence, over these adamantine relics of skill and labor, and yet as many more may roll onward, without revealing to the future one ray of light by which to direct human inquiry into their mysterious history. However ancient these ruins may seem, they were, in our opinion, constructed subsequent to the fall of the Tultecan nation. This will appear more clear, when we come to notice other remarkable relics now existing in various parts of Mexico, together with the distinctions which they all present to the ruins of Palenqua. Still, they are of an extraordinary character; and they cannot fail to excite the astonishment of every American, if he reflect upon the strange events which at some very remote time characterized the 'new world,' and even his own country. There are among the remains of this city no appearances of the use of iron tools, save, perhaps, a specimen of sculptured work found among the ruins on the east side of the mountain. This was the representation of a human hand and foot, executed in a block of stone, thirteen feet long, and three feet thick. No other specimens of sculpture, nor any appearance of hieroglyphic, was found in any part of the mountain-city. The labor, therefore, of erecting such immense buildings, terraces, walls, pillars, and pyramids, with the pavements of the streets, must

have been very great and difficult. Tradition says, that numerous memorials and relics were deposited beneath the walls of the massive buildings, the pillars, etc., but this, no doubt, is fabulous, with many other stories which some of the neighboring people relate of the once famous city. It is more than probable, that the large buildings were used as temples for priests, or as palaces for kings, while the people generally dwelt at the base of the mountain, or on the extended plain, and along the paved streets. The strong manner in which the remaining buildings are protected, rendering all approach to them, by an enemy, quite impossible, goes far to confirm the opinion as to their sacred character, etc.

Yucatan, as has heretofore been intimated, presents a series of ancient ruins of the most remarkable kind, most of which were, without doubt, cœval with those of Palenque. They are scattered throughout the province; but in the mountainous districts, they are on a scale of the greatest magnitude. A recent traveller, who had passed over those mountains, says that they were strewn in his way throughout his route. In the more level parts of the country, many large edifices are yet standing; and remains of similar structures are traced almost to the extremity of that province, stretching eastward to the Atlantic. The vast and superb city of Ytzalan, before alluded to, must have vied with the great Palencian capital itself. It was twenty-five miles in length, from north to south, and two miles in breadth, from east to west! The monuments are here in a state of great preservation, and exhibit much of their pristine grandeur and splendor. A more particular description of this ancient and magnificent city will be given on the receipt of intelligence promised us from abroad, by one who for years explored its ruins.

The intimate connection which existed between the ancient inhabitants of this province and the Palencians, by means of great and navigable rivers, through which was maintained a rich and flourishing commerce, the evident analogy to the manners, customs, and religion, evinced by their relics, and the similarity of their buildings, are presumed to exhibit satisfactory proof of their having composed a part of the Tultique nation. The same style of architecture is every where perceivable.

About fifty miles south from Merida, are extensive remains of ancient stone edifices. One very large building, yet standing in good preservation, and called by the natives *Oxmatal*, is six hundred feet in length, on each side! It stands on an artificial eminence, sixty feet in height. The corridors, pillars, and apartments, are decorated throughout with figures in medio-relief, which are embellished by serpents, lizards, and other devices, in stucco-work. There are also numerous statues of men, having palms in their hands, and in the attitude of dancing, beating drums, etc. These, it will be perceived, resemble those described at Palenqua and Copan. Twenty-five miles north of Merida are likewise numerous ruins, and they continue to increase in number, as you advance in that direction. Here once must have been another large and populous city; to what extent, we are unable to say. The buildings are all in ruins, some of the walls only exhibiting their great dimensions. In the present town of Mani, on the river Lagatos, there are also other ruins of very ancient edifices. A pillory is said to stand in the principal

square, of a conical shape, and built of stones. At the southward of this, rises a large and ancient stone palace, which is said to have been occupied by an Indian sovereign, called Htulrio, at the time of the conquest, about three hundred years ago. This chief was compelled to relinquish his palace to the holy Franciscan friars, and afterward to his military conquerors, as a hospital. The building resembles the large one remaining at Palenque; but all tradition respecting it was lost, before the time of Htulrio, its sovereign occupant. He is said to have replied to the inquiries respecting its origin, that he only knew that it had been occupied from time immemorial by his ancestors. All else was lost in the lapse of ages.

Other extensive ruins are to be seen, for a great distance, on the road from Marida to Bacalar; and, indeed, from various sources, we are informed they may be seen scattered throughout this extensive province. What inference are we then to draw, in relation to its ancient condition and population? How numerous and comparatively happy must have been its people? By an effort of the imagination, let the mind recal the period of its glory and happiness, and contrast it with its present condition. Where once stood proud and stately edifices of 'eternal granite,' in all their fair proportions, ornamented throughout by figures, hieroglyphics, and ingenious devices of sculpture or of stucco, are now seen only huge and unseemly masses of rubbish. Where once was heard, far and wide, the busy hum of life, the voice of crowded streets, thronged marts, and overflowing temples, the still and solemn air is disturbed only by the tiny notes of the insect, and the fearful howling of savage beasts. All is wild, solitary, dismal! No human voice is heard among the mouldering arts that once echoed and reëchoed its familiar sounds. Millions of our species have come and gone, since they were the pride of those who reared them. But no memorial has outlived the giant fabrics of their hands, nor is a tradition left behind, to guide the strange people that now gaze in wonder upon their ruins. Alas! thus may it be said of us, of our arts, of our cities, and of all the nations of the earth, when *they* too shall become

'Like the remembered tones of a mute lyre!'

SONNET.

'And as I slept, I dreamed a dream.' — BUNYAN.

I DREAMED I stood before the throne of Him
 Who wields the universe — his judgment-throne.
 Archangels, on each side, and seraphim,
 A countless host, in deep'ning phalanx shone.
 I dared not raise my eyes — trembled each limb;
 When to my ears came rushing a dread tone,
 Like to the roar of waters, in the dim
 Tempestuous night, that ride the sea shore lone:
 'Mortal! I summon thee to hear thy doom,
 For evil, worshipp'd ere the marble tomb
 Enclosed thee: hearken!' Then, with inward moan,
 I answered: 'Thou did'st make me from the clay,
 And, gave me passions I could not disown:
 So can'st thou purify, and bid me stay!'

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

'ETERNAL powers!' exclaimed the injured lover; 'twenty dollars! as the price of blighted hope and crushed affection — a youth of misery, and a death of despair' I scorn the base compromise with feeling! I will take a hundred and fifty, and not a cent less!'

SANDS' 'SCENES AT WASHINGTON.'

THEY loved, and their plighted hearts were bound
By many a golden tie;
Her love was told in a woman's way,
By her moisture-loving eye;
And he — that his heart was hers alone,
Nobody could deny.

But at last, the fresh green leaf of love
Faded, as leaves will fade;
A pale and a withered thing it grew,
With the lover and the maid,
And the hapless damsel daily sighed
O'er a trusting heart betrayed.

Then very pale grew her tear-traced cheek,
And her eye waned sad and dim,
And the step was languid, that so oft
Had bounded to welcome him;
And her heart seemed filled with bitterness,
Up even to the brim.

They looked on her face, and they went away,
To murmur low words apart,
And often meanwhile they sought to soothe
Her grief, with their love-taught art,
As they hoped a healing balm to find
For the crushed and broken heart.

Then they took her into a crowded court,
And she told of his falsehood there;
No word of love he had breathed to her,
Did she fondly wish to spare,
Nor the ring that circled her finger still,
Nor the hidden lock of hair.

And then they called for a lawyer's knife,
To sever the ribbon blue,
That bound the notes he had written her,
And all for the lawyer's view;
And the miniature he had given her,
Was torn from her bosom too!

On that pictured face, by the curious throng,
The careless glance was thrown,
And it answered back with the self-same smile
It had worn for her alone;
Sure, such a winning smile of love
Would soften a heart of stone.

But the youth himself smiled not on her,
For his heart to love was steeled;
So they told him to pay her gold instead,
And he thought it best to yield;
And from that hour, the broken heart
By the shining gold was healed!

THE 'REJECTED ADDRESSES.'

IN TWO PARTS — PART ONE.

TASTEFUL and fun-loving Reader! — you can scarcely conceive the delight which we experienced, a few days since, in chancing upon a long-treasured copy of that teeming volume, the 'Rejected Addresses,' by the Brothers SMITH. 'Right away, immediately, pretty quick,' (to adopt the Frenchman's climax,) we sat down and devoured it up; pausing the while only to give way to those 'laughing shocks which batter at the ribs till they shake, nothing loth to be so shaken.' As the work is exceedingly rare — we judge from a twelve-months' unsuccessful search through half a dozen cities for a single copy — we shall venture, in a couple of numbers, to open a new mine of intellectual riches to nine in ten of our readers, by a brief review of, and adequate extracts from, the choice little book in question.

In August, 1812, an advertisement appeared in the London daily journals, from the 'Drury-Lane Theatre Committee,' announcing that they were desirous of promoting a fair and free competition for an Address, to be spoken upon the opening of the new Theatre, which had just arisen from its ashes. The compositions were to be sealed up, 'with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, on the cover, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author,' which was not to be opened, unless containing the name of the successful candidate. One hundred and twelve addresses, according to the preface, were sent in, 'as per order' of contract, by the gross, 'some written by men of great, some by men of little, and some by men of no talent.' The editor does not deem it necessary to mention how he became possessed of so 'large a lot' of verse; but proceeds to cull what had the appearance of flowers from what possessed the reality of weeds, and in so doing, diminished his collection to twenty-one! The effusions discarded by the compiler are said to have borne a close resemblance to each other, every one having caged that much-abused bird, the Phoenix, in a simile. The fact that the published addresses failed of selection by the committee, is accounted for on the ground that they were penned in a metre unusual on similar occasions, and were deficient in that indispensable theatrical art, called '*touch and go*.' In addition to the addresses, the editor states, that 'above one hundred spectacles, melodramas, operas, and pantomimes, were transmitted, beside the first two acts of one legitimate comedy.' Some of these evinced, it is added, 'considerable smartness of manual dialogue, and several brilliant repartees of chairs, tables, and other inanimate wits,' but were nevertheless unrepresentable.

In selecting a few specimens of these 'Rejected Addresses,' we shall confine ourselves mainly to the imitations of well-known English writers. The finely-tempered yet pungent satire which pervades them, was as much enjoyed, we have been informed, by the lampooned authors themselves, as by the public at large, who speedily swallowed up some ten or fifteen editions of the work. The opening effusion is a hit at the *pseudo* poet-laureate, FITZGERALD, whose muse

labors to attribute the burning of the theatre to that 'arch apostate, Boney,' and to lug in, 'by ear and horn,' some compliment to the reigning powers. The editor has well illustrated, in his successful counterpart of a loyal address, the truth of Goldsmith's remark, that 'there is not in nature a more dismal figure, than a man who sits down to premeditated flattery. Every line he writes, tacitly reproaches the meanness of his occupation; till at last his stupidity becomes more stupid, and his dullness more diminutive.' The laureate begins thus:

'Hail, glorious edifice, stupendous work!
God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
Ye Muses! by whose aid I cry down Fox,
Grant me in Drury-Lane a private box!'

After some 'exciting particulars' in the political history of 'Gallia's stern despot,' to whose charge are laid all the sins in the calendar, Mr. Fitzgerald proceeds:

'Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
Of Covent-Garden and of Drury-Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
'The tree of freedom is the British oak!' }
Bless every man possessed of aught to give;
Long may Long Tilney Wellesley Long Pole live;
God bless the army, bless their coats of scarlet,
God bless the navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off;
And oh, in Downing-street should Old Nick revel,
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil!'

BYRON's contribution bears the caption 'CUI BONO?' — and all who have read 'Childe Harold,' will not need to be told, how completely the writer has embodied the train of thought and style of a portion of that renowned poem. We annex several stanzas:

I.

'SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine:

II.

'Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb:
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

III.

'Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?
Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
Ye court the lying drama for relief?
Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief,
Or if one tolerable page appears
In folly's volume, 't is the actor's leaf,
Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
And raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

IV.

'Albeit how like young Betty doth he flee!
Light as the mote that daunceth in the beam,
He liveth only in man's present e'e,
His life a flash, his memory a dream,
Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream;
Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
A while of longer wonderment the theme!
Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
Where nought is certain, save th' uncertainty of fate?

V.

'This goodly pile, upheav'd by Wyatt's toil,
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet,
Again red Lemnos' artizan may spoil;
The fire alarm, and midnight drum may beat,
And all be strew'd ysmoking at your feet.
Start ye? Perchance Death's angel may be sent,
Ere from the flaming temple ye retreat,
And ye who met on revel idlesse bent,
May find in pleasure's fane your grave and monument.

VI.

'Your debts mount high — ye plunge in deeper waste,
The tradesman calls — no warning voice ye hear;
The plaintiff sues — to public shows ye haste;
The bailiff threatens — ye feel no idle fear;
Who can arrest your prodigal career?
Who can keep down the levity of youth?
What sound can startle age's stubborn ear?
Who can redeem from wretchedness and ruth
Men true to falsehood's voice, false to the voice of truth?'
* * * *

VIII.

'For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
And what is Rolla? Cupid steep'd in starch,
Orlando's helmet in Augustine's cowl;
Shakspeare, how true thine adage, 'fair is foul';
To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought.

IX.

'Sons of Parnassus! whom I view above,
Not laurel-crown'd, but clad in rusty black,
Not spurring Pegasus through Tempe's grove,
But pacing Grub-street on a jaded hack,
What reams of foolscap, while your brains ye rack,
Ye mar to make again! for sure, ere long,
Condemn'd to tread the bard's time-sanction'd track,
Ye all shall join the bailiff-haunted throng,
And reproduce in rags the rags ye blot in song.

x.

'So fares the follower in the Muses' train,
 He toils to starve, and only lives in death;
 We slight him till our patronage is vain,
 Then round his skeleton a garland wreath,
 And o'er his bones an empty requiem breathe;
 Oh! with what tragic horror would he start,
 (Could he be conjur'd from the grave beneath,
 To find the stage again a Thespian cart,
 And elephants and colts down trample Shakespeare's art.'

CORBETT transmits his address to the secretary, under cover of a characteristic letter, in which he does not hesitate to give the manager a 'lick with the rough side of his tongue.' The reader will note his interrogatory manner, and how he replies, rejoins, confutes, and still confutes, as in the political articles which made his 'Register' so famous among the English yeomanry. The letter runs thus:

'SIR: To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme*, (invented by the monks to enslave the people,) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your theatre in plain, homespun, yeoman's *prose*; in the doing whereof, I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto labored under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p'orth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew Fair nonsense. All I ask is, that the door-keepers of your play-house may take all the *sets of my Register*, now on hand, and *force* every body who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterward a debtor and creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid*.

'I am, etc., w. c.'

The address is to be spoken in the character of a Hampshire Farmer, and bears the following motto, from Ovid:

——— 'Rabida qui concitus ira
 Implevit pariter ternis latratibus auras
 Et sparsit virides spumis albenibus agros.'

'MOST THINKING PEOPLE: When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, your servant.' If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are *not* Ladies and Gentlemen, but I hope something better, that is to say, honest men and women; and in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, *nor ever will be*, your humble servant. You see me here, *most thinking people*, by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a play-house before for these ten years, nor till that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a theatre with my presence. *The stage door is the only gate of freedom* in the whole edifice, and

through that I made my way from Bagshaw's in Brydges-street, to accost you. Look about you. Are you not all comfortable? Nay, never slink, mun; speak out, if you are dissatisfied, and tell me so before I leave town. You are now, (thanks to *Mr. Whitbread*,) got into a large, comfortable house. Not into a *gimcrack palace*; not into a *Solomon's Temple*; not into a frost-work of Brobdignag filagree; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, *brown, brick play-house*. You have been struggling for independence and elbow-room these three years; and who gave it you? Who helped you out of Lilliput? Who routed you from a rat-hole, five inches by four, to perch you in a palace? Again and again I answer, *Mr. Whitbread*. You might have sweltered in that place with the Greek name till Doomsday, and neither *Lord Castlereagh*, *Mr. Canning*, no, nor the *Marquis Wellesley*, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children! And now, *most thinking people*, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder, (I beg his pardon, the architect,) calls the *proscenium*. No motto, no slang, no popish Latin, to keep the people in the dark. No *Veluti in Speculum*. Nothing in the dead languages, properly so called, for they ought to die, ay, and be *darned* to boot! The Covent Garden Manager tried that, and a pretty business he made of it! When a man says *Veluti in Speculum*, he is called a man of letters. Very well; and is not a man who cries O. P. a man of letters too? You ran your O. P. against his *Veluti in Speculum*, and pray which beat? I prophesied that, though I never told any body.

I take it for granted, that every intelligent man, woman, and child, to whom I address myself, has stood severally and respectively in Little Russel-street, and cast their, his, her, and its eyes on the outside of this building, before they paid their money to view the inside. Look at the brick work, *English Audience!* Look at the brick work! All plain and smooth like a quakers' meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscribers' capitals. No overgrown colonnades of stone, like an alderman's gouty legs, in white cotton stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. This house is neither after the model of a temple in Athens, no, nor a temple in *Moorfields*, but it is built to act English plays in, and provided you have good scenery, dresses, and decorations, I dare say you would n't break your hearts if the outside were as plain as the pike-staff I used to carry when I was a sergeant. *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats; *apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*, with more gold and silver plaistered on their doublets, than would have kept an honest family in butchers' meat and flannel from year's end to year's end! I am informed, now mind, I do not vouch for the fact, but I am informed, that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with here. Lady Macbeth is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap*, (as the court parasites call it; it will be well for them if, one of these days, they do n't wear a mob cap — I mean a *white cap*, with a *mob* to look at them;) and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of

black calamanco breeches. Not *Sal-amanca* ; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most Noble Marquis, but plain, honest, black calamanco, stuff breeches. This is right ; this is as it should be. *Most thinking people*, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung fifty in a rope, like onions, by the Morning Post, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob, and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth — not *cheap soup*, *Mr. Wilberforce*, not soup for the poor at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horse's legs, brick dust, and old shoes was denominated, but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth ; take this, examine it, and you will find — mind, I do n't vouch for the fact, but I am told you will find, the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavor to explain this to you : England is a large *earthen-ware pipkin*. John Bull is the *beef* thrown into it. Taxes are the *hot water* he boils in. Rotten boroughs are the *fuel* that blazes under this same pipkin. Parliament is the *ladle* that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes — but hold, I do n't wish to pay *Mr. Neuman* a second visit. I leave you better off than you have been this many a day. You have a good house over your head ; you have beat the French in Spain ; the harvest has turned out well ; the comet keeps its distance ; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing ; and for all this, *again and again* I tell you, you are indebted to *Mr. Whitebread ! ! !*

SIR WALTER SCOTT was surely never so closely imitated, in prose or verse, as in the 'Tale of Drury.' It was directed to be spoken by Mr. KEMBLE, in a suit of the Black Prince's armor, borrowed from the Tower. Is there a single reader of 'Marmion,' who can resist the admirable wit and spirit of this broad burlesque ?

'SURVEY this shield all bossy bright ;
These cuisses twain behold ;
Look on my form in armor dight
Of steel inlaid with gold.
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles ;
These once belong'd to sable prince,
Who never did in battle wince ;
With valor tart as pungent quince,
He slew the vaunting Gaul ;
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,
While from green curtain I advance
To yon foot-lights, no trivial dance,
And tell the town what sad mischance
Did Drury Lane befall.

The Night.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,
Curling the foliage as it past,
Which from the moon-tipp'd plumage cast
A spangled light, like dancing spray,
Then reassumed its still array :
When as night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung,
It shed such soft and balmy power,
That cot and castle, hall and bower,

And spire and dome, and turret height,
Appear'd to slumber in the light.
From Henry's chapel, Rufus' hall,
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul,
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden
Town,
To Redriff, Shadwell, Horselydown,
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,
But all in deepest sleep reposed :
They might have thought, who gazed
around,
Amid a silence so profound,
It made the senses thrill,
That 't was no place inhabited,
But some vast city of the dead,
All was so hushed and still.

The Burning.

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes :
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames ;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The Playhouse is in flames !'

And lo! where Catherine-street extends,
A fairy tail its lustre lends
To every window pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguin'd drain;
Mear's new brew-house shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeon's Hall,
The ticket porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seem'd that nations did conspire,
To offer to the God of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hob-nail'd
shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Push breeches next in crimson died,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd thro' the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.
His name was Higginbottom; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view:
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:

Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo 'heads below!
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of wo,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succor one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire,)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more!
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot'em!
Were the last words of Higginbottom!

THAT ancient Cerberus of criticism, Dr. JOHNSON, figures in all his unwieldiness and prolixity; and his skill in logomachi descends, like a mantle, upon his successor. Mark the pompous truisms, and

the 'words of learned length and thundering sound.' In the stage directions, we are told: 'Ghost of Dr. JOHNSON rises from trap-door, on one side, and Ghost of BOSWELL from trap-door on the other. The latter bows respectfully to the house, and obsequiously to the Doctor's Ghost, and retires.' Literary Leviathan, *loquitur* :

'THAT which was organized by the moral ability of one, has been executed by the physical effort of many, and DRURY LANE THEATRE is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain, which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed for the accommodation of either; and he who should pronounce that our edifice has received its final embellishment, would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favor, and risking the disgrace of detection without participating the advantage of success.

'Professions lavishly effused and parsimoniously verified are alike inconsistent with the precepts of innate rectitude and the practice of external policy: let it not then be conjectured, that because we are unassuming, we are imbecile; that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit. He that is the most assured of success, will make the fewest appeals to favor; and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld. A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscicular abortions; and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity, is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets, exclaiming, 'In the name of the Prophet — figs!'

'Of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others, the exertions are directed to the revival of mouldering and obscure dramas; to endeavors to exalt that which is now rare, only because it was always worthless, and whose deterioration, while it condemned it to living obscurity, by a strange obliquity of moral perception, constitutes its title to posthumous renown. To embody the flying colors of folly; to arrest evanescence; to give to bubbles the globular consistency as well as form; to exhibit on the stage the pyebald denizen of the stable, and the half-reasoning parent of combs; to display the brisk locomotion of Columbine, or the tortuous attitudenizing of Punch; these are the occupations of others, whose ambition, limited to the applause of unintellectual fatuity, is too innocuous for the application of satire, and too humble for the incitement of jealousy.

Our refectory will be found to contain every species of fruit, from the cooling nectarine and luscious peach, to the puny pippin and the noxious nut. There Indolence may repose, and Inebriety revel; and the spruce apprentice, rushing in at second account, may there chatter with impunity, debarred by a barrier of brick and mortar from marring that scenic interest in others, which nature and education have disqualified him from comprehending himself.

'Permanent stage doors we have none. That which is permanent

cannot be removed, for if removed, it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with that ligneous barricado, which decorated with frapant and tintinabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage, and now as the exit of a lady's bed-chamber; at one time insinuating plastic Harlequin into a butcher's shop, and at another, yawning as a flood-gate to precipitate the Cyprians of St. Giles' into the embraces of Macheath. To elude this glaring absurdity; to give to each respective mansion the door which the carpenter would doubtless have given; we vary our portal with the varying scene, passing from deal to mahogany, and from mahogany to oak, as the opposite claims of cottage, palace, or castle, may appear to require.'

IN submitting the address of CRABBE, we must ask the attention of his familiar reader to the 'syllabus' or 'argument' which precedes the text. Certainly, it is not less admirable in its 'keeping,' than the main article itself, which is the perfection of imitation. It runs as follows: 'Interior of a Theatre described; Pit gradually fills. The Check-taker. Pit full. The orchestra tuned. One fiddler rather dilatory. Is reproved — and repents. Evolutions of a play-bill; its final settlement on the spikes. The gods taken to task — *and why.* * * Holywell-street, St. Pancras. Emanuel Jennings binds his son Apprentice. Not in London — and why. Episode of the Hat.' But to the poetry:

'Tis sweet to view from half past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamp-lighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury-Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

'At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

'Now the full benches, to late comers, doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing room*.

'Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling 'Pit full,' gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still, the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam. }

'See to their desks Apollo's sons repair;
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair;
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.

Now all seems hush'd — but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still;
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

'Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, 'Hats off,'
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above;
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl:
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

'Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who 's that calls 'Silence!' with such leathern lungs!
He, who, in quest of quiet, 'silence!' hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.'

After describing a motley group of play-goers, among whom are :

'The lottery cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-priced master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs;'

He passes to the 'episode of the hat:'

'John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs' shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter, a safe employ;
In Holywell Street St. Pancras he was bred,
(At number twenty-seven, it is said,) }
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head : }
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down;
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

'Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.

'Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mulline whispers, 'Take my handkerchief.'
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line;'
'Take mine,' cried Wilson, and cried Stokes, 'take mine.'
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.

Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
 Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue, }
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band,
 Upscars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
 Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regained,
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.'

It would be doing injustice to Mr. CRABBE, to omit the 'preface of apologies' which accompanied his communication. He says:

'A few words of explanation may be deemed necessary on my part, to avert invidious misrepresentation. The animadversion I have thought it right to make on the noise created by tuning the orchestra, will, I hope, give no lasting remorse to any of the gentlemen employed in the band. It is to be desired that they would keep their instruments ready tuned, and strike off at once. This would be an accommodation to many well-meaning persons who frequent the theatre, who not being blest with the ear of St. Cecilia, mistake the tuning for the overture, and think the latter concluded before it is begun.

———— 'One fiddle will
 Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still,'

was originally written 'one hautboy will;' but having providentially been informed, when this poem was upon the point of being sent off, that there is but one hautboy in the band, I averted the storm of popular and managerial indignation from the head of its blower; as it now stands 'one fiddle' among many, the faulty individual will, I hope, escape detection. The story of the flying play-bill is calculated to expose a practice much too common, of pinning play-bills to the cushions, insecurely, and frequently, I fear, not pinning them at all. If these lines save one play-bill only from the fate I have recorded, I shall not deem my labor ill employed. The concluding episode of Patrick Jennings, glances at the boorish fashion of wearing the hat in the one shilling gallery. Had Jennings thrust his between his feet at the commencement of the play, he might have leaned forward with impunity, and the catastrophe I relate would not have occurred. The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him to recover his loss, is purposely so crossed in texture and materials, as to mislead the reader in respect to the real owner of any one of them. For, in the satirical view of life and manners which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it would be, by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.'

WITH the subjoined choice bit of COLERIDGE, we close our quotations for Part One. It may be necessary to remind the reader, that the original bard once made overtures of intimacy to a jackass; but the 'babbling, jingling simplicity,' and the speculative philosophy,

upon trivial matters, need no explanation. The 'likeness' cannot fail of being recognised :

' My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware;
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad ! and you are sad, my Public !

' Joy should be yours : this tenth day of October
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins : many a day I cried,
' Ah me ! I fear they never will rebuild it !'
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles-street I prepared to walk,
Just at the corner, by the pastry-cook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick !
I look'd me up, and strait a parapet
Uprose at least seven inches o'er the planks.
* * * * * ' From that hour,
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr Spring's
Box-office door, I've stood and eyed the builders.
They had a plan to render less their labors;
Workmen in elder times would mount a ladder
With hodded heads, but these stretch'd forth a pole
From the wall's pinnacle; they placed a pulley
Athwart the pole, a rope athwart the pulley;
To this a basket dangled; mortar and bricks
Thus freighted, swung securely to the top,
And in the empty basket workmen twain
Precipitate, unhurt, accosted earth.

' Oh ! 't was a goodly sound to hear the people
Who watch'd the work, express their various thoughts !
While some believed it never would be finished,
Some, on the contrary, believed it would.

* * * * *
' Oh Mr. Whitbread ! fie upon you, Sir !
I think you should have built a colonnade;
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow,
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa,
Cries, ' There you go ! — this comes of play-houses !'
To build no portico is penny wise:
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish !'

' Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,
It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage.

* * * * *
' Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries ' Gee !'
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher, with horn-handled knife,
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick !'

The 'Baby's Début,' of WORDSWORTH, 'Drury's Dirge,' by 'LAURA MATILDA,' MOORE's 'Living Lustres,' 'The Rebuilding,' by SOUTHEY, and 'Fire and Ale,' by 'the horrid Monk LEWIS,' will form the subjects of another and concluding number. e.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

SILENCE, and night! it is the time for thought;
 And the lone dreamer turns his wearied eye,
 Out from the casement, up to the dim stars,
 And deems that from those rolling worlds comes to him
 A cheering voice. How beautiful they are —
 Those sparkling lamps in that eternal void!
 They seem like gems upon the crown of Him —
 The Lord! the crucified! They still hang there,
 Bright, as when bursting on this lower world
 Then heaving into beauty — the fair lands,
 Valleys and hills; the streams, the lakes, the seas
 With their blue depths; the ocean with its waves
 Restless forever — as when these burst forth,
 And over them God spread this canopy
 Of grandeur and of glory! There they hang,
 Emblems of his great hand who placed them there,
 And bade them roll to one eternal hymn
 Of heavenly harmony! Away — away —
 Farther and farther on, thought flies; and yet
 Reaches them not. Beyond the wild blue track
 Of this our world, it sweeps; beyond the track
 Of that ring'd orb, the heathen deified,
 Old Saturn named; beyond the path of that
 They called the Thunderer; ay, and beyond
 The track sublime, of our great burning orb,
 Hanging alone in heaven — beyond all these,
 Thought, seraph-wing'd, sweeps daringly — and yet
 Reaches not the first trace of those far fires,
 Glowing yet never fading; myriads burning
 In the blue concave, where no thought may pierce,
 Save the Eternal's. And yet those bright orbs
 Created were, and in harmonious march
 Traverse the air together. Not one of all
 Those sparkling points of scarce distinguishable flame,
 But hath its part and place in that grand scheme
 Fixed by the God of Heaven. Laws, times, place, motions,
 All these each hath; and there they roll for ever,
 Changing and yet unchanged. The wilder'd mind
 Turns from the scene amazed, and asks itself
 If this can be!

And yet, how fancy dreams
 Of those bright worlds! Tell us, ye unseen influences,
 Ye that do gather round us in these hours
 When the impassion'd world lies locked in sleep,
 And the day's whirl is over — tell us here,
 What are those rolling worlds! Are there bright scenes,
 Such as we dream of here? Are there fair realms,
 Robed in such hues as this? Do wild hills, there,
 Heave their high tops to such a bright blue heaven
 As this which spans our world? Have they rocks there,
 Ragged and thunder-rent, through whose wild chasms
 Leap the white cataracts, and wreath the woods
 With rainbow coronets? Spread such bright vales
 There in the sunlight, cots and villages,
 Turrets, and towers, and temples — dwell these there,
 Glowing with beauty? Wilderness and wild,
 Heaving and rolling their green tops, and ringing
 With the glad notes of myriad-colored birds,
 Singing of happiness — have they these there?
 Spread such bright plains there to th' admiring eye,
 Veined by glad brooks, that, to the loose white stones,
 Tell their complaint all day? Waves, spreading sheets,
 That mirror the white clouds, and moon, and stars,
 Making a mimic heaven? Streams, mighty streams —
 Waters, resistless floods, that, rolling on,
 Gather like seas, and heave their waves about,

Mocking the tempest? Ocean, those vast tides,
 Tumbling about the globe, with a wild roar,
 From age to age? And tell us, do those worlds
 Change like our own? Comes there, the soothing spring,
 Soft and sweet-voiced; and in his hands the wealth
 Of leaves to deck the forest; flowers, and scatter'd
 On the green vales and on the slopes, to fling
 Over a fairy world; and feathery winds,
 And airs, and smiling sunshine, bees and birds,
 Filling the soft savannas with the sound
 Of their low murmurings? Have they the months
 Of the full summer, with its skies, and clouds,
 And suns, and showers, and soothing fragrance, sent
 Up from a thousand tubes? And autumn, too,
 Pensive and pale — do these sweet days come there,
 Wreathing the wilderness with such gay bands
 Of brightness and of beauty, till the earth,
 Late fresh and flowering, seems like some fair bride
 Met in the month of dalliance with the frost
 Of a too killing sorrow? And, sublime —
 Within his grasp the whirlwinds, and his brows
 White with the storm of ages, and his breath
 Fettering the streams, and ribbing the old hills
 With ice, and sleet, and snow; and far along
 The sounding ocean's side his frosty chains
 Flinging, till the wild waves grow mute, or mutter
 Only in their dread caves — old Winter! he —
 Have you him there? And tell us, hath a God,
 Sentient and wise, placed there the abstruser realm
 Of thinking and of feeling? Have ye minds,
 Grasping and great like ours? And reaching souls
 That, spurning their prison, burst away, and soar
 Up to a mightier converse, than the rounds
 Of a dull, daily being? And warm hearts,
 Do they dwell there? Hearts fondly lock'd to hearts,
 Into each other's natures pouring wild
 Floods of deep feeling, and a life so sweet,
 Death doth but make it sweeter? Have ye dreamers —
 Young hearts — proud souls — that catch from every thing
 A greatness and a grandeur of delight,
 That common souls feel not? Souls that do dwell
 Only in thoughts of beauty, linking forth
 Into one mystic chain the fadeless flowers
 And wreaths of immortality? — that dwell
 Only to think and feel, and be the slaves
 Of a sad nature? And, when life is over,
 Only to take the charnel with the hope,
 A star may hang above them for the eye
 Of the far slumbering ages?

False, false, all —

And vain the wing of fancy to explore
 The track of angels! Vain thought, to fold back
 This gorgeous canopy, and send the eye
 On to those realms of glory! And the dreamer
 Turns on his couch again, and feels the nothingness
 Of poor humanity. Eternal One!
 Thou who dost look on all — the great, the good,
 Humbled or hoping — pride, or the poor wretch
 Laid on his couch of misery — thou dost watch,
 And thou hast power o'er all! Thou hast alone,
 Wrapp'd in thine own immensity, the power
 To paint a leaf, or roll ten thousand worlds
 Around the universe! O, let the heart
 Pained and in sickness here, lay its poor hope
 Low at thy feet; and trust that thou, at last,
 When thou shalt shake these heavens, and rend away
 The pillars of the universe, wilt save
 This glimmering mind now here, to be a star,
 Bright, for some other world!

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF A TRAVELLER IN THE EAST.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

THE interest that has recently been excited throughout all Europe, by the efforts for renewing the ancient communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, on the one hand, and the opening of the route to India, by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, on the other, has directed public attention to whatever could elucidate the question, as to whether the Red Sea and the Mediterranean could be advantageously united, by means of a canal, from the one to the other, so as to shorten the communication between western Europe and eastern Asia, and thus avoid the long and generally stormy voyage round the great continent of Africa, by the passage of the Cape of Good Hope.

Having taken an early and a prominent part in the inquiries which were instituted on this subject, during my travels in Egypt, I was specially solicited by its present ruler, Mohammed Ali Pasha, to undertake a journey across the Isthmus of Suez, for the double purpose, first, of examining the capacity of that port to receive vessels of a certain burthen, and inspecting its anchorages; and secondly, of traversing the desert lying between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, with the view of ascertaining whether any vestiges could still be traced of the ancient canal, said to have been begun by one of the Pharaohs, completed by Darius, and continued open up to the time of the Ptolemies. The object of these inquiries was not the mere gratification of a geographical or antiquarian curiosity, though that would have been motive sufficient to induce me to undertake the task; but it was intended as a prelude to the re-opening of the ancient commerce, which, before the circumnavigation of the Cape of Good Hope, by Vasco Da Gama, was carried on extensively and profitably by this route, between Europe and India, by which indeed Alexandria had been enriched, and by which Genoa and Venice acquired such opulence and power, as to reign sole arbiters of the dominion along the shores of these two seas.

I accordingly entered into the project with zeal, believing that whatever might be the privations of the desert journey, I should be gratified by its novelty; and hoping, that beside my own personal gratification, some public good would result from the investigation on which I was about to enter.

It was on the evening of the 14th of February, that I took my leave of the Pasha, and of the numerous friends with whom I had enjoyed so many agreeable days in Cairo, and adopting their advice, to make the journey as privately as possible, so as to avoid the danger of being followed and plundered by the way, I prepared for travelling in the garb of an Arab of the humblest class, being now sufficiently qualified for this, by my knowledge of the Arabic tongue.

DEPARTURE FROM CAIRO. — TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15th. — I had slept but little, from the diversity of thoughts by which I was agitated

during the night ; and stirring with the earliest dawn, we were dressed and equipped before sunrise. After receiving a letter of credit on Damietta, in case of our visiting that place, as well as the firman of the Pasha, to be shown only in case of need, we repaired to the okella, or stables, where our camels and their driver lodged. This individual, whose name was Phanoose, (literally a lantern, or a light for the path,) was a Bedouin Arab, from the mountain's near Horeb and Sinai ; he had been long known among the merchants of Egypt for his tried fidelity, and was constantly entrusted by them to be the bearer of large sums in gold and silver between Sinai, Tor, Suez, and Cairo. He was thus charged for a journey at present, and to his care and protection I entirely committed myself. The great caravan of four thousand camels had departed from Cairo for Suez on the preceding evening, and coinciding with him in his opinion, that it was best to avoid their track, and journey by the upper and least frequented road, to the northward of their course, we left Cairo by the Bab-el-Nasr, or Gate of Victory, for that route, about nine o'clock.

Our dresses were those of the Arab Fellahs, or Egyptian peasants, consisting of a simple shirt of blue cotton, over one of coarse calico next the skin, a coarse muslin turban for the head, and a woollen sash for the waist, with red slippers, and a blue cotton melyah, a kind of shawl, thrown loosely across the shoulders in the day, and serving for a slight covering at night. We had each long full beards, and wore sandals on our feet. Our provisions consisted of a small supply of bread, rice, butter, dates, a few hard boiled eggs and salt, some coffee, tobacco, and a goat's skin of water ; our cooking utensils comprised only an iron kettle for boiling rice, and a small coffee-pot, with two coffee-cups. Our arms were a sabre, musket, and pistols each, all of the most ordinary quality, to prevent their exciting envy, or a desire in others to possess them ; and these, with a straw mat for sleeping on, and a Bedouin cloak, or Burnoose, for a night covering, with the indispensable requisites of a pipe and tobacco-bag, completed our simple travelling equipage.

Taking a course almost due east from the gate we had left, we passed on through a narrow defile, or valley, formed by the near approach of two small yet steep hills, projecting against each other like bluff capes in miniature, leaving the ' Birket-el-Hadji,' or the Lake of the Pilgrims, the general point of rendezvous for caravans, to the north of us. The pace of our camels appeared to me light and easy, and as they bore only the few small sacks of money confided to the care of the Bedouin, beside our own baggage, their rate of progress was never less than a league in the hour. The weather was favorable for our journey ; and Phanoose occasionally broke the silence of the desert by the songs with which he cheered his camels, so that I felt my spirits growing lighter with every step we took.

We halted for an hour about noon, and made a hearty, though a hasty meal, when overtaking a small caravan of Arabs bound to Tor, we joined their humble camp, for mutual protection, about two hours before sunset. Our salutations at meeting were rather like those of long absent friends than that of perfect strangers, and their rude hospitality had in it a sincerity which enhanced its worth. The camels were unladen, and suffered to feed upon the few dry herbs that were

scattered among the sands, which, in addition to their want of moisture, had the bitterest taste that could be endured. The sacks of grain which formed the lading of those bound to Tor, were ranged on each side of us, as a shelter from the wind; our arms were mustered and examined, and we felt ourselves in a state of security.

The party we had joined were named Moosa, or Moses, a deaf gray-bearded old Bedouin, Abdallah, a negro from the mountains beyond Habesh, or Abyssinia, and Suliman and Hassan, two Arab boys, which was now increased by Phanoose, our guide, and myself. The boys being immediately despatched to collect sufficient fuel for the night, Abdallah served us with coffee, prepared over a fire of dried camel's dung, collected on the spot. Our pipes were filled from each other's sacks, as a usual interchange of compliment, and my ready acceptance of a pinch from Moosa's snuff-box, (for the Arabs who frequent Cairo have learnt this habit of the Europeans there,) brought us at once upon a footing of intimacy.

As conversation became general, it was soon discovered that my language as well as color was not exactly that of the Bedouins; the Arabic spoken in Egypt, though pure, differing materially from that of the desert; and to pass for a Turk, though perfectly easy in the present instance, would have been of no advantage, their whole race being hated and despised by the Bedouins. I therefore confessed myself to be a traveller from the west, wandering over the eastern world in search of knowledge, and of good men; and as this elicited an expression of applause, mingled with surprise, and my protector, Phanoose, honestly avowed that my life was upon his head, all things seemed likely to be turned to our advantage. Interesting as the task would have been, I found it impossible to remember the whole of the conversation which arose upon this single topic: namely, the avowed rarity of finding wisdom or honesty among men, and the grounds on which I hoped to meet with it in my travels through the world, for such appeared to them to be the state of the argument implied by my confession. But though this discussion was long, it was ingenious, and entertaining even to the end.

As it grew dark, the camels were collected together, and kneeling on the sand near us, their fore-legs were lashed in their bent position, which rendering them unable to rise, was the only precaution necessary for their safety. A small quantity of gunpowder, bruised in oil, was given to them in form of a bolus, and a bag of beans tied to their mouths, for their evening meal. Hassan and Suliman were returned with fuel for the night, and Abdallah, having in the short space of half an hour ground sufficient wheat for the party, mixed it, chaff and all, in the water of their own skin, baked cakes of it on the fire of dung, and made them, while warm, again into a paste, by breaking them in pieces, and kneading them in a wooden bowl, with oil and honey. Each of the party washed his hands in the sand, before commencing their meal, as water is too precious in the desert to be so used; and all dipping their fingers in the same dish, regaled themselves as at a feast of delicacies.

I could not refuse to join them, but it was a painful tribute to their hospitality; and keen as my appetite had been at alighting, it was more than satisfied by witnessing the preparation of our food, so that

I was compelled at last to plead fatigue, and afterward to sup unseen from my own stock; feeling, in this instance, the truth of Solomon's expression, that 'stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.' We remained awake, and were engaged in rude yet interesting festivity, until midnight, having a large fire, and one of the party always on the watch, so that we rolled ourselves in our cloaks, and sunk to rest without apprehensions of evil.

DESERT OF SUEZ. — WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH. — The shades of night had scarcely given place to the earliest gleams of morning, before we were again stirring. Coffee and the hasty cakes of yesterday were served with equal expedition, and an hour before sunrise, our little caravan was on the march. The appearance of the country was every where the same; dull sandy plains, unbroken and without variety; a wide horizon, almost like the sea, and the elevation or depression of the road seldom exceeding an angle of three degrees. In some few parts, where the sand appeared more loose and deep, were tufts of bitter herbs, and a sort of dry heath, on which the camels fed as they passed along; but by far the greater part of the track was a firm, gravelly soil, covered with white and yellow pebbles, of common flint, forming an excellent road, either for wheel carriages, cavalry, or infantry, and even for laden wagons, if necessary.

In the course of the morning, we had passed several spots strewed with logs, resembling petrifications of trees, or at least portions of their trunks, with the bark on; but remembering the discussion of that question by Volney, and his aspersions on the veracity of Père Sicard, followed by an assurance of his having examined those logs, and found them to be really stones, I passed them by, contented with admiring their close resemblance to timber, yet still wondering at the cause of their singular shape and situation, remote from rocks or quarries of any kind; my confidence in his better judgment setting the question at rest in my own mind as to their real nature, for the present. At noon, however, we passed another spot on which several of these lay, and among them were some so remarkable, that I could not resist the temptation of alighting to examine them more closely; the result of which was, a conviction of their being petrifications. I had selected one of the smallest of the trunks that I could find, among those exhibiting unequivocal characteristics, such as the bark, the circular layers, the knots, etc., intending to load it on our camels alternately, and send it back from Suez to Cairo; but the very proposition was resisted with warmth, and persevered against with obstinacy. I offered an increased sum for its conveyance, and even consented to walk myself, for the rest of the way, while my own camel carried it, as it did not exceed my own weight; but neither entreaties, threats, nor rewards, could prevail on our guide to comply with my wishes; and the silliness of the objections which he urged, only added vexation to disappointment. He knew, he said, that I was 'one of God's wandering children,' that is, an idiot or madman; and as I understood how to read books, that my search was after hidden treasures; but these, he said, were not the 'monied

stones' — for so they consider all blocks with inscriptions — as there was no writing on them. He added, that as he was himself a connoisseur of those 'receptacles of hidden wealth,' meaning blocks with hieroglyphics and inscriptions, though he was ignorant how to enrich himself by them, he would not suffer one under his protection to be imposed on by such an error of judgment, as the taking away these stones, in the hope of their being of any value. There was no replying to this mode of reasoning; and the disappointment, like all other evils, was better to be forgotten than to be pondered over, so that I affected at last to make light of the matter, and passed on to overtake the rest of our party, who, during this dispute about the petrified trunks, had gained some distance ahead of us.

In the course of the afternoon, we met several small caravans, on their way from Suez to Cairo, laden with charcoal from Sinai and Tor, and saw also straggling parties of Bedouins on foot, their arms and clothing as wretched as the imagination could possibly paint them, one in each party carrying the water-skin slung across his shoulders, and every one else apparently bearing his own provisions.

After having passed a small building, and a single tree, considerably on our left, lying nearly in the centre road, and continuing our route easterly across the same tiresome and unvarying scenery, we halted about four o'clock in a sort of loose sand, it having been pitched on for the convenience of our camels rather than ourselves, as it afforded a few shrubs for them to feed on, and soft ground for their knees.

The same duties as those of the preceding evening were again gone through; the dish of meal, oil, and honey, was again served up; but as I felt no more reconciled to it than before, I joined in appearance only, supping on the boiled rice which I had separately prepared for my own use.

DESERT OF SUEZ. — THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17TH. — The conversation of the last evening surpassing that of the preceding, both in length and variety, kept us all awake until past midnight; and in the course of it, I had often reason to be convinced that when the mind is active, and the heart at ease, even the solitude of the desert can be rendered cheerful, and have, as well as more polished circles, its gay and social parties. For myself, I had a thousand questions to ask of my Bedouin companions, as to the modes of living, feeling, and thinking, among a race so little known, whose manners, like the wilds they inhabit, have suffered scarcely any change since the age of the patriarchs, and who have, among their reputed vices, a candor, fidelity, truth, and independence, worthy the imitation of nations and people the most refined. In fact, so powerful was my desire of correct information on those subjects, that but for its incompatibility with the object of duty in pursuit, I would willingly have retired with them into the depth of their retreats, and have borne all the inconveniences of living among them, for a few months at least. I regretted even the small portion of time which was necessarily allotted to recruit the fatigues of the day by sleep, and thought every hour thus passed, so much lost of an opportunity not to be recalled.

When we started, therefore, which was by the faint light of the morning moon, I found myself as tired as when we had first broken up our conference to retire to rest; though a cup of coffee, the motion of the camel, and the renewed chain of inquiries which sleep had interrupted, very gradually restored me.

Our route to-day lay through a more broken country, but neither hilly nor rocky; the ascents and descents were in general more sudden, but there was still a tiresome want of variety, nor had the country yet changed its character of an irregular sandy plain. About noon, the high mountains of Adaga interposed their blue bulk in the south-east, and were interesting from mere contrast; dead camels were seen occasionally upon the sands, and the bleached skeletons of those whose bones had long been bared by the sun and wind, were visible at a distance of many miles, on the edge of the horizon. We saw neither jackalls, hyenas, nor antelopes, in this part of the desert. A few solitary ravens, of a large size, and the finest glossy jet, appeared to enjoy undisturbed the empire of the plain; for beside these, we saw no other living creatures, except some flocks of quails, a few gray swallows, hardly distinguishable in color from the surface of the sands they skimmed, and a beautifully delicate lizard, of about three inches only in extreme length, whose form and colors might vie with the most exquisite of nature's animated productions; its topaz eyes, and silky, spotted skin, were the richest combinations of variety that could be seen; and its panting timidity, when held in the hand, gave an additional glow to every tint. When suffered to escape, the rapidity of its pace, and resemblance of general hue to the sand itself, rendered it difficult to be distinguished; nor could the eye follow it, but for the serpentine track left by the print of its feet and tail upon the surface of the smooth sand, forming a wavy chain, of a delicacy and regularity as surprising as it was perfect.

It was not before the usual hour of the evening halt, that we gained sight of the Castle of Adjerood, a caravanserai, a short march from Suez; and it was then some miles distant. I had already suffered so much in my eyes, which were by no means recovered from the effects of the ophthalmia when we left Cairo, and the back part of my neck was now also so blistered by exposure to the sun, that I was anxious to reach some shelter for the night, especially as the wind had risen very high, and annoyed us by the clouds of sand with which it filled the air. I therefore desired that we might continue our march until we gained the caravanserai, where we might regale at leisure, and sleep in comfort and security. Neither of the Arabs urged the slightest objection to the prolongation of our march; but all refused to enter the walls of Adjerood, and preferred to sleep unsheltered in the open air. This contempt of enclosed dwellings had been deeply rooted in their minds by early impressions, and was confirmed by habit: and to this they added another reason. 'Are you not now with friends and honest men,' said they, 'with whom you may trust your gold uncounted, and will you enter among thieves and robbers, where one eye must be waking while the other sleeps?' It was impossible to change their opinion of men in civilized life, whom they characterized as treacherous and deceitful, from the Sultan to the Fellah; or to persuade them of there being many bright exceptions to

the general wickedness of mankind. 'Mahommed Ali Basha,' said they, 'is he not a robber of the highest class, living on the plunder of the people, (for so they consider taxes of every description,) and obliging them to be dishonest, that they may be able to answer his never-ceasing demands? And has he not carried the war into Arabia, rather to gain the riches of the Wahabees, than to change their religion?' These questions were unanswerable; and when I endeavored to explain to them the necessity of individual sacrifices for the public good, and of general contributions toward the maintenance of national security, they replied in terms as expressive as they were laconic: 'Let every man's industry be his provider; his vigilance his protector; and his own courage his defender.' As there was no sophistry in their arguments, so they were not easily to be refuted; and a consciousness of its truth in their own minds, as forming the real principles of their general conduct, occasioned them to be firmly adhered to.

It was only in consideration, therefore, of my eyes suffering from exposure to the night air, that my request was complied with, and our conference on this subject continued even until we reached the walls themselves. It was by that time past sun-set, and as the evening was cloudy, it had grown extremely dark; the gates of the castle were shut, and not a voice was to be heard from within. Phanoose, however, by loud knocking, brought a porter to the wicket, whom, instead of entreating for our admission as a favor, he loaded with manly reproof for closing his gate against the weary stranger. 'What is your castle built for,' said he; 'to maintain a lazy governor and his train? — or did not Sultan Selim, and the holy Sheick, both found a caravanserai, which you have converted into a fort?' The man replied as loudly, and with equal warmth, until the dispute grew so serious, that I was afraid at last shelter would be absolutely refused us. Phanoose entered, however, by force, unbarred the large gate, and with great difficulty drew his camels after him, the animals seeming to be as averse to enter enclosed buildings as their master.

Phanoose, the Bedouin Arab, refused, however, to remain in the castle, among 'thieves and tyrants,' as he invariably called the Turks who occupied it; and though he left our camels within the walls, he took his sacks of money with him, and joined the camp of his companions on the outside, in the open plain. After he left us, I was soon surrounded by the attendants of the place, and our evening was passed in obtaining from them some information as to the age and nature of this establishment.

Adjerood is a square enclosure of stone walls, about a hundred feet in length on each of its sides, and flanked at the angles with round towers, not exceeding the height of the walls themselves, which may be about twenty-five feet. It has one large gate only, with a wicket entrance, and the interior is merely an open court, with a range of low and mean chambers running round the whole square of the walls. Near it is an enclosed well, upward of two hundred feet in depth, but yielding only foul and brackish water, though shaded by the tomb of a venerated saint.

The Arabs say it was built by Sultan Selim, but know not the

date of its erection, though all agree that it was founded as a caravanserai for passengers, on account of the adjacent well. Its architecture is plain and solid, resembling the style so prevalent in the Arabian buildings of the last and preceding century, that is, of the Saracenic order, but of inferior execution to the works of the Caliphs. At the present moment, it is called a fort, and maintains a Turkish governor and twenty Arabs, with four rusty cannon, badly mounted, and all of different calibre and construction, the largest not exceeding an English four-pounder. Its professed object is the securing of deserters, Albanians, Greeks, etc., from the public service, as it lies near the junction of the three roads to Cairo, and as far as the apprehension of straggling individuals is intended, may be effectual. Officers, soldiers, and messengers of the government, also halt here in their way, but other passengers, except by favor of the governor, never.

ARRIVAL AT SUEZ. — FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH. — We were roused before sunrise, and taking our breakfast on the sands, without the walls, loaded our little caravan and departed, taking leave of the venerable old Moosa, Abdallah, and the Bedouin boys, who continued their route easterly, to pass round the arm of the Red Sea above Suez, while we branched off more southerly toward the town.

An hour after setting out, we reached another enclosed building, but of a much ruder kind, the interior of which I did not see, although we alighted for that purpose, as the occupants of it refused to open the doors without a positive order from the Aga himself. Without the walls was a large trough, out of which our camels drank, though the water was blacker, and of a stronger smell, than the foulest bilge-water I had ever seen. The bitter, dry, and thorny herbs on which these creatures fed in the desert, and their capability of swallowing water like this, surprised me even more than the fatigues and privations they have the power of sustaining in their desert marches.

On leaving this building or watering-place, the scenery gradually improved. The high mountains of Adaga on our right were grand and picturesque; the sea opened to our view; and the town, the harbor, and port of Suez, with the few vessels at anchor there, were all interesting objects, after so monotonous a journey in point of scenery as ours had been.

We reached Suez about ten o'clock, and alighted at the OkeHa of the Greeks, but finding there neither accommodation for ourselves or camels, we waited immediately on Hassan Aga, the governor, to whom I presented my letter from the Kiah Bey, the Pasha's representative at Cairo. My reception was extremely favorable, and I was offered a seat beside him on the same sofa, an explanation as to the motive of my disguise having removed the prejudicial impression created by the appearance of my Bedouin dress.

After an hour's conversation on the affairs of Europe, the state of the war in Arabia, and other topics of mutual inquiry, an officer was directed to show me a room in an adjoining house, where I took up my quarters for a short stay, and had reason to be pleased with its situation, as it received the cool breezes of the north-east, and over-

looked the small harbor for boats, abreast of the town. It was soon furnished with our own mat and cooking-utensils, neither chairs nor tables being known here ; and the luxuries of undressing and enjoying a clean change of linen, were of the highest kind.

After dining on a rice pilau at noon, I passed three or four hours agreeably in rambling through the town ; and the evening was spent with the governor, whose divan was filled with visitors of all classes ; soldiers, merchants, traders from Yemen, and Arabs from all parts of the surrounding country. Even Phanoose paid his respects to the governor in person, filled his pipe, and was served with coffee by the men in waiting ; but he persisted in his motive being rather to take care of me, than to gratify himself. Upon the whole, indeed, I had much reason to be pleased with my reception and entertainment by the governor, Hassan Aga, who was more polite and intelligent than the generality of Turks in corresponding situations.

TOWN OF SUEZ. — FEBRUARY 19th. — I was visited, very early in the morning, by an old Arab, of Suez, who spoke a few words in English, and who showed me some Grammatical Exercises in that language, with corresponding phrases in Turkish and Arabic, written by a Mr. John Jones, supercargo at this port, for the House of Forbes and Company at Bombay, some few years since ; as well as by a Greek captain of a vessel, who had been in London, and who spoke Italian very intelligibly ; and obtaining from Hassan Aga, the governor, one of his soldiers as a guide, I was accompanied by those three in my walks through the town, to which I devoted most of the day, examining its interior, as well as making the circuit of its walls.

As a station for transporting the merchandise of the Red Sea to Cairo, and shipping off supplies of grain from Egypt to Arabia, considering the limited extent of the trade at the present moment, Suez answers the purpose most effectually ; but as a *town*, scarcely any assemblage of houses, to which that name is given, can be imagined less deserving it. Situated on a point of land, faced by shallows toward the sea, and having a wide desert behind it, not a tree, a bush, or a blade of verdure, is any where to be seen. It has been recently enclosed with miserable walls, formed of stones loosely piled together, without cement, and having a range of loop-holes for musketry ; though one need only be within ten paces of them, to be convinced that they would fall before the first discharge of half a dozen field-pieces. This wall surrounds it on three sides, leaving it open toward the north-east, where are the wharves for loading, and the scala for the boat harbor. The whole circuit of the town is, however, less than two British miles, its greatest length being north-west and south-east, and its shape irregular.

The many open spaces within the walls of Suez, unoccupied by buildings, leave little more than five hundred separate houses, among which are a great number ruined by the French, during the campaign in Egypt ; others forming the temporary habitations of strangers, and others again used only as magazines for merchandise. Like the majority of their dwellings at Cairo, the basements are built of hewn free-stone, above which wooden balconies project into the

street, resting on the ends of stone beams, and the upper parts of the walls are built either of unburnt brick, or wood, with latticed windows, in the Arabic style. The lower door-ways, too, are generally surmounted with the carving and pointed arch of the Saracenic age, and appear to have been originally well finished. There are, proportioned to its size, an equal number of starving dogs, ragged Arabs, ugly women, and filthy children, as in the metropolis of Egypt itself; and its general resemblance of aspect, proves its close affinity to the capital, as no colony could preserve the features of its great original, in a more unadulterated manner than they are displayed here.

Although there is nothing at Suez which can deserve the name of a fortification, a company of forty or fifty soldiers are stationed here, and eight or ten pieces of cannon are mounted in different directions; but, like all the Turkish artillery I have yet seen, they are little calculated for show, and still less for service. Three mosques, and one small Greek chapel, are all the places of worship in the town; and these offer the best guide as to the proportion of numbers between the Mahommedan and Christian worshippers who visit them for devotion.

The fixed resident population, I have been assured from various quarters, does not exceed one thousand persons, employed as tradesmen, merchants, mechanics, porters, etc., while there are frequently in the town from two to ten thousand strangers, arriving either in caravans from Egypt, or in vessels from Arabia, and consisting of persons as varied as the quarters from whence they come; but as these are almost invariably the bearers of their own provisions, neither scarcity, nor an increased circulation of money, attend their arrival or departure, more particularly as their stay seldom exceeds a few days.

The first great necessary of life, and one for which so few substitutes can be found, is as deficient in quantity, as it is disagreeable in taste. Every drop of water consumed here, except that used by camels, is brought in skins from wells in the neighboring deserts, and from the opposite coast of Arabia; the summer price being about three pence per skin, though by strangers it can only be drank either in coffee, wine, or spirits; the two last of which are articles scarcely ever to be found here, at any price. Although their supplies of the best Egyptian wheat are always regular, they make worse bread here than in any part of the East; and nothing but extreme hunger could make it palatable. No other meat than mutton is sold, and this is coarse, tough, lean, and exorbitantly dear; fowls, five piastres, or a dollar each; eggs ten paras, or three pence each; milk and butter, brought only to the governor and his officers; and fish, though said to abound in this sea, of bad quality, and extremely scarce. Under such circumstances, it is rather to be wondered at that its stationary inhabitants are not still less in number: but what are the privations to which the pursuit of gain will not reconcile men? — or the severer dictates of necessity enable them to bear?

Our evening was passed again at the governor's, in as large a company, and as agreeably, as the preceding one. By turning the conversation on localities, the inhabitants were flattered, and at the

same time it furnished me with many interesting particulars, with which I could only have become acquainted by indirect inquiry, but which were of value as completing more and more that species of information which it was the express object of my visit to obtain.

PORT OF SUEZ. — FEBRUARY 20. — Hassan Aga, the governor, had engaged to take me over the harbor, and on board the vessels in port, in his own boat, this morning; but intelligence reaching him of the arrival of the grand caravan, from Cairo, which had set out the day before we left that city, he was prevented from accompanying me, and politely begged my acceptance of his boat and eight men for the day. We left the wharf at an early hour, and taking with me the Greek captain and our attendant of yesterday, we steered out into the deep channel, the banks being dry at low water, and the wind from the southward. We first visited a ship of four hundred tons, and a brig of about three hundred, the former ready to depart for Jeddah, laden with grain, brought across the desert from Egypt; the latter recently arrived from thence in ballast. Both of these were vessels belonging to the Pasha; they were nearly new, and had been built in the yard at Suez; nor were they, either in their construction or equipment, inferior to the ships of the Adriatic. Each of them was armed with fourteen guns, manned with a very motley crew of fifty men, and commanded by Greeks of the Archipelago, under Turkish flags.

After obtaining from their commanders all the local information they could afford me, relative to the prevailing winds, weather, and navigation of the Red Sea, we procured from them a hand-lead and line, and with the chart and compass I possessed, we proceeded to survey the harbor, and take the soundings and bearings of the best anchorage-berths. It was a long and tedious duty, with so bad a boat's crew; but as the weather was extremely favorable, I succeeded in executing it much to my own satisfaction; and had the whole of the best anchorages marked with their accurate bearings, and their depth in fathoms, upon the chart.

Mr. Browne, the African traveller, in his work, says: 'At Suez, I observed, in the shallow parts of the adjacent sea, a species of weed, which was of a hue between scarlet and crimson, and of a spongy nature. Perhaps this, if found in abundance, may have given the recent name to this sea; for this was the Arabian Gulf of the ancients, whose 'Mare Erythræum,' or Red Sea, was the Indian Ocean. This weed was perhaps the *Suph* of the Hebrews, whence again *Suph*, their name for this sea.' I sought personally, and by inquiries among them, after such a weed, but neither saw nor heard of any other than the common brown weed of the English channel, approaching nearer in color to those floating fields which are carried northward by the Gulf of Florida stream, and having rather a yellowish than a reddish hue. Even this, however, was by no means abundant, any more than the beautiful shells of which he speaks, and which are found only to the southward.

We returned in the evening with a light southerly breeze against the ebb tide, and had scarcely landed, before the wind flew round

to the north-west, and blew with great violence, increasing with the night.

As a port, Suez is infinitely superior to Cosseir, farther down the Red Sea; and the difficulty of access to it from the southward, on account of the prevailing northerly winds, may be considered as its greatest if not its only disadvantage. When the port is gained, however, the shelter from those winds, under the high land of Mount Adaga, is secure; the depth of water, from two-and-a-half to ten fathoms, is convenient; and the holding ground, being firm sand, is good. The prevalence of fine weather will generally allow good anchorages to be deliberately chosen; and for the same reason, berths may be shifted at pleasure. The tides, having not more than five or six feet rise and fall, are not violent in their rate of ebb and flow, and are but little influenced by winds. The time of high water, at full and change, is about twelve o'clock at noon, the new moon of to-day affording me an opportunity of actual observation; and from the testimonies of others, those tides are extremely regular in their courses and returns.

Vessels lightened of their cargoes, and laden boats, pass from the outer harbor to the town, through the deep channel, at all times of tide; and for small boats, there is water through the shallow channel at about a quarter flood. Cargoes may be therefore shipped and landed in the large barks of the country, with perfect safety; the distance of the anchorage to the wharves being at least three miles, would render the use of ship's boats unnecessary, unless to tow against the wind or tide.

Of the vessels now actually employed in the trade of the Red Sea, from Suez only, there are upward of a hundred sail, including the dows, or boats of forty to sixty tons each. These bring from Mocha, Jedda, Yambo, and the ports of the south, coffee, gums, spices, drugs, Indian pepper, etc., and return thence with Egyptian corn. Their passages to the southward are in general short and favorable; but in beating up the Red Sea, their practice is to turn to windward during the day, and anchor on the coast until morning, as the northerly winds die away at sun set, and make night anchorages safe. For this purpose, they are provided with light anchors and grass cables, and these in more than usual abundance, from their liability to loss by the chafing of the coral rocks. Fresh water is bad and scarce through every part of the Red Sea; it is therefore an article of expense, and one that requires rigid economy in its use. The fountains of Ayoon, on the Asiatic coast, supply ships at Suez for their voyage to the southward, and at Tor they generally touch to replenish, after a long passage up.

The wages of sailors are low, and their provisions cheap, being chiefly rice, coffee, ghee or butter, and corn, etc.; but they are so unskilful in their profession, that a double crew is almost indispensable to insure the safety of the voyage. The pilots of the port are also extremely ignorant of their duty, and every thing combines to render capacity and vigilance the more necessary on the part of those who may be entrusted with the direction of vessels in this sea. The magazines for the reception of goods are cheap, and sufficiently secure for a climate in which it seldom rains. Camels for their con-

veyance to Cairo can always be depended on, and the slight escort of a field-piece and twenty or thirty cavalry, may be considered ample protection against the plundering wanderers of the desert.

The want of docks at Suez, the necessity of having every material either for building or repairs brought by the caravans from Egypt, the difficulty of heaving a vessel down, from the existence of a tide, and of leaving her dry on the beach, from the insufficiency of its rise and fall, are all serious obstacles to the making it a naval arsenal, or to the giving ships even a temporary refit in its harbor. Vessels trading from India hence, should therefore be invariably coppered, and so complete in their equipments, as to have on board every thing necessary for their own repairs : the simple articles of a needle or a skein of twine to repair a bread-bag, a bung for a water-cask, or a broom to sweep the decks with, being as difficult to be found here as a mast, an anchor, or a cable.

In visiting the small yard for building, where two vessels were on the stocks, I could not but remember the very curious observations of Mr. Browne on the subject, during his visit here. He says : ' The Arab mode of building is singular, for they use no art to bend the timbers, none of which are crooked, unless naturally so, and where the upper and lower ribs join, they do not pass over one another, but by the side of each other ! ' There are few subjects perhaps on which literary men are more liable to error, than on that of maritime affairs. When those errors are of a trifling kind, they are very pardonable ; but when they display a total ignorance of the matter on which they treat, one cannot but regret that they should so commit themselves, by a misapplication of talents, or by venturing remarks on affairs with which they are not conversant. In the present instance, more particularly, had Mr. Browne been in the slightest degree acquainted with the principles of ship-building, or known only the outlines of marine architecture, he would have found that those very characteristics of the Arabian mode, were also the leading features of our own ; and that from a first rate line-of-battle ship, down to a frigate's launch, it is the universal practice of the British yards ; first, because artificially-bent wood for knees and floor timbers, would be inferior in strength to those preserving the natural form of their growth ; and secondly, that the side-joining of the ribs gives double strength to their immediate point of union, and admits a smooth surface for planking ; whereas, to obtain this, the timbers, or the upper and lower ribs, as he terms them, were joined by passing *over* each other, it would be necessary to taper off the extremities of each, to form a smooth surface for the reception of the outer plank, when the point of union between the timbers, where most strength is required, would, by such a method, be made the weakest.

The artisans of this naval yard are all Greeks of the Archipelago, chiefly from Idra, Ipsera, and Mitylene, and are not inferior in the knowledge of their art to the ship-wrights of the Mediterranean. Their supplies of building-timber are chiefly from the coast of Carmania, in Asia Minor, transported by way of Cairo and the Nile ; their spars, cordage, sails, pitch, tar, anchors, guns, etc., are drawn either from Constantinople or the Black Sea ; and all this renders the building of a vessel and her outfit extremely expensive here,

Lord Valentia remarks, that Suez labors under considerable disadvantages from its situation at the extremity of a narrow and difficult gulf, down which the wind blows nine months in the year. 'In early times, says he, it was some counterbalance, that a canal communicated with the most fertile part of Egypt, by which they could be supplied with grain for exportation to Arabia. Yet with all this, the Ptolemies, who were good judges of what was for the best, thought it advisable to establish a new emporium at Berenice, (lower down the Red Sea,) though it obliged them to convey the goods upward of two hundred miles over land to Coptos, before they could be embarked on the Nile. From all this disadvantage of situation, even if the canal again existed, Berenice would be preferable to Suez.'

On the fact of Suez having, in many respects, a disadvantageous situation, and on the propriety of the reasons assigned, no one would differ from his lordship, any more than they would doubt the historical truth of the Ptolemeian establishment of Berenice. Under so wealthy, so powerful, and so well regulated a government, as that by which Egypt then flourished, when the dominion of the desert was maintained by the intervening posts between the Red Sea and the Nile, and when the transportation of merchandise both by land caravans, and river fleets, were *both* attended with security of property to all concerned, such a route as that of Berenice and Coptos was preferable; because the imperfect state of navigation in those days rendered the perils of the upper part of the Red Sea more dreadful than at present, and the shortening of a vessel's voyage of more importance.

At this moment, however, the case is very different. Grain forming the chief, and one might almost say the only, staple article of exportation from Egypt to Arabia, can be had no where in such abundance, and with such facility of transportation, as at Suez; because of its being nearer to the most fertile provinces of Lower Egypt, the grain of which is firmer, and better fitted for exportation, than that of the Said, or Upper Egypt; and because the road thence is not one-third the distance of the Coptos route, is less mountainous, and more clear from the attacks of free-booters; thus affording a facility of transportation across its firm gravelly plains, which renders the loss of the ancient canal of less importance than is imagined. The conveyance of the grain down the Red Sea, when once embarked, is performed in one-fourth of the time that it could be, if sent from the Delta in boats, to be conveyed to Berenice, by ascending the Nile to Kenh. Thus far as regards the exportations; and to the mode of importation, many of the same remarks would apply. Supposing, then, the ports of Berenice and Suez to be equally good and safe, it remains for us to judge, whether the additional distance by sea — at a period like the present, when that sea is so much better known, navigation so much more perfect, and ships themselves so much better constructed, both for safety and despatch, with only one discharge of cargo, and its transportation immediately to the capital, by a securer and a shorter route — is not more advantageous than the landing of merchandise at Berenice, farther south; having it conveyed a treble distance, across a mountainous track of desert to the Nile,

where its remoteness from the metropolis would render all caravans more liable to attack and plunder; its second embarkation on the Nile, necessarily divided into smaller portions suited to the capacity of the boats; its liability to damage on the way; and again its discharge at Cairo, doubling the whole distance of the Red Sea passage, independent of the detentions occasioned by every change from ships to camels, from camels to boats, and from boats to camels again. I think no man can hesitate in deciding for the preference of Suez over Berenice, who weighs well the reasons assigned.

TOWN OF SUEZ, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST. — The entry into Suez of the grand caravan, which had commenced early on the morning of yesterday, and promised not to finish in less than two days more, had already filled the town with bustle and variety. The arrival of two vessels from Jedda, and one from Yambo, had also increased the number of strangers, and by this mixture of visitors from Arabia and Egypt, we had every shade of color, in countenance and costume.

My own Arab dress enabling me to mix in the crowd without fear of being detected as a Christian, or of even attracting notice at all, I was agreeably occupied throughout the day in that sort of strolling observation which makes even lounging both delightful and instructive. The number of camels composing this caravan exceeded four thousand, with at least half that number of Bedouin guides. There was also an escort of Turkish cavalry, and a company of infantry, beside a number of traders, agents, etc., accompanying their own property, forming, with the arrivals by sea, an additional population of five or six thousand strangers. The goods brought by this caravan were chiefly grain for Arabia, Egyptian cotton, manufactured for sail-cloth, timber, planks, and oars for boats, of which several were ordered to be built for the Pasha, and a few articles of private speculation for the southern markets, such as gay-colored cloths, articles of dress, and common fire-arms.

In such a motley multitude as were thus brought together from opposite quarters of the globe, infinite as their varieties of dress and features were, there still existed those marked distinctions by which they could be classed. The Bedouin was as easily recognised by the poverty of his dress, and air of independence, as was the Turk by the gaudy colors of his apparel, and the look of contemptuous disdain with which he eyed every one around him. The Yambo mariner, black and half naked, with bushy, uncombed hair, that almost concealed his face; the sable-turbaned Greek; the bearded sanctity of the returning Hadji from the holy city of Mecca; the green-capped descendant of the prophet; the cunning trader of Jedda, and the richer merchants of Yemen, were all to be recognised by distinct peculiarities. There was one feature however, in which they all agreed, and which, to the native of a country where the practice is unnecessary and forbidden, cannot fail to be observed; that is, their passion for wearing arms, in the use of which, perhaps few people could be found more unskilful, or to the practice of which, as far as actual warfare is implied, there are certainly none

more naturally averse. Yet from the Aga, who sacrifices even domestic comforts to the useless splendor of a kanjar or dagger, down to the naked negro, who with a ragged waist-cloth only, and without a sufficiency of either bread or water, will yet pride himself on his heavy sabre, or a crooked knife braced to his arm, not an individual is to be seen, who enjoys that privilege from his faith, without weapons, the weight of which literally incommodes him in his walk.

On our return from the stroll of the day, we passed the evening in a crowded Divan, at the governor's, and remained with him to supper, in which we were joined only by his principal officers; the rest having retired after sunset prayers, and joined us again to smoke their evening pipes. The governor's attentions to me were more than usually polite; and his communications, in answer to all the questions I asked him, were given with great freedom and intelligence.

TOWN OF SUEZ, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22. — I had fixed our departure on my desert journey in search of the remains of the ancient canal, for this morning, but, as is usual on most occasions of setting out, whether by land or water, new difficulties arose, and obstacles were now for the first time supposed to exist. The route I had marked out for our journey across the desert, was to follow the track of the ancient canal, by the salt marshes to the northward of Suez, pass by the spot marked in Arrowsmith's chart, as the ruins of Serapeum and Aboukechied, and entering the cultivated plain of Egypt at the ancient Thaubastus, turn by Herdopolis to Balbeis. Every one whom we consulted on the subject, declared this journey to be impracticable, without great personal risk. This part of the desert, it was said, was traversed by the Syrian Bedouins, who are enemies to those of Tor, and our being robbed and stripped was a matter of certainty in the opinion of Phanoose; but, as he observed, 'Allah! kereem!' — 'God is merciful.' The governor very kindly offered me an escort of his own soldiers, but I was too well aware of its expense, to accept it; and as my desire of accomplishing the journey was unconquerable, we prepared to depart alone, hoping to find security in the smallness of our party, and in the appearance of poverty we should assume. Our guide at length refused to depart without an additional sum of fifty piastres for the journey, a demand which I as strenuously resisted, and as both parties were obstinate, it bade fair to detain us for the day.

Noon came without a change of determination on either side, and I passed the latter part of the day most agreeably in a walk along the southern beach of the town of Suez, from whence the marine scenery is grand and interesting. On the right, the high and rocky summits of Adaga are boldly picturesque, and the plain leading to Tor and Sinai, which is terminated by a broken range of Asiatic mountains on the left, with the unintercepted horizon of the sea in the southern offing, form altogether a subject worthy the pencil of a Claude. The air was beautifully calm, and the serenity of that unbroken silence which every where reigned around, was like a momentary slumber of animated nature. I was perfectly alone; and

nothing could have been more favorable than the present moment, either as it regarded the state of things, or of my own disposition to receive it, for an interview with that hoary sage from whom Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds; but I was not so highly favored, though I remembered here, with all that superior pleasure which local interest can add even to the most beautiful productions, the poetic and ingenious fragment of Moore's, which he calls 'A Vision of Philosophy,' the subject or hero of which he thus describes.

'In Plutarch's Essay on the decline of oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the *genii* and the nymphs. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place.' The odor of his breath, however, and the sports of his dalliance, had but little inducement to quit the circle of those nymphs and *genii* of the skies, to be wasted upon this deserted spot. The period of the year in which he usually became visible was not perhaps arrived, or the ages in which he condescended to visit mortals were irrecoverably past. What beauties, however, did those lines derive from contrast, when I remembered them on those barren sands!

'T was on the Red Sea coast, at eve, we met
The venerable man; a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That towered upon his brow; as when we see
The gentle moon, and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke,
'T was language sweetened into song — such holy sounds
As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
Prelude to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh! and still, as he unclosed
His sacred lips, an odor all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium, breathed around!
With silent awe we listened, while he told
Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of Time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beamed in glimpses through it!

From this spot I extended my ramble round the southern beach, where vestiges of ancient buildings are seen in several places distinguishable along the edge of the present town of Suez, among the heaps of pottery and brick, which invariably accompany the wreck of settlements annihilated or destroyed. Over a sheik's tomb here is reared the fragment of a granite pillar, and upon the wharves are still lying portions of white marble columns.

After making the circuit of the walls, I ascended the mound which retains the name of Kolzoum, the very base of which is washed by the sea, as it is not more than one hundred yards from the gate of Suez. Among all this heap, however, not a vestige remains of any kind of building, not even the fragment of a wall, a pillar, or a foundation: nor could I find, after diligent search, any thing like the remains of

the stone pipes which Mr. Brown saw, for the purpose, as it appeared to him, of conveying water to the site of Kolzoum, from Bir Naha, or the well of Naha. Major Rennell very correctly remarks, that this is a well, situated some miles to the east of Suez, and on the opposite side of the inlet of the sea that passes before it. 'One may conclude,' he adds, 'that this work was unnecessary during the existence of a canal from the Nile;' and he might have said, too, that it must have been carried underneath a broad though shallow arm of the sea, to the opposite coast; a work of labor and expense, which, compared with its object, is not at all probable, since water could always be conveyed with facility and despatch in boats, in the small quantities which all the wells of the neighborhood produce, and which at different seasons of the year are dry. Nothing, in short, remains of the ancient Kolzoum, but one continued heap of rubbish; its destruction is complete; and by a collection of stones within an entrenchment at the top, it would seem to have been recently used as a post of defence.

In the very learned and masterly discussion of Major Rennell, on the Isthmus of Suez and its canals, when endeavoring to establish the distance between Serapeum and Pelusium, he says: 'The position of the former is unknown, but by circumstances, it ought to be near the head of the Gulf of Suez, and to Arsinoë of course; but this latter must have been more to the north than Suez, as the sea has retreated, and is constantly retreating to the south, and has even left Kolzoum, which was a port in the time of the Caliphs, three quarters of a mile inland; therefore Arsinoë may have been full a mile to the northward of Suez.' (p. 454.) Having this memorandum among my extracts for observation, I was the more anxious to satisfy myself whether this mass of ruins, although still called by the inhabitants here, Kolzoum, was really the site of that settlement or not. My elevated situation enabled me to distinguish from its summit the smallest object for several miles to the northward, across the sandy plain, if any such objects existed. The wells of Suez and Adjerood were in sight to the north-west, and the sandy beach along which the arm of the sea, extending beyond Suez, flows, continued its course to the north, inclining easterly; but in all this range of view, neither mound, rubbish, or fragment of any kind, was to be seen, to indicate the situation of former buildings: and all whom I consulted, agreed that the spot on which I stood was the only one near Suez, containing ancient remains, distinguishable from the sands. Yet this mound has the sea flowing up to its very base, and stretching beyond it to the northward, inclining easterly for three or four miles at least. To what settlement the granite and marble columns, lying scattered at Suez, could have belonged, whether to Arsinoë or Kolzoum, I am at a loss to determine. The known indolence of the Turks, and their indifference to the transportation of such fragments, more particularly as they lie broken and unused for any purpose, induce one to conclude, that they occupy the original place of their destruction, or their fall; and coupling this with Mr. Brown's opinion that Suez itself is a comparatively modern town, and probably built within the last three hundred years, of which it bears every appearance, as well as having been unknown to travellers of a more ancient date, I am disposed

to think that Suez itself, including the mound without its northern gate, occupies the very site of Kolzoum, and that Arsinoë might then have been more to the northward, as Rennell describes it; the remains, from being more ancient, having disappeared, by the united agencies of an undermining sea, and the overwhelming sands by which it was surrounded, toward the land.

Returning from my evening walk, I supped at the governor's, and remained there late in a crowded divan, a rich merchant from Jedda having paid his personal respects to Hassan Aga. After evening prayers, performed with all possible solemnity, these bearded elders amused themselves in playing tricks upon an old Hadji, or Pilgrim, whom the governor retained among his dependants as a buffoon; among a number of other devices, the loading his pipe with gunpowder beneath the tobacco, so as to explode while smoking, and placing fire in the small outer cup in which they serve coffee, so as to burn his fingers, and make him forego his hold, were applauded by loud bursts of laughter, which, from the contrast of their general gravity, came from them with a very borrowed grace indeed.

Taking leave of this Turkish Aga, to whose kindness I had been much indebted, I retired to rest, and the differences with my guide, Phanoose, being amicably adjusted, the next sunrise was fixed for our departure on the Desert Journey of Investigation, already adverted to. The results of this will be given in the ensuing number.

THE EVER-PRESENT.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I've seen the blushing dawn on India's mountains,
When, bathed in gold, the sun kissed the blue sea,
And I have cooled my limbs in Ganga's fountains;
And then, O God! alone I thought on Thee,
By Ganga's fountains, thought alone on Thee!

And I have dwelt within the polar sphere,
Mid realms of crystal ice, and marked the stars,
Reflecting halos of celestial light,
Brighter than Hindol's gems or Nared's spars,
Through the protracted reign of arctic night;
And there, O God! alone I thought on Thee,
Mid frozen oceans, thought alone on Thee!

Beneath the tropic's arid, scorching heat,
On the Bahamas, have I panting stood;
Viewing thy wonders in the coral beds,
Which spread, in endless vines, beneath the flood;
And gazing on the golden sands and sea,
My thoughts were fixed, O God! alone on Thee!

I've stretched my arms o'er thrones, where once did reign
The plume-crown'd Incas of a southern world;
Sons of the Sun! kings of the vestal fire,
Who realms have lost, and desolation hurled;
In the deep mine I've stood, adoring Thee,
Thinking alone, my God! alone on Thee!

MY YEARS.

I AM not what I was. I feel these years
 Have done sad office for me; and that time,
 Which I had dreamed might fling around the path
 On which I ventured, something of that light
 Which cheers life like a halo, has but cast
 A sickly shadow o'er my pilgrimage,
 And made thus far what I had deemed should be
 A course for men to point at and admire,
 Only an upward strife of weariness —
 A struggle with dark destiny — a toil
 In which I've given no lesson to the world
 Of that stern toleration which sets crown
 On virtue in her trial; because here
 I've poured my spirit out in dull complaint,
 That should have striven for mastery!

I see
 Through the pale vista of my memory,
 What once I was, compared with what I am.
 I once was buoyant, and my footstep rose
 To something strong within me. I gave voice
 As in uplifting music, to high thoughts
 That spoke of a high nature, that should rise,
 So it were true to Him who fashioned it,
 Onward, in lofty march up to the skies;
 Or, were it faithless, downward to the dust
 Our graves are made of! I was certain, then,
 There was no power could lure my eye from heaven,
 Or that a cloud upon the things of earth
 Could come, than midnight quicker and more deep!
 But I have found my reason was a child
 Without a master — a mere wanderer —
 Untaught and learning nothing — till my days
 Brought something that reproved me as it passed;
 A strong, rebuking spirit, whose dark wings,
 Heavy with sorrow, swept but slowly by,
 And held me in long shadow, like a night!
 Thus was it that I found a punishment
 Brought by my years, for giving to the earth
 What with my young vows should have gone to God!

'Tis not mine to forget. Yet can I not
 Remember what I would, or what were well!
 Mem'ry plays tyrant with me, by a wand
 I cannot master. I may not forget
 My visitations, that have shadowed me
 Like an eclipse; until my tortured heart
 Was weakened like a child's; and like a child's,
 Scarce knew its duty in its feebleness.
 Forgetfulness of sorrow is not mine,
 But on me rests remembrance like a ban;
 Yet like the flash that plays upon the cloud
 In the night season, mem'ry will unveil,
 Though for a moment, some dim passages
 Of my passed, palled existence. I can see,
 As in a dream, how life was when I sprang
 Into its highway for the agony
 And strain of high contention. I can see,
 Beyond a vision's clearness, how I went
 Cheered as the lark is, to the upper sky
 By the unbarring morning; so by shouts
 Of men, as they broke round me, in my morn!
 Life was a panorama of high hope —
 A prospect of high travel, and great fame.
 I saw upon the future painted naught
 That looked like frowns upon repelling brows,
 But only hands that seemed to beckon on
 In a still, strange temptation, that my eye

Grew mad with, till the colors of this earth
Took hue like those of heaven ; and I forgot
It was the destiny of one to fade,
And that my love was given to ! But my years
Here, too, brought knowledge ; in that company
Of sadness and repentance, whose dim train
Sweeps on so with experience, that they seem
Like manacled and cowed captives at the car
Of some unmoved and stayless conqueror !

And now how gaze I on that memory
Of that first page I turned for lessons here !
My prayer is to forget that dreamy past —
And senseless to the present, to look on,
And upward, with a better constancy,
And holier aspiration, till rebuke
Is merged in mercy, and I feel the clouds
Are bending to receive me, like great wings,
To waft me to the mighty tabernacle
That they are round about !

New-York, January, 1838.

GRENVILLE MELLER.

A RELIC OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A JOURNAL OF EIGHT YEARS' HARD FIGHTING DURING THE WAR FOR OUR INDEPENDENCE.

BY COLONEL ALLAN M'LANE.

WE have before us, through the courtesy of an obliging friend in the country, an ancient document, which can scarcely fail to interest every true American. It is the original 'Journal of the War for our Independence,' kept by that gallant officer, Major ALLAN M'LANE, father of the Hon. LOUIS M'LANE, late Minister to France. It was presented by the veteran writer to Gov. BLOOMFIELD, of New-Jersey, the chairman and father of the Pension Law of the United States. Attached to the journal, is the following original letter from Gen. WASHINGTON to the Board of War, in relation to the long and honorable service of the writer :

[L. S.] 'MAJOR ALLAN M'LANE, late of the Continental Army under my command, informs me that JOHN PIERCE, Esq., Paymaster General, and Commissioner of the Army Accounts, doth not consider himself authorized, by the Resolution of Congress, and construction of the Honorable Board of War, to adjust his claims to half pay for life, and refers the Major to Lieut. Col. H. LEE, to be provided for, with the other officers of his legion. Major M'Lane has served in the Army of the United States from the commencement of the war. Early in the year 1777, he raised a full company, which was attached to one of the sixteen additional regiments. On his joining the Continental Army, he was selected to command a party of observation ; and on the incorporation of those regiments into other regiments of the several states, he was appointed to the command of Major Lee's partisan infantry, July 13, 1779, and served with great reputation in Lee's legion, till March, 1781. The Major was then transferred to the army under the BARON STREUBEN's command, in Virginia. He commanded a detachment from the Marquis DE LAFAYETTE's infantry, and under the immediate orders of the Board of War, and Commander-in-chief, till after the siege of York ; and he was permitted to retire on half-pay for life, on the 31st day of December, 1781.

Given under my hand and seal, at Rocky Hill,
the 4th day of November, 1783.'

(Signed,) .

'GEO. WASHINGTON.'

'TO THE HON. BOARD OF WAR.'

The 'Journal' is written in the old school style of penmanship, round and bold, in occasional antique orthography, and generally in

the second person. It extends through a period of 'eight years' hard fighting,' and illustrates some of the darkest periods in our country's history, in a style of modest and sententious brevity, characteristic of a true hero. But the reader shall judge for himself.

'On the assembling of the first Continental Congress, M'LANE armed at his own expense, and pledged his all in support of his country. In November, 1775, he joined the Minute Men, of Virginia, under Gov. Dunmore, where he fought the enemy till January, 1776. In August of that year, he joined General Washington at New-York; and when the British landed on Long Island, he was with the American infantry as a volunteer, and fought day and night, till after the bloody battle of the 29th of August, at which time he surprised and took, near Yellow Hook, five officers, and fifteen privates, British marines, and the only prisoners taken. He passed them safely over to New-York from Brooklyn, returned to Long Island in the night, joined the Light Infantry on the lines, and remained with Washington's army until they returned to New-York. He fought all this unfortunate campaign on Harlæm Heights, White Plains, and in Jersey, at Trenton and Princeton — found himself. He was soon after elevated to the rank of Captain, by Washington, and raised an hundred men with his own private funds, advancing specie for bounty. He fought hard fights at Short Hill, in Jersey, in June, 1777, and at Gray's Hill, Maryland, where he assisted the American infantry in checking the enemy, who had landed at Turkey Point, in their chase of the militia. Fought another hard battle on the 11th September, near Chadsford, on the Brandywine. Lieut. Houston and nine men fell that day.

'Gen. Washington fell back on Philadelphia, but Congress ordered him to face the enemy again, on the morning of the 16th. M'Lane skirmished with the enemy, on the Lancaster road, while Washington formed for a general action, which a heavy rain only prevented. The Lord's name be praised! — for the army would have been cut to pieces. M'Lane hung upon the enemy's lines, until early in October, when he moved in front of Wayne to the battle of Germantown, having previously reconnoitered the enemy's position. He made the first fire upon them from Mount Airy, and followed the retreating foe as far as the market in Germantown. After this battle, the British army retired to Philadelphia. On the night of the 4th of December, however, they moved out to surprise Washington's camp; but M'Lane, at the head of a party of observation, surprised the enemy at Hunt's Hill, and, by a close fire, harassed them all night, without the loss of one of his men. The next day at noon, he turned the enemy's right, entered Germantown, and cut off the communication between the British army and the town, for that day and night. At day-break, on the following morning, he found the enemy advancing on Washington's left, and joined Gen. Reed, while engaged with a van of the enemy; and when that officer's horse was shot under him, kept the British infantry from bayonetting him, while he had time to escape. He then followed the retreating enemy, by the Old York road, to the Globe Mill, in Front-street, where he forced five hundred of them to throw off the rails from their shoulders, which

they had collected near the Rising Sun Tavern, after burning the adjacent houses.

'In a few days after,' (we continue the Journal,) 'Gen. Washington broke up his encampment at White Marsh, moved across the Schuylkill into the woods at Valley Forge, and there halted. M'Lane was detached into the peninsula, between the Chesapeake and Delaware, at the head of a small party of horse and infantry, furnished by Gen. Smallwood, at Wilmington. He relieved both Washington's and Smallwood's armies, and on his return to his duty on the lines, in February, 1778, he fell in with Commodore Barry, at Port Penn, where he had secured four British transports at the piers. The enemy's fleet attacked Barry, and M'Lane strengthened the position with bundles of hay, from out of the transports, and kept the enemy from landing, till Barry escaped with an armed schooner. He then set fire to the transports, spiked his guns, and moved off with the British prisoners taken by Barry. He then joined Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, was detached immediately to Germantown, and hung upon the enemy's lines near the city, till they reached it. In May, he prevented the British army from destroying Lafayette's infantry at Barren Hill Church, on the Schuylkill road. Gen. Grant had turned the Marquis's left, and got into his rear in the night, and there waited for a long column of advancing Hessians. M'Lane had been joined, in the mean time, by one hundred riflemen, from Morgan's regiment, and forty Indians. He fell in with the Hessians at Van Deren's Mill, six miles from Philadelphia, and there he amused them, till the Marquis escaped Grant's vigilance. On the 18th of June, he entered Philadelphia at day-break, with a small party of horse and infantry; and while the body of the British army were moving through the city to Gloucester Point, he took one captain, four sergeants, two corporals, one provost marshal, and thirty-four privates, without firing one shot.

'Before the enemy evacuated Philadelphia, M'Lane kept an account of fifty fights he had with them on the lines. He had fallen into an ambuscade of British horse and infantry, near the rocks on the Bustleton road; received the fire of the infantry; was driven to the horse; two of the troop dashed at him; he ran them off, and lost sight of the troop; then turned upon the two horsemen, drove the contents of his pistol into one, and wounded the other with the empty stock, and escaped the pursuit of the ambuscade. A painting of this action is in Peale's Museum. At another time, near the Rising Sun Tavern, on the Germantown road, he attacked and beat a patrol of thirteen British horse, with two American dragoons, and wounded one of the enemy. They took the horrors, and galloped off, stating to the commanding officer of the British piquet, that the d——d rebel M'Lane had ambuscaded them, and they cut their way through it, and like to have cut him up! Gen. Arnold entered the city on the 20th. Before Arnold entered the city, William West, Deputy Clothier General, also entered, and under the authority of Gen. Arnold, purchased at his own price all the merchandise he could find, and disposed of the goods for the good of the concern, viz: Arnold, Commandant, James Maise, Clothier General, and William West, the deputy. This speculation tended to raise the

price of goods, and to insure the character of the American officers; and I believe the foundation for Arnold's desertion to the enemy. McLane got possession of a copy of the contract entered into by Arnold, Mause, and West, which was in the following words:

Witnessed by the purchasing goods and necessaries for the use of the public, sundry articles not wanted for that purpose may be obtained, it is agreed by the subscribers that all such goods and merchandise, which are or may be bought by the Chamber General, or persons appointed by him, shall be sold for the great benefit of the subscribers, and be purchased at their task.

Witness our hands this 20th day of June, 1777.

Signed,

J. ARNOLD,
JAMES MAUSE,
WILLIAM WEST &c.

McLane crossed the Delaware at Cooper's Ferry in the night: moved in upon the enemy's line of march, to give protection to deserters, and before the battle of Monmouth, he had passed three hundred Hessian deserters from the British army. He joined Gen. Morgan's corps, and remained with them on the British lines till they embarked at Sandy Hook. In September he joined Gen. Scott's Light Infantry on the British lines, near New-York Island. There he commanded a party of Indians and infantry, till the American army re-crossed the North River, and went into winter quarters. In January, 1779, his company was ordered to join Gen. Sullivan's expedition against the Indians, near Wyoming. On this expedition, he lost his Lieut. Jones: on the 3d June, he was ordered to join Major H. Lee, near the Cloud, and to command the infantry on the lines near Stony Point. He succeeded in his observations: discovered the weak side of the British works on Stony Point, by accompanying Mrs. Smith to the garrison on the 16th July, which led to a visit (on the 17th, before day-break, 1779, from Gen. Wayne. We entered the works sword in hand: secured all in it: dismantled it, and retired, in the course of forty-eight hours. McLane was then ordered to Bergen Point, near Powles' Hook, where he was joined by one of his old soldiers, Caleb Levick, whom he had lost in the battle of Brandywine. The British had started Caleb, till he had enlisted with them. This soldier discovered to McLane how the garrison at Powles' Hook might be surprised. He proved Levick's information, and communicated with Lee: formed an expedition against the Hook, and carried it in the night of 16th August, 1779, sword in hand, without any loss; turned the enemy's guns on the North River, on New-York, and amused ourselves with firing into the town; then spiked the guns, and moved off with the prisoners, eighteen commissioned officers, and one hundred and eighty non-commissioned officers and privates!

In September, McLane was ordered to the British lines, near Sandy Hook, Monmouth county. In October, he drove the British and refugees out of the pines, on the road leading to the sea shore, where they had taken post to intercept the country people going after salt. McLane's party killed this fall the noted Fenton, and the Governor of Jersey presented five hundred dollars for his head, which was hung in chains at the Freehold Cross-Roads. Remained on the lines, near Sandy Hook, till January, 1780, and before the

winter set in, drove the enemy out of the South River. The dragoons went into winter quarters at Burlington; the infantry attacked the garrison at Sandy Hook, took it by surprise, and brought off the prisoners, with a large quantity of continental bills to the amount of one million of dollars, and so well executed, that Mr. Smith, the loan officer at Philadelphia, could not discover the difference between them and the genuine bills. In April, 1780, M'Lane moved from Jersey, at the head of his dismounted troops, to Portsmouth in Virginia, to act on the British lines. In July, he was ordered to return to Jersey. He embarked his sick and baggage on board of a pilot-boat, at his own expense; the Governor of Virginia, (Mr. Jefferson,) refusing to risk any vessel on the bay, the refugees being there in their barges, in considerable force. The infantry able to march, moved by land under the command of Capt. Armstrong. On his passage to the head of the Elk, M'Lane was attacked by Capt. Thompson, in a refugee barge, but beat him, and made him and his crew prisoners. He joined the army in Jersey in August. Very active service till December. Lee, with the assistance of M'Lane, had the legion augmented by a resolution of Congress. Lee, the commanding officer, and M'Lane the next, of course. Lee prevailed on the legislature of Maryland to vote him sixty horses, and named M'Lane to purchase them. This was a trick of Lee's, to get rid of M'Lane, to make room for his friend Peyton. In January, 1781, Lee moved on with the legion to the Carolinas, leaving M'Lane in Philadelphia, purchasing horses, and recruiting the legion. The Pennsylvania and Jersey line mutinied in this month. A critical winter for America! An officer who had a family, was hard run to maintain it. It took a year's pay of a captain to purchase a cow, to give his family milk. In February, Lee organized his legion, and returned M'Lane to the Board of War as a retiring officer, under the resolution of October, 1780. M'Lane addressed Gen. Washington, and complained of Lee's trick. The General was at this time organizing the infantry under Lafayette, to move to Portsmouth, Virginia, to act with the detachment of the French fleet, expected from Rhode-Island, to act against Arnold, and M'Lane was provided for, brevetted a Major, and was ordered to join the Baron Steuben, which he did on the 6th March, in Williamsburg, Virginia. The Marquis's infantry was to follow in craft down the Chesapeake.

'On the 9th March, the Baron Steuben detached M'Lane with the charge of the signals at the light-house on Cape James. The British fleet appeared before the French, and a sloop-of-war in disguise, under French colors, stood up the bay, to intercept the Marquis's infantry coming down. Lieut. —, a naval officer of the French fleet, took Capt. Middleton's pilot-boat, and boarded the British fleet for the French, by mistake! Middleton was taken to England a prisoner. He refused to pilot the English fleet. Middleton was a good whig. Major M'Lane pulled ahead of the sloop-of-war, in a barge, and met the fleet in time to apprise them of their danger, for which he received the Marquis's thanks. On the 17th March, he joined Major M'Pherson, on the south side of James River, and acted with the light army under the command of the Marquis, till Arnold left Virginia. Then he was ordered by the Board of War to repair to Gen.

Washington's head-quarters in Jersey; from thence to the South River, near Shrewsbury, with instructions to watch the enemy's movements near Sandy Hook. During this tour of duty, M'Lane crossed in a barge to Long-Island, and there received the signals of the British fleet then assembling at Sandy Hook, to relieve Cornwallis. He returned to Gen. Washington, then on the lines near York, during the siege; and on the arrival of the British fleet off the Chesapeake, M'Lane proceeded to sea, to prove the signals, and reported to Gen. Washington. The General wished the Count De Grace to slip his cables, and pursue the British fleet. The Count excused himself; at the same time, they were five ships of the line inferior to that of De Grace's. M'Lane was disappointed. He expected to see an action between the fleets. After Cornwallis's troops had marched from York, as prisoners, to the interior of Virginia, Col. Laurens proposed to M'Lane to accompany him to South Carolina, to act with a regiment of blacks, which he would engage to raise as soon as he arrived there. M'Lane would have freely accepted the offer; but as the war appeared to be near a close, and his family required his attention, he requested Col. Laurens to mention his situation to Gen. Washington, which he did. The General wished Major M'Lane to attend to the embarkation of the troops, then about to pass up the bay in bay craft, and keep in the rear, in an armed boat, to prevent any of the refugees' boats from intercepting them, which he did. On the arrival of the army at Philadelphia, M'Lane was ordered into Delaware, to reconnoitre the British refugee cruisers as high as Port Penn, who were committing depredations on the shore, as well as in the bay. The Major was in Dover on the 31st January, 1782, when Gen. Dickinson was alarmed at the appearance of the Fox schooner of ten guns from New-York, said to be landing near Little Creek, within ten miles of the state-house. He reconnoitred the enemy, by direction of Gov. Dickinson; found the schooner was ashore, pressed on by the ice; closed on her with his friend Mr. John Vining, a gentleman of great spirit. Vining offered to board the schooner with the Major's flag. The captain, a refugee, immediately on Vining's presenting his flag, consulted his officers, and gave up the vessel a prize to the Major, on condition that the officers and crew should be escorted to New-York as prisoners of war to the army of the United States, and there remain till exchanged. The Major sent off Vining in the night to obtain the Governor's flag, and the militia guard. The Major had, before he closed on the schooner, ordered fires to be kindled in the woods, which had the appearance of an encampment. Vining did not return until the morning of the 1st of February, 1782 — too late! The vessel floated, and the wind favoring her, she was presently in deep water; and the Major had to abandon his prize, and was in danger of being made prisoner himself. He returned to head-quarters, then in Philadelphia. Gen. Washington permitted him to retire on half pay for life, under the resolution of Congress, October 21, 1780.

Col. M'Lane commenced the commission business at Smyrna, (Delaware,) not having a dollar left of his patrimony and fortune. In March, 1783, he had two shallops laden with wheat, on the waters of Duck creek, Capt. Brooks, of the refugee barge 'Hookumsnivy,'

had, on the night of the 15th, taken both vessels, and was towing them down to his rendezvous at Bombay Hook. On the morning of the 17th, before day-break, Col. M'Lane attacked Brooks, at the head of a few of his neighbors and old soldiers, beat him, retook his shallops, and captured Brooks' barge. And thus ended an eight years' war, commenced as a volunteer militia-man, and ended as such.'

D R E A M S .

“To sleep — perchance to dream!” Thus I say, when, forgetting the toil and carking cares of the day, I lay my head upon my pillow, and presently journey free, in the land of visions.’

‘SLEEP, A RHAPSODY.’

I.

THE wandering eye grows still,
Night cometh, welcome guest!
Unconscious all of good or ill,
We calmly sink to rest;
Glad that the weary day is past,
Its pains, its pleasures, gone at last.

II.

Sweet Sleep! no sun-lit hour
Of watching wakefulness
Comes with thy wondrous power
To the heart's loneliness;
For visions rise, oh, blessed things!
Only upon thy raven wings.

III.

Thou bringest days gone by,
Joys passed to come no more,
They come in light and sunshine nigh,
Just as they were of yore;
And sweetly fall upon the ear
The voices we were wont to hear.

IV.

And oft thou lovest, Sleep,
A fairy form to trace;
Through curtain folds there 'll peep
A dear familiar face;
Dear eyes the heart has treasured so,
Look the same love as long ago!

V.

A picture danceth out —
A brightly smiling sky;
So clear! what anxious heart would doubt
The fleecy clouds that lie,
In summer beauty, calmly fair,
And fear there hides a tempest there?

VI.

Who shrinks from sins that creep
To every earthly scheme?
Joy such, that ye may sometimes sleep,
And sinlessly may dream!
O visions pure! come, robed in light,
And visit many a heart to-night!

LITERARY NOTICES.

EMBASSY TO THE EASTERN COURTS OF COCHIN-CHINA, SIAM, AND MUSCAT, in the United States' Sloop-of-war *Peacock*, JAMES D. GEISINGER, commander, during the years 1832-3-4. By EDMUND ROBERTS. In one volume. pp. 432. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. ROBERTS has given us in this work, the result of his observations during a visit to three oriental governments, in the capacity of commercial envoy from the United States. The special object of his mission was to establish such new relations with Cochin-China, Siam, and Muscat, as should place our commerce with those countries on a more equitable footing; and to obtain the repeal of a certain arbitrary law, under which the property and even the lives of our citizens were, in some instances, liable to be sacrificed at the caprice of the native merchant. With the courts of Siam and Muscat, our envoy entered into treaties, the provisions of which were highly favorable to our mercantile intercourse in those quarters. He obtained a reduction of fifteen per cent. on the import and export duties, at Muscat; and at Siam, the abrogation, so far as regarded his countrymen, of a tyrannical decree, which placed the life and estate of the foreign debtor at the absolute disposal of the native claimant. His attempts to negotiate with the court of Cochin-China proved, however, abortive; for, declining to observe the foolish but degrading etiquette prescribed by the ministers of the emperor, he was refused an audience, and ordered to quit the celestial empire.

Our author appears to have been an accurate and minute observer; and he certainly possesses the faculty of recording the facts he collected, and the impressions he received, in a pleasing, though simple, style. There is nothing like effort in his diction; no attempt at 'fine writing,' as it is called. He has given us a vast fund of new and important information, enlivened by a variety of amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the character, manners, and habits of the people he visited; and he has done so in the plain, but by no means coarse language, which is best adapted to such a subject. It is the province of fiction to elaborate and embellish; but simplicity is usually the characteristic of truth; and there is an innate evidence of veracity, as well as careful investigation and research, in the volume before us. The details are, it is true, in some cases somewhat too minute. The descriptions too particular and formal, to suite the taste of the general reader; but this only renders the book more valuable as a guide to those who may hereafter visit the same regions. Mr. Roberts gives us a curious account of a race of barbarians called Semangs, inhabiting a portion of the Malay peninsula, but apparently distinct from the rest of its inhabitants. They reside principally in the interior, and subsist chiefly by hunting. Our author seems to have bestowed much pains in the endeavor to trace their origin, and has quoted specimens of their language, which bears but a slight generic resemblance to the common Malay.

The descriptions given by our author of the manners and customs of the Siamese, are extremely entertaining. The abject and disgusting homage offered to the King

of Siam, who is significantly styled the 'lord of heads and of lives,' must have been highly edifying. We would recommend all luke-warm republicans, all who recognise the 'right divine of kings,' to pay a visit to the Siamese court. Think of a nation of men who are so much in the habit of *crawling*, when in the presence of their superiors, that they pass half their lives in the position of beasts! From this picture of human degradation, we turn with pleasure to the statements of Mr. Roberts, relative to the state of education in China. We had no idea that intellectual cultivation had been carried to such an extent among a people whom we have been accustomed to consider only partially civilized. The internal regulation of their schools and colleges, the high order of learning necessary to obtain literary honors, and the strict examinations to which the students are subjected, might afford a useful lesson to the heads of many of our own public institutions.

We could extend our remarks on this subject, did space permit; but having already exceeded our intended limits, we must bring this review to a close. As affording an amusing picture of oriental manners combined with much useful and novel information, respecting countries ever jealously guarded from the intrusion of strangers, we can heartily recommend this book to our readers.

THE NEW-YORK REVIEW. Number Three. pp. 252. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN. BOSTON: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Number xcvi. pp. 314. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS, AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: G. AND C. CARVILL.

WE have placed these Reviews, as we believe, in the order of their merit. Sectional feeling aside, the first-named work has had, in our judgment, no superior in this country. Liberal in its spirit, decided and explicit in its decisions or opinions, various in its topics, and graceful and attractive, as well as strong and fervent, in its manner, the 'New-York Review' seems to us to combine all the requisite qualifications for a useful and popular work of its class. We regret that we have room for little else than an enumeration of its more prominent articles. The first is an able review of CAREY'S 'Essay on the Rate of Wages,' and collaterally, of an 'Address,' by ELY MOORE, before the New-York 'Trades Union Society;' the second, 'Reproductive Criticism,' is from the text of HEINE'S 'Letters auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany;' the third, 'Origin and Progress of Popular Liberty,' a review of an 'Address, delivered at Hartford, (Conn.,) on the close of the second Century from the first Settlement of the City,' by Dr. HAWES. The 'Literary Remains of COLERIDGE' forms the basis of the next paper, which is followed by a charming review of the 'Remains of that Sweet Singer of the Temple, GEORGE HERBERT.' 'German Biblical Criticism,' and 'ABBE DE LA MENNAIS on the Romish Church,' succeed in order; and these bring us to the gem of the number, a notice of DAVIS' Life of AARON BURR. We are pleased to see our expressed opinions of this work confirmed by so able a pen; and sure we are, that no American can rise from the perusal of this article, and not marvel at the public tolerance, which has favored so much as a difference of opinion in relation to the character of its notorious subject. We give the forcible conclusion of this admirable review:

"We have sketched the leading incidents in the life of Aaron Burr, not surely from any pleasure to be derived from dwelling on a career of profligacy; but as the professor of anatomy, in giving instruction to his class, is sometimes obliged to deal with subjects made offensive by decay; so, in our dissection of the characters of public men, (a duty which, with God's help, shall in these pages ever be honestly and fearlessly performed)

we may be obliged, for the instruction of that large class of our young countrymen, whose improvement we seek, sometimes to come into contact with specimens so disgusting that, if we could, most gladly would we be excused the loathsome office of exhibition. But God bids successive generations to gather wisdom from those that have gone before them: he hath commanded the sons of men to 'mark the perfect man, and behold the upright,' as he cometh to his peaceful and honored end: and he bids them note also the fearful instances by which he sometimes illustrates the truth of his declaration, that 'the name of the wicked shall rot.' We have dwelt upon the life of Aaron Burr, because to our minds, that life presents a most impressive moral lesson. It speaks with emphatic solemnity to our young countrymen, and especially to those among them who are looking forward to public life. The successive steps by which he trod the path to ruin are plain to the reflecting mind. Reputably descended, born of parents whose piety was better honor than a mere patent rank; endowed by his Maker with high gifts, and many a lofty trait of character, which needed but the guidance of virtuous principle to have made him one of God Almighty's noblemen; Aaron Burr, at the early age of eighteen, deliberately cast behind him the teachings of heaven, and surrendered himself to the grossness of a beastly sensuality. At twenty, already an adept in profligacy, his vice lost him the confidence of Washington; and he repaid the loss with embittered hatred. Thrown, in after-life, into competition with one who was the friend of Washington, resentment gave strength to his ambition; and in seeking to rise, he thought as much of the depression of others as he did of the elevation of himself. Political opposition in him was in part, if not entirely, the indulgence of personal hatred; and hence he rushed to the embrace of that democracy which received him with open arms. Blind to the sagacious foresight of one whose political antipathies were distinct from his personal resentments, he toiled successively to elevate to power the man who was destined to repay him with persecution. Circumstances unforeseen threw him into accidental competition with that man, whose policy was the cunning of selfishness, and whose friendship was the treachery of deceit. To have been, however undesignedly, a competitor, was to have been an enemy; and with that man, the ruin of an enemy wore the semblance of virtue. Lending, by the faults of his own character, but too much aid to the machinations of him whom he thus placed in a station which increased his powers of injury, he felt the injury in the destruction of that confidence he once enjoyed with his party. Chagrined by a defeat which attested that want of confidence, in an evil moment for the country and for himself he purposed and accomplished the gratification of his revenge in the murder of one whom he hated none the less because Washington had loved him. Followed by the resentment of an outraged and indignant community, he sought, in his desperation to retrieve his broken fortunes and gratify his indomitable ambition, by plans and purposes which only enabled his most subtle foe to heap upon him an accumulation of disgrace, and subject him to the risk of an ignominious death. An exile from his country, he wandered in poverty a stranger in other lands; and when at last he returned to his own, it was to encounter the harder calamity of being treated as a stranger among his countrymen. With the recklessness produced by a present which had no comfort, and a future which promised no hope, he surrendered himself without shame to the grovelling propensities which had formed his first step on the road to ruin, until at last, overcome by disease, in the decay of a worn-out body and the imbecility of a much-abused mind, he lay a shattered wreck of humanity, just entering upon eternity with not enough of *man* left about him to make a Christian out of. Ruined in fortune and rotten in reputation, thus passed from the busy scene one who might have been a glorious actor in it; and when he was laid in the grave, decency congratulated itself that a nuisance was removed, and good men were glad that God had seen fit to deliver society from the contaminating contact of a festering mass of moral putrefaction."

We honor the enthusiasm of the reviewer of TALFOURD's *Life and Correspondence of LAMÉ*, to which work he has done no more than justice. A score or so of brief but well-digested critical notices succeed, upon which we lack leisure and space to comment. Rev. C. S. HENRY will hereafter be assisted, in the editorial management of the Review, by Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKES; and their combined reputation, not less than the examples already given of their abundant ability, is a sufficient guarantee, that the success of their periodical will be ample. Such, at least, is both our hope and expectation.

THE NORTH AMERICAN opens with a rambling and desultory review of the merits of COOPER, in which due credit is awarded to his excellencies, and equally proper condemnation bestowed upon his defects, as a novelist. We join cordially with the reviewer, in the hope that Mr. COOPER will turn again to that department of author-

ship in which he won his earliest and most enduring laurels. He has been losing ground for years. A rich article, imbued with the proper spirit, and refreshing to the scholar, is that on the intellectual character of Cicero; and the selections from the great orator are made with fine taste and discrimination. A review of TALFOURD'S *Life and Correspondence of Lamb*, succeeds. The writer manifests an adequate appreciation of the prose writings of this delightful author, but denies that he was a poet. We should be glad to sit down with the reviewer, for one evening, with LAMB'S poetical works before us, and by ample quotation, convince him of his error. We look to do him this service yet, malgré his 'severe limitations of poetry,' for one can see that he has sometimes an eye and a mind open to the delicate and the beautiful. 'HERRMAN'S *Course of Legal Study*,' 'DE QUINCY'S *Life of Raphael*,'—the latter of which evinces research, and possesses much interest—and GAUB'S work on *America*, noticed some months since in these pages, are the next articles; and these are succeeded by 'Constitutional Law,' a review of PETERS' Reports, and a very interesting paper from the pen of Gov. EVERETT, upon the 'Discovery of America by the Norwegians.' PRESCOTT'S 'History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella' constitutes the theme of the next article, which we have not found leisure to read. The remainder of the number is devoted to brief critical notices, and a quarterly list of new publications.

THE ORIENTAL KEY TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES as they are Illustrated by the Existing Rites, Usages and Domestic Manners of the different Books and Writers of the Sacred Volume. By M. CORBETT. The Introduction by the Author of the Oriental Annual. Philadelphia: JOSEPH WHEATHAM. One vol., fimo. pp. 326.

THE nature of this little volume, which we would recommend to the notice of our readers, is sufficiently explained in the foregoing title-page. It is executed with much ability. The style is clear, unaffected, and alluring. For the younger class of readers, we know no work of the sort meriting a more cordial recommendation, as a companion and an explainer of the narrations in the Bible, which cannot be understood too early, because they are the only records of events and character upon which we can place implicit reliance; all other history being rendered imperfect by prejudice, misjudgment, and broken perceptions. Miss CORBETT, to whose pen we are indebted for these pages, has distinguished herself in many departments of literature, by publications equally well known on both sides of the Atlantic; but this is the first of her productions to which her name has been affixed, and the first which has appeared since her arrival from England, a few months ago, on a visit to our country. It is presented by letters of earnest approval from several eminent clergymen, and we trust it will ere long find its way into families and Sunday schools, and every where among the young. That even the mature mind may consult it with pleasure and with advantage, there is not a page of the work but affords good evidence.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MR. COOPER AND THE LONDON QUARTERLY. — What *will* our amiable novelist say, to the reception given his 'England' by the London Quarterly Review? If the mere buzz of a musquito has the power to annoy him, what will he think of an 'ambuscade of wasps, more fierce than Pandours?' — for such must be considered the biting things which the reviewer has collected together, to prick and sting him. If he winces at a single shot, how can he endure the 'raking fire of arrowy sleet,' which the Quarterly pours upon his defenceless head? We read on, and on, thinking that perchance the reviewer might cicurate his criticism, toward the last. Not so. But let us essay a sketch of the article in question. 'So ill-written, ill-informed, ill-bred, ill-tempered, and ill-mannered a production, as the one before us,' says the critic, 'it has never been our fortune to meet.' He pronounces it a 'phenomenon of vanity, folly, and falsehood,' and as a literary work, beneath contempt, having 'nothing solid about it but its ignorance, and nothing deep but its malice.' Instead of its present title, the reviewer would substitute, as more appropriate, 'J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire, in England, with Sketches of his Behavior in the Metropolis,' since the entire subject of the book is — *himself*. A contrast is drawn between the two works of Cooper and Slidell, upon England. That of the latter, it is said, was written in good faith, and with good manners; and although severe, its strictures 'may sometimes be read with profit, often with regret, but never with any thing like the mingled disgust and contempt which are excited by the rancorous triviality' of the former. The critic ridicules Mr. Cooper's attempts to make his *personal* distastes *national* grievances, and to enlist his countrymen as parties in imaginary slights and visionary insults, which were incurred by him, not *because*, but *although* he was an American; since, from his own account, he received much attention in his national character, which he forfeited when he became personally known. 'Whatever civilities he receives, he always assumes as paid to his individual merit; but whenever he fancies neglect, he complacently sets down his failure to the score of national prejudices;' and seems to 'think, that because the personal manners of the individual Cooper were disliked, that therefore there must be a settled antipathy to the American nation; a delusion which induces an 'extravagance of vanity, morbid as Bedlam, and impudent as Billingsgate.' The comments upon the circumstance of being seated lower, by a few seats, at a nobleman's table, than he deemed courteous, of being preceded by an 'old lord,' in ascending to a drawing room, and that of being mistaken by a lady for another person, are mentioned as rare examples of ingenuity in turning every thing, even praise, into personal affronts and national insults. Mr. Cooper's fondness for lords, which we cited in a notice of his work, in our October number, is well exposed by the critic. His old hacknied tavern-waiter of a footman was less delighted at seeing the nobleman's card, than his master. 'His imagination, whenever the vision of a lord passes across it, appears to have been in a state of fever between envy and vanity; between the delight of associating with a lord, and the pain of meeting a superior.' 'He cannot so much as mention a lord, (whom he knows by his knock,) without getting into a flutter between awe and envy, that confuses his very senses.' This is attributed to an ever-present remembrance of his early disadvantages, as a common seaman, for

a long period, in the merchant service, and 'a late and scanty acquaintance with polished society.' The frequent errors of the work under review are amusingly set forth. Mr. Cooper says, the reader will remember, that he frequently *breakfasted* with young friends, and 'found three or four horses at the door, with as many grooms, in waiting for the guests, who were on their way to one or the other of the houses.' Now the houses of parliament do not sit until four in the afternoon! 'But what,' adds the reviewer, 'is a paltry matter of fact, in competition with the éclat of 'breakfasting with young friends, members of one or the other house?' Apropos of breakfasts, and Mr. Cooper's frequent boasts of being honored by invitations to this meal, at the poet Rogers', the reviewer remarks: 'It is by no means usual to invite strangers to breakfast in London, they being generally given when the guest is one about whose manners, character, or social position, there is *some uncertainty*. A breakfast is a kind of *mezzotermine*, between a mere visit and the more intimate hospitality of a dinner. It is, as it were, a state of probation.' Every word which Mr. Cooper says about heraldry, is pronounced to be either positively untrue, or an egregious blunder; and in relation to the story of the late Charles Matthews' expressed preference of the view from the 'Albany belfry,' over that from Richmond Hill, near London, the critic wonders that so sensitive a person as Mr. Cooper should be so easily duped. 'This we take to have been,' says he, 'a transcendent triumph of the great mimic and mystificator. We think we have heard Matthews tell the story himself, with abundance of glee.' But more serious matters are in store; and the 'author of the Monnikins' may as well be getting his pistols in order, for 'peradventure some pellet may attain unto him, even here.' 'Before we take our leave of Mr. Cooper,' says the reviewer, (after quoting even more against America from his 'autobiography of excoriated vanity' than had been cited against England,) we must observe, that amidst all the trash, which carries on its very face ridicule and refutation, there are two statements of alleged facts, so audaciously false, as to require special notice, and to which it is our bounden duty to make a direct personal appeal to Mr. Cooper, and to invite both the British and American people to expect his answer.' The first of these — namely, that the English government were the secret accomplices of the worst excesses of the French revolution — the reviewer pronounces, 'in letter and spirit, an *infamous falsehood*,' and calls for the proof. The second statement, that Mr. Gifford admitted to an American that articles unfavorable to this country were prepared under the direction of the British government, and inserted in the Quarterly Review, is also denounced to the world as '*a calumnious falsehood*.' 'Coffee and pistols for two!'

Thus much, as a mere skeleton of Mr. LOCKHART's article in the Quarterly. We have room, in addition, but for the expression of a single regret, that a criticism in so many respect justly pungent and deserved, should be marred by a slurring disparagement of Mr. Cooper's merits as a novelist. 'Render unto Cæsar the things which *are* Cæsar's,' should have been in the reviewer's mind, when he penned the evidently interpolated lines of retrospective criticism to which we refer.

THE LATE CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLES. — A friendly subscriber at Manila, a gentleman of education and fine talents, from whom, on behalf of our readers, we hope and expect hereafter to hear more frequently, writes as follows, in relation to the lamented demise of the late Captain-General of the Philippine Islands: 'DON TORRES was like our Washington; wise in council, brave in arms; mighty in the senate, and mightier in the field. At his death, there was not a dry eye in Manila. Among his body-guard, were veterans who had followed him through all the South American wars; men who had witnessed, unflinchingly, all the devastations, the horrors, of a campaign; who had rode over fields of the dying and the dead, fetlock-deep in blood, shed by themselves, without feeling even a touch of pity or remorse. Yet when their gallant general died, they could not contain their grief. They wept like

children. I myself was witness to this. The same night, returning home from a visit in the city, I heard the guard behind me, just relieved from their post at the palace, and returning to the cavalry-barrack. As they were passing, I asked the officer, '*Como, esta el General?*' '*Ta murio?*' 'He is dead!' he replied, and burst into tears; and immediately, as if ashamed of his emotion, fell in with the rest, and rode on in silence. Think of that! — and from a soldier, too! — men who never weep. Theirs is 'the silent sorrow of those who know no tears.' Yet 'none are all evil;' and although this man had been reared in a school where he had become familiar with horrors, and learned to look on death as a pastime, the loss of his old and beloved commander called up feelings which had doubtless lain dormant for years; and surely his tears were those of a brave man. Peace to the dead! They do but precede us by a few short years.'

THEORY OF SOUNDS, THUNDER-SHOWERS, AND WESTERLY WINDS. — We give, in the present number, the conclusion of our correspondent's article upon the subjects of looming, electricity, sounds, thunder-showers, and west and north-west winds. In relation to the extended transmission of sound, in the peculiar state of the atmosphere described, we are entirely convinced of the correctness of our contributor's theory. Under circumstances precisely similar to those mentioned in preceding pages, a gentleman of intelligence and observation informs us, he once heard, over Long-Island Sound, where it is ten or eleven miles in width, the sound of human voices, and the fall of 'bars,' which were let down to admit cattle into a pasture-enclosure. A distinguished philosophical writer of this city, now deceased, to whom the 'Theory of Thunder-Showers and of West and North-West Winds' was submitted, in returning the ms., observed: 'The writer is correct in his opinion of the powerful influence of caloric in the atmosphere. The two great foci seem to be the tropical region situated south, and the Atlantic ocean, with its warm gulf-stream, on the east. If the former prevailed, the air would move south in meridional lines, and produce north winds; if the latter obtained, the atmospheric currents would travel east, and occasion west winds. But there is an exertion of *two* forces, which, agreeably to the laws of motion, cause a result in the direction midway between south and east, that is, south-east; which, in proportion to its strength and duration, makes a blast from the north-west.' The descent of cold air from above, the same writer adds, is one of the most frequent occurrences in meteorology. 'What need,' he writes, 'is there of bringing these cool or refrigerating currents horizontally from the arctic regions, when there is a source for every demand, about twelve or fifteen thousand feet above our heads, all the year round?' We again commend these 'Observations' to the attention of our readers.

'YANKEE NOTIONS.' — TIMOTHY TITTERWELL, Esquire, of Merry-go-Nimble Court, Boston, (No. 2, round the corner, next door to the fat man's,) has issued a goodly volume for these high 'pressure' times, entitled as above. We have read it, and laughed over it, with decided *gout*. The preface is an effective '*salsa del libro*,' and at once creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself. The picture of the newly-elected member of the 'General Court' is a rich one. The functionary affects a dignified indifference at the news of his elevation, but is at the same time so elated, that his 'skin does n't seem to fit him.' Feeling the importance of his station, he bethinks him of the adornments of the outer man. He has his old bell-crowned drab hat newly ironed, and countermands his orders for cow-hide boots, because 'kip-skin' would be more genteel; and, imbued with a due sense of his superiority over those country members, who come to the legislature with their pedal extremities encased in the 'town boots,' (provided at the public expense, for the legislative representative, and 'heel-tap-

ped,' every two years, by a vote of the town,) he repairs to the 'General Court,' charged with a speech 'full of Bunker-Hill, and heroes of seventy-six, and dying for liberty.' Ambitious for action, he distinguishes himself at first by seconding all the motions that are made, by both parties, biding his time for his own speech; but for this effort, and the amusing circumstances attending its delivery, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The 'Chapter on Metaphysics' is capital. The abstract and 'inward soul-of-nature' philosophers, of the ultra German and transcendental schools, are depicted to the life. The misty 'Doctor' well replies to 'Uncle Tim's' remark, that 'in common cases, those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads, that 'in metaphysics, the case is different!' 'The Science of Starvation' we commend to every dietetic eremite's perusal. It will go far to counteract the influence of the 'Library of Starvation,' the 'Sawdust Journal,' and other works on short commons. The 'Decline and Fall of Dogtown' may be commended to sanguine speculators, as a beacon above sunken rocks and quicksands. The 'Proceedings of the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge' is after the manner of the Report of the 'Mudfog Association,' by Boz, but less humorous and effective. The 'Biography of a Broomstick' was doubtless suggested by the papers under that title, which were published, some time since, in these pages. We must be pardoned for yielding *our* biographer the palm. There are several other 'notions,' in prose and rhyme, which we will not particularize, but close with commending the volume to all who would rather laugh than cry.

FREEDOM OF OPINION AND ACTION. — We have somewhere heard of a counoiseur in the arts saying to a friend, 'I wish you would come down and see a picture I have just purchased. I would like you to give me your *candid* opinion of it. A friend of mine had the impudence to say, this morning, that it was not an original! If there's *another* man says it is not an original, by Jove! I'll knock him down! But come and see it, and tell me honestly what you think of it.' Here was freedom of opinion; and something akin to the liberty of action said to have been granted by Col. M'LANE, (whose 'Journal' we give elsewhere,) to the troops under his command, before going into winter-quarters, at Valley-Forge. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Col. M'LANE paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows: 'Fellow-Soldiers! You've served your country faithfully and truly. We've fought hard fights together, ag'inst the enemy. You're in a bad way for comfortable clothes, that's a fact; and it makes me cry, a'most, to see your feet bleeding on the frozen ground. But Congress can't help it, nor I n'ither. Now if any of you want to return home, you may go. Let them that would like to go, step out two paces in front. But the first man that steps out, darn my skin! if I don't shoot him as quick as I would a red-coat!' It is needless to add, that not a solitary 'volunteer' was to be found.

THE WRITINGS OF 'BOZ.' — The last number of the London Quarterly has an extended review of the writings of this modern humorist, which assigns him an elevated position as an author. The reviewer states that his popularity is the most remarkable literary phenomenon of the present times, for it has been fairly earned, without resorting to any trickery to excite public attention. Mr. DICKENS is the grand object of attraction to all the male and female lion-hunters of the metropolis. 'Pickwick chintzes' figure in linen-draper's windows, and 'Weller corduroys' in breeches-makers' advertisements; 'Boz cabs' are seen rattling through the streets, and the author of 'Pelham's' portrait is scraped down, or pasted over, in the omnibuses, to make room for that of the

new favorite. In some observations upon the originality of the 'Pickwick Papers,' the reviewer takes occasion to remark, that the only writer who appears to have exercised any marked influence over his style, is WASHINGTON IRVING, whom he has undoubtedly imitated in parts. 'The Begman's Story' is pronounced to be a palpable plagiarism from the 'Adventure of my Grandfather;' the description of an English coachman is also very like the picture of the same original, in the 'Sketch-Book;' while 'Wardle's manor-house, with its merry doings at Christmas-time, is neither more nor less than 'Bracebridge Hall' at second hand.' Mr. DICKENS receives just commendation for following nature, and for treating his humble characters as if he were not ashamed of them; and it is mentioned, that a celebrated beauty jocularly proposed a party, to which none were to be admitted who did not consider SAM. WELLER a gentleman! The reviewer expresses fears lest 'Boz' may exhaust his genius by such large drafts upon his intellectual treasury; but admits that in 'Oliver Twist,' his latest and still unfinished series, so far from there being any diminution of talent, it really exceeds, in many respects, the best of his previous efforts.

LITERARY RECORD.

'ADVENT: A MYSTERY.'—Thus is entitled a poem, in the form of a drama, recently published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, of this city. It comes to us too late for an extended review; yet we have hastily perused it, and can record a brief sketch of its alleged character. It 'portrays the incidents which attended the coming of the Saviour; the restoration of peace and good will among men; the dispersion and overthrow of the devils, whose power on earth was now ended; the holy converse and bright anticipations of Zacharias and Elizabeth, over the cradle of their infant son; the high themes on which the Magi dwelt, as they journeyed on, guided by the star of Bethlehem; the ancient lays and sacred songs of the shepherds, watching their flocks through the starlit hours; and the chorus of angels who came from their starry mansions to join them in hymning praises.' The author is Mr. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX, a young gentleman scarcely twenty years of age. There is evidence, judging from a cursory perusal, of some imagination; and there are portions of the poem which do not require the apology of youth, and an inexperienced pen; but candor compels us to say, that there are many defects of language and rhythm, and diverse infelicitous terminations.

'How soft the landscape, and how balm the breeze,'

is hardly allowable; and

'Queen of fiends, we bow to thee,
By the name of Hecate,'

is a strained, and withal, as accented, erroneous pronunciation. There are one or two expressions, also, wherein the choice of terms favors *strength*, rather than poetical beauty. The lines descriptive of the cave where Hecate holds her reign, and the dialogues and chorus of the fiend, wherein

'More will quake at that bright face of thine,
'Than would an angel at all hell let loose!'

may be cited as examples in point. There is something, too, of plain prose, cut into lines of exceedingly blank verse, in the colloquial performances of one or two of the shepherds. One replies, for instance, to another—whom he seems to accuse (very wrongfully, as it seems to us,) of attempting a joke, instead of a song, with which he had been 'requested to favor the company'—as follows:

'1st SHEPHERD.	I thought we were to have No more of that. You told us so, at least.
REUEL.	Forgive me! it was meant in harmless jest. I thought some sport would suit you.
A SHEPHERD.	But a song Had suited better.'

This is both feeble and prosaic, to a degree. Not so the dedication to the author's father, which is both filial and beautiful :

'TO MY FATHER.

'FATHER, as he of old who reap'd the field,
The first young sheaves to Him did dedicate
Whose bounty gave whate'er the glebe did yield,
Whose smile the pleasant harvest might create —
So I to thee these numbers consecrate,
Thou who didst lead to Silo's pearly spring ;
And if of hours well saved from revels late
And youthful riot, I these fruits do bring,
Accept my early vow, nor frown on what I sing.'

The volume is handsomely executed; and its subject constitutes it an appropriate gift for the Christmas Holidays, (which have *passed*, since the above was placed in type.)

THE TOURIST IN EUROPE. — We have examined the *MS.* of a work under this title, now in the press of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, the plan and execution of which combine the useful and entertaining, in a very happy manner. In addition to the memoranda made during a tour of eight months in Great Britain and on the Continent, in 1836, which alone comprise a mass of valuable facts and interesting descriptions, in a style at once spirited and unassuming, this volume will contain a variety of valuable information for Americans going to Europe; such as outlines of the various routes; references to places and things most worthy of notice; hints on time, distances, hotels, conveyances, passports; tables of actual expenses during recent tours in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and Holland; table of coins of those countries, and their relative value; list of travels, 'guide books;' and other details, carefully collected from original sources, and personal observation. Thus, while of special value to the tourist, this book will be no less attractive to the general reader.

In connection with the above, the same publishers will also issue in a few weeks a **NEW FRENCH MANUAL**, on a novel and decidedly excellent plan, so arranged that the language and pronunciation may be rapidly acquired, without an instructor. It includes, also, a series of conversational phrases, of every-day life, and dialogues relative to the curiosities of Paris, and other European cities, both amusing and instructive. Altogether, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it far superior to any thing of the kind within our knowledge. It is edited by Mons. A. PESTIAUX, well known as a successful teacher of the French language in this city.

ANGLO-SAXON DICTIONARY. — This valuable work, by Dr. BOSWORTH, of Cambridge, has lately appeared in England, and may be had of the American agents, Messrs. CHARLES LITTLE AND COMPANY, Boston. The work is very full and complete, containing the accentuation; the grammatical inflections; the irregular words referred to their themes; the parallel terms from the other Gothic languages; the meaning of the Anglo-Saxon in English and Latin; and copious English and Latin indexes, serving as a dictionary of English and Anglo-Saxon, as well as Latin and Anglo-Saxon. The whole is clearly and methodically arranged, and preceded by a long preface, containing a sketch of the Teutonic and Scandinavian Language, and a synopsis of Anglo-Saxon Grammar; forming altogether a large and elegant volume, of eight hundred pages. It receives high praise, we are glad to perceive, from Mr. PICKERING, of Boston, the officers of Harvard University, and other eminent literary sources.

'**CHROMWELL.**' — The author of 'The Brothers' has an historical novel in two volumes in the press of the Brothers HARPER, entitled as above. Through the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to present a scene from the work, much in advance of its publication; and we have little hesitation in saying, that if this spirited sketch be but a fair specimen of the volumes, they will reflect high honor upon their author, as a minute observer, and most graphic describer.

'TALES FROM THE GERMAN.' — If the accomplished translator of these tastefully-executed volumes had selected his stories with less judgment, and clothed them in a less attractive English garb, then might the apology contained in his preface have perhaps been necessary. As it is, we are bound to say that Mr. GREENE has laid the reading public under an obligation to him, which we venture to predict they will repay by a wide perusal of his work, and a proper appreciation of his labors. The tales are 'taken almost at random from the thirteen volumes of VAN DER VELDE's works, of which they are a fair specimen.' 'Arwed Gyllenstierna,' a tale of the early part of the eighteenth century, occupies the first volume; the second contains 'The Lichtensteins,' 'The Sorceress,' and 'The Anabaptist.' BOSTON: AMERICAN STATIONERS' COMPANY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON: By CAROLINE GILMAN, Author of 'Recollections of a New-England Housekeeper.' — We intended to have done justice to this charming volume, but our leisure and space will not permit. We may commend it, however, to our readers, as natural, various, and entertaining, in no common degree; and as better, even, than the 'Recollections of a Housekeeper,' in the same spirit and with the same object as which, it has been penned. Every essential part is founded on events of actual occurrence, and the whole is intended to present, and no one can doubt that it does present, as exact a picture as possible of local habits and manners. Miss SEDGWICK must look to her laurels. She has a counterpart in the field. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. WARD'S ADDRESS. — Although late, and perchance out of season, we are inclined to have our brief 'say' in reference to the Address delivered at the opening of the Stuyvesant Institute, in November last, by SAMUEL WARD, JR. We commend it to the reader, for the merits of a good style and valuable inculcations, and particularly for the course it marks out for the intellectual American merchant. The address deserves notice on another account. It is, without exception, the most beautiful specimen of American printing we have ever seen, and equals, in every respect, the finest English typography. It is from the press of Messrs. G. F. HOPKINS AND SON.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LECTURES. — 'Shall we send,' (say the editors of the '*New-York Observer*,' a well known religious journal,) to Rome, and bring over the Coliseum for Mr. BUCKINGHAM to lecture in? At his last lecture, Chatham-street Chapel, (the largest public room in the city,) could not contain all who wished to attend.' It were tedious to add to this substantial testimony in favor of the lecturer's performances. The perusal of his 'Address to the American Public,' attached to this work, will convey to our distant readers some idea of the variety and extent of his intellectual resources; and to this we invite their attention.

PETER PARLEY'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY. — This work, on the basis of a geography for the use of families, in two handsome volumes, is one of the clearest, and best arranged, and most admirably written, of any similar volumes which have fallen under our observation. We lack space to go into the detail of their many merits, and must ask the reader to trust our judgment in relation to their contents, since a mere glance through them will confirm the justice of our verdict. They are beautifully printed, and illustrated by numerous good engravings on wood, maps, etc. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER. — We have read, with much gratification, an 'Address delivered before the College of Teachers, at Cincinnati, on the Moral Dignity of the Office of the Professional Teacher.' By SAMUEL FELLE. It is sound in its positions, and forcible as well as often eloquent in its style. Like the article 'Pedagogy,' which we published a short time since, it will serve to elevate the office of the teacher, and to inculcate in teachers themselves a larger regard for the important station which they are called to fill.

ROBERT R. RAYMOND, Esq., a young gentleman of fine talents, whose contributions to this Magazine have made him favorably known to our readers, has assumed the associate editorship of the 'Long-Island Star,' a semi-weekly journal of good repute, and honorable longevity.

AN AVANT COURIER.—It is both meet and proper, at this stage of our new volume, that we should render an account of our more prominent 'literary stock,' consigned, and on hand. *Après-moi*, therefore:

'SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.'—A very interesting paper thus entitled, has, by the merest inadvertency, been reserved for a place of honor in our next number. It will be accompanied by an editorial notice, should leisure serve, of some of the recent works of the 'Northern Antiquarian Society,' of Copenhagen. Apropos of this. There is an admirable article upon the 'Discovery of America by the Northmen,' from the pen of Gov. EVERETT, of Massachusetts, in the last number of the 'North American Review,' which we would commend to general perusal. The belief is gaining ground, in intelligent minds, that this continent was discovered by the Northmen, in the tenth century. The subject is therefore pregnant with interest to the American reader.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE ORIENT.—There are few men living, as our readers are doubtless aware, who have traversed a larger portion of the 'fair and fertile East,' than Mr. BUCKINGHAM. From his intimate acquaintance with oriental countries and subjects, acquired by extensive journeys through, and long residence in, those interesting regions, he is known generally in Europe as the 'Oriental Traveller.' His published works on Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Persia, are among the most frequently quoted by biblical critics, and scriptural commentators, of any that are before the public; and his descriptions of Joppa, Ptolemais, Tyre and Sidon, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Damascus, and Jerusalem, are constantly referred to, in illustration of their scriptural history, and present condition; while his account of the cities beyond Jordan, and of the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, and the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, and the remains of the Tower of Babel, all of which he personally visited, are seen scattered over many volumes of works devoted to scriptural illustration, from the best editions of Calmet and Watson, to the more recent works of Keith on the Prophecies, and the learned Commentaries of Professor BUSH, of our University. Mr. BUCKINGHAM has still, however, a large portion of his valuable *msa.* unpublished; and these contain a rich variety of information on portions of the eastern world less frequently visited, and consequently less familiarly known, than those which are described in the published works referred to. A choice and ample selection from these *msa.*, the literary and classical reader will be gratified to learn, has been secured for insertion, from time to time, in these pages. We have lately occupied some of our space, advantageously and agreeably, we have reason to believe, in describing the remarkable monuments of ancient days in the cities, forts, and sepulchres of the extinct nations of the West. We shall now present a companion to these, in the *scenery* of ancient monuments of grandeur and utility in the East: and in the present number we commence this series, by the narrative of a journey undertaken by Mr. BUCKINGHAM to traverse the Isthmus of Suez, examine its ancient port at the head of the Red Sea, and investigate the tract lying between that Gulf and the Mediterranean, for the purpose of tracing out the vestiges of the ancient canal, commenced by one of the Pharaohs, completed by Darius, and used for navigable purposes up to the time of the Ptolemies and Cleopatra. Some novel and curious information respecting the primitive and patriarchal manners and customs of the Bedouin Arabs, or Wanderers of the Desert, among whom the writer sojourned, will be interwoven with the narrative, together with descriptions of ancient remains, far in the solitude of the desert, supposed to be antediluvian, and varied and exciting personal adventure, etc. But the articles will speak for themselves, and be read, we cannot doubt, with great interest; not less from the intrinsic value and importance of the facts they contain, than from a knowledge of the ability and interest which characterize the author's oral and written efforts. In relation to the former, it may not be amiss to remark in this place, that we hope our readers, in such sections of the country as Mr. BUCKINGHAM may visit, will avail themselves of the intellectual enjoyment which he rarely fails to afford his auditories.

In addition to a series of 'American Reminiscences,' illustrating novel and stirring events connected with our early history, and struggles for national existence, with 'Ollapodiana,' 'King Christian,' by Prof. LONGFELLOW, 'Our Wedding-Days,' an admirable companion to 'Our Birth-Days,' by our veteran correspondent, Hon. JUDGE MELLEN, of Maine, and a variety of articles in prose and verse, from many of our 'old and established,' as well as several from new, AMERICAN contributors, (the cherished of our hearts,) in addition, we repeat, to these, we shall present in ensuing numbers an original romance, on American ground, from the pen of JOHN GALT, Esq., the amusing bio-

grapher of 'LAWRIE TODD,' of whose high literary reputation no one of our intelligent readers can be ignorant. Each division will possess its own separate interest, independent of what may precede or follow it. Mr. GALT retains a lively recollection of his journey through, and residence in, this country. 'It so happens,' he writes, 'that all I have ever met with in the United States is as agreeable to remember 'as the aroma in the vase where the rose hath been;' and I have long desired to be able to give some proof of the feeling with which I cherish transatlantic recollections. I owe much in gratitude to American kindness; and it will be a gratification to think, that many of my old friends among your readers will occasionally see that I have not forgotten them. When in America, I was sensible of having obtained many new ideas; and perhaps it may now and then be thought, that one who has seen as much of the world as most men, may have seen some things in your 'woody land' not quite in the same light as other travellers from this island.'

And WORDSWORTH, too, reader, will be with you anon. An intimate friend of his (and a kind friend of ours) writes us as follows, under date of December 2d: 'WORDSWORTH begs me to thank you for the volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, and BRYANT's poems, which he greatly admires. His sight is at present very bad, and he cannot write himself; but he says that in a few days Mrs. WORDSWORTH shall copy a few of his best unpublished poems for you.' Moreover, we have a series of delightful Letters from an American gentleman abroad, a graceful writer and ripe scholar, who has eschewed hacknied sights and themes; and — rare tribute from his considerate hand — an original article of poetry, by that variously-gifted and lamented English statesman, GEORGE CANNING. And with this gratifying intelligence, we close our long gossip.

'KNICKERBOCKERIANA.' — The reader is desired to act his own pleasure about perusing the subjoined paragraphs. There's no compulsion:

A DENIAL. — The review of Mr. BROOKS' 'Scriptural Anthology,' in our last number, has been attributed, in one or two local sources, to *personal* motives of depreciation, and to a narrow sectional feeling. Both charges, we scarcely need say, are alike unfounded. The work alluded to is susceptible of a far more enlarged exposure than it has yet received at our hands. In regard to the writer, he was wholly unknown to us, save *as such*. Sectional feeling, in literary matters, we utterly disclaim, and appeal to the entire numbers of our work, to disprove the accusation. We aim to recognise and applaud merit, wherever found, whether in the north or the east, the south or the west; and while such will continue to be our course, we shall nevertheless not hesitate to rebuke clamorous mediocrity, whencesoever it may proceed.

'RESUSCITATED JOES, VERSIFIED.' — FOREIGN CREDIT. — Under this head, our droll contemporary of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' publishes 'The Miniature,' which 'William was holding in his hand,' by our friend Col. MORRIS, of the 'Mirror.' We commend our literary explorer to another 'resuscitation,' in the same number which contains this alleged revived 'MILLER.' We mean the poetry entitled 'The Sum of Life,' which appeared, *originally*, in these pages, bearing the caption, 'Why am I Here?' While on the subject of credit, let us add, that the lines beginning, 'Where is the *Ship*?' now making the newspaper circuit, as from a late London Metropolitan Magazine, were written for these pages, many months since, by an able correspondent in Montreal. We have heretofore cited four or five kindred instances of 'reproductive' circulation. There is great virtue, it should seem, in sea-air and a foreign stamp!

CARE IN COMPOSITION. — 'The pen is an artificial tongue. It speaks to those that are far off, as well as to those that are near; and it speaks to thousands at once.' So says, and most truly, an old English author. We ask our correspondents to bear this in mind, while enclosing us matter for publication; for, if their favors are accepted, they speak through our pages to at least fifty thousand readers per month, of the most discriminating class; and not only to readers at home, but to large numbers in European towns and cities.

LITERARY BONDS. — New subscribers, who express their approbation of such numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER as they have received, sometimes add, 'and if the work *continues* thus, you may count us life-time readers.' Our new friends should remember, that for the fulfilment of our designs, we are already *bound*, in ELEVEN VOLUMES; and we may add, with 'Box,' that if it will be any additional security to the public, we have no objection to stand bound, as without doubt we shall, in double the number.

. Publishers and Correspondents must bear with us yet a little. We are compelled to omit several notices of new books, the critiques of our theatrical reporters, etc. We hope to bring up arrears in the number for March.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE AND ANTIQUITIES.

'A strong poetical taste, and a passion for traditionary and mythical lore, pervaded the northern race. The order of Skalds or poets, was the immediate depository of the national traditions. They were the friends and confidential advisers of the kings and earls. They were entertained at court in time of peace, and in battle were stationed where they could witness the exploits which they were to commemorate. The Skalds were men of the world. Warriors, rovers, chieftains, they mingled in the stir of life; they were trained in the open air of the mountains and the vales, and amidst the wild creations of arctic nature. After the convulsions of continental Scandinavia, Iceland was their favorite seat, the home of stout-hearted refugees, who made this poor frozen rock the abode of traditionary lore and song. Nature, with a kind of caprice, in re-producing in the polar circle an Ausonian age, associated with it the romantic features of a Campanian region. Volcanoes flamed up from eternal glaciers, and fountains of boiling water spouted from snow-clad craters.'

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

In the first number of the article on Scandinavian Literature and Antiquities, the origin of the Scandinavian people was traced, and some of the prominent events in their history related. Mention was also made of the sources of their literature, and the manner in which it has been preserved. In concluding the subject, it will be necessary to speak of the contents of their historical manuscripts, and of the works recently published by the society formed for the express purpose of elucidating and making known the ancient literature of the North. So much of this is connected with their mythology, that it is extremely difficult to comprehend, and to separate truth from fiction. If there were no other analogies between the Gothic nations and the older nations of Asia, their mythological systems would be sufficient to prove their identity. The Gaëlic language, which is now acknowledged to be of great antiquity, and if not the same as the ancient Celtic, is not very far removed from it, has been proved by an eminent Scottish philologist, Dr. Jamieson,* to have a very great affinity to the languages of the North; thus showing the intimate connexion between the Celtic or primitive people of Europe, and the Scandinavians. It is worthy of record, that the northern Sagas make mention of several eclipses which occurred in the ninth and tenth centuries.† These have been calculated by Sir David Brewster, and the Norwegian astronomer, Hansteen, and found correct. In this way the truth of many historical events, and the precise period of their occurrence, have been corroborated. There is no better method of testing the correctness of the ancient historians of any country, than by investigating the astronomical

* JAMIESON'S Scottish Dictionary.

† Introduction to the Report of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.

phenomena recorded by them. An eclipse of the sun or moon, or the appearance of a comet, were regarded by them as omens, and generally decided their projected invasions, or a mere voyage by sea. Exerting, thus, so great an influence upon their actions, we find that the Scandinavians, in common with other nations of antiquity, did not fail to record their celestial phenomena.

The most ancient Icelandic literature, is that comprised in the *Old Edda*, which consists of Icelandic poems, collected by Samund Sigfusson, a learned clergyman of the Island, and Are Frode, an eminent historian of the eleventh century. This collection was either concealed, and subsequently forgotten, or was lost in Iceland, for four hundred years, when the remains of it were again brought to light by Bishop Brynjolf Svensen, in 1643, from which period it has been more or less studied; portions of it having been translated into Danish and Latin, and published.

The first class of the elder Edda is mystical. It includes the *Volu-SPA*, the oracle or prophecy of Vala, which exhibits the mythological system of the Edda, in a very dark, mysterious, and often unintelligible style, resembling the Sibylline verses. Another poem of the same class, is the *Grougaldor*, or Groa's Magic Song, which contains a collection of magical terms, supposed to be useful in every sort of peril, and other exigencies of human life. Magic and witchcraft appear to have been regarded by the Northmen as essential attributes of the priestly class, who inherited them from Odin. The women, like the witches of New-England, were conspicuous characters in practising mysterious rites. A third poem of the mystical class is the *Solar Ljod*, or Song of the Sun. It relates to the doctrine of a future life, and the dwellings and occupations of departed souls. The second class of the elder Edda is called *Mythio-didactic*; this comprises a dramatic dialogue between Odin, the father of the northern gods, and Vafthrunder, a genii, celebrated for his craft and valor. Odin, in the disguise of a mortal, visits the latter, and claims his hospitality. They engage in a dispute upon the mystery of sacred science, with the condition, that the losing party should forfeit his head! Their subjects are the origin of the earth and heavens; whence proceed day and night, winter and summer; the creation of the human race, the condition of departed spirits, the occupations of departed heroes, etc., etc.*

Preserving his incognito, Odin, who had assumed the name of Gagnrader, at length asks the Genius 'what are the words which Odin whispered in the ear of his son, Balder, when the latter was placed upon his funeral pile.' At this the astonished Genius recognises Odin, and acknowledges himself vanquished, saying, 'No mortal man those words can know, which thou whisperedst in the ear of thy son, at the Beginning of Ages. I read my doom, written in magic characters, and decreed by the celestial fates, for having dared to encounter the all-wise Odin in sacred controversy.'

The next poem in this class is *Grimnis-mal*, or the Song of Grimner, which contains a description of the habitations of the celestial deities. Other poems contain a variety of matter, some of

* WHEATON'S, History of the Northmen, p. 65, et seq.

which is very dark and obscure; genealogies of the ancient kings of the North, etc. The *Hava-mal*, or sublime discourse of Odin, contains a metrical collection of moral precepts, not unlike the Proverbs of Solomon, and is valuable as a record of ancient manners and customs. Many of them deserve a place among the popular maxims of the present day, and a more extensive dissemination than they get, enveloped, as they now are, in a cloud of mysterious tales and ballads. The following may be quoted :

‘Mock not the stranger guest, for thou knowest not who he may be.’

‘A secret can only be safely kept by a single person, not by two; what three men know, is no longer a secret.’

‘I have never found a man so liberal and so magnificent, that he disdained to receive gifts.’

‘Riches pass in the twinkling of an eye; the most inconstant friends are they.’

‘Once I was young; I went alone, and lost my way; but when I found a companion, I seemed to be rich; for man is the joy of man. The tree which stands alone in the field puts not forth; so it is with him whom no one loves: why should he longer live?’*

The mythological class of poems relate various adventures of their deities, which a knowledge of their mythology renders necessary for a proper understanding of them: a portion of these has been translated into English, by Herbert, and may be found in his Icelandic poetry.† In the *Vegtams-guida*, Odin is represented as mounting his horse and descending into the infernal regions to invoke the spirit of a deceased *Vala*, or prophetess, to compel her to make known future events, of which the gods were in doubt. A good idea of the wild character of their poetry may be formed from the annexed translation, by the Hon. Mr. Spencer:

‘The dog he met from hell advancing;
His adverse breast with blood was clotted,
His jaws for combat keenly grinning;
Fierce he bay’d the spell’s dread father,
Oped his huge throat, and howl’d long after.
On rode Odin; the deep earth sounded;
He reached the lofty house of Hela;
Ugger rode to the eastern portals,
There he knew was the tomb of Vala.
Strange verse he sung, the slain enchanting,
Traced mystic letters, northward looking.’‡

A part of the poems of this class, where allusions are made to the peculiar situation of the people of the North, to the snow-clad mountains and frozen regions, must be attributed to the Skalds. There are others, however, which give evidence of a more remote antiquity, and are undoubtedly of Asiatic origin. ‘They may even be regarded,’ says Wheaton, ‘as exhibiting traces of a purer religious dispensation, the light of which once shone on the primitive inhabitants of the

* The same thought, expressed in the same manner, is found in the Sanscript poem called *Maha Barata*.

† Poetry from the Icelandic, etc., by WM. HERBERT. 2 vols. 8vo., London.

‡ Miscellaneous Poetry, vol. 1. p. 50.

earth, but which has since been obscured by the dark clouds of superstition.*

The mystic-historical lays are diversified in their subjects, sometimes blended with their mythological personages, and at others having the appearance of authentic history. Attila and his Huns, as well as other distinguished commanders and their people, have a place in these poems.

The lays of the Anglo-Saxons and of the people of the North, are constructed according to the same metrical rules, with alliterative verse, and employ the same poetical language.† The poems of the Edda elucidate many of the obscure passages and phrases that occur in the lays of the Anglo-Saxons, and the latter are equally useful in explaining the relics of old northern poetry. It is a singular circumstance, and worthy of mention, that many of the Icelandic legal terms and phrases, give the best explanation of obscure terms still in use in English law. This may be accounted for by the fact, that the ancient law was, with the language, preserved in Iceland, where it is still, to a certain extent, the law of the land.

The younger or prose Edda, is ascribed to Snorre Sturleson, lagman of Iceland, and Server of King Haco. He was the most eminent historian of the North, and died in 1241. From the collection before referred to, and other songs, written and traditionary, he arranged and composed, what is known as the *Younger Edda*, a system and *cyclos* of those songs, showing the versification and grammatical structure of the language. Like the *Elder Edda*, the wild mythology of the North constitutes its principal feature; a mythology as fanciful as that of Greece or Rome, and in which may be traced a connection with that of Persia and Hindostan. 'The story of the characters and achievements of the gods is introduced by a fiction, relating how Glyfs, King of *Svithjod*, (Sweden,) a famous magician, undertook a journey to the *Aesers*, (gods,) to learn from their own mouths their nature and laws. He received from the eldest of the gods an account of the beginning of the world, the primitive Ymir, and the sons of Bor, the origin of men, the giant Niorwi, the creation of the sun and moon, the celestial bridge of Bifrost, the holy places of the gods, the origin of wind, of summer and winter, and finally of all the gods, and their mysterious history.‡ The second part of the Edda treats of the names of the gods, and of all the synonyms and circumlocutions admissible in poetry, in alphabetical order. The third part contains the rules for one hundred different kinds of verse, and is entitled *Hattatal, clavis metrica*. The alliterative verse, in which the metrical system abounds, presents a striking analogy with that of the eastern nations, particularly the Hebrew. The most recent publication on the subject is a commentary on the collective songs of the Edda by Finn Magnusen, an eminent antiquarian, and Vice President of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.§

* History of the Northmen, p. 81.

† CONYBEARE'S Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, p. 39.

‡ Ency. Am. vol. 11, Art. Scandinavian Literature.

§ *Den ældre Edda*, (the Elder Edda,) 1821-23, in 4 vols., Copenhagen.

The same author has recently given us a specimen of Eddaic English, addressed to an individual who had manifested great interest in promoting northern literature. The occasion it may be well to name, as similar acts of liberality are rare. Mr. John Heath, an English gentleman residing at Copenhagen, from a desire to make known to the people of Iceland the most noble poem of which the English language can boast, printed, at his own expense, the masterly Icelandic translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, by John Thorlakson, a poet with whose name we are familiar, by the honorable mention of him in Henderson's *Iceland*. This translation is in the same poetical measure as the Edda, and is marked by the alliterative character which distinguishes the poetry of the North. It was presented by Mr. Heath to the Icelandic Society, which, in return, voted him their thanks in a poem, adapted to the same metre as that of Thorlakson, with an English translation. The original, and translation, were written by Finn Magnusen. The following extract will give a correct idea of the character of Scandinavian poetry, written by an Icelander, in imitation of the Edda :

' Bodily sights,
Baleful darkness,
Sharpeneth the eyes
Of shining soul;
The Genius saw
God on his throne,
He saw what we
But see in picture.

' Angels, demons
And their strife,
Heaven and hell,
Honor and shame,
Earth's creation,
Eden's bliss,
First of men,
Fallen, redeemed.

' Milton sang
This matchless chaunt,
Praise of God
And Paradise,
Mundane Epos,
Tale of man;
Not with auns
The song expires.

' Grateful world
Give him thanks,
Loves his lay,
And bids it sound
In all tongues
Of Europe's sons.
Lo! 'tis heard
In Iceland-Thule.'

One of the most curious works connected with this subject is one of which a translation first appeared in Copenhagen in 1768, entitled, *Konungs Skuggsia*. The original was composed and written in Iceland between 1185 and 1202, during the reign of King Sverrer; probably by his command, or under his auspices. The author is supposed to have been an individual who had filled some office at court. The volume is in the form of a dialogue between himself and his sons, in which he instructs them in the following topics : The manner of life and usages of merchants; decorous and prudent conduct of seamen and men of business; necessity of arithmetic, astronomy, knowledge of sea currents, of the daily progress of the sun, and the common course of winds in the different seasons; information respecting Iceland; authentic accounts of Greenland; accounts of the whale fish in the northern seas; the usages at court; description of weapons of war. Also, observations on the fine arts, on virtues and accomplishments, on religion, justice, and the science of government. The advice here given, if listened to by the class to which it is addressed, might be productive of good results.

' When thy capital amounts to a considerable sum, divide it into

three parts. Invest one third with honest and able merchants, who abide in the best trading places; the other two thirds divide in different places, and employ in commercial journeys, for thus it is not likely that in any case all thy fortune should be sacrificed. But if thou hast amassed very large stores of wealth, then employ two thirds of it in the purchase of land, the safest of all possessions, both for thyself and thy family; and thus, if it please thee, thou canst employ the other third in thy wonted trade; but when thou art satisfied, when thou hast seen the manners of foreign lands, and undertaken many voyages and trading journeys, thou mayest withdraw. Yet remember all thou hast seen, both of good and evil; the evil that thou mayest avoid it; the good, to profit by it, not alone for thy own benefit, but for the benefit of all who will be counselled by thee.'

The Sagas, which embrace the larger part of Northern literature, consist of separate manuscripts on parchment, written and composed by the historians of the country. Before the introduction of Roman letters, the most ancient were preserved in oral tradition, and have since been reduced to writing. A Saga is, properly speaking, a history, and contains the history of the most celebrated personages, whether a king or subordinate chieftain, written in a style of antique simplicity, and interspersed with metrical passages, to aid the memory of the reciter. The greater part of the Sagas were written in Iceland, while that remote spot was the seat of learning. The peculiar circumstances in which its inhabitants were placed, as it were shut out from the rest of the world, led them to protect and cultivate the germs of literature which their original colonists took with them from the continent. The propagation of Christianity was another incentive to cultivate letters, and preserve, in a historical form, the most prominent events of their history. The Sagas are divided into four classes, as has been before mentioned; and being chiefly in the Icelandic language, have not, until recently, received the attention they merited; many of them have only been discovered during the last century, since which time they have been but partially examined. From the extensive field for antiquarian and historical research, which is about to be spread before the world, the limits of a single article will only permit of speaking of the more recent discoveries. The light which the Sagas are enabled to throw on the early history of Great Britain and Ireland, render them of great value, as they prove the connexion that existed between those islands and the countries of the North, and point to the latter as the source whence Ireland received a portion of its earliest population. The predatory inroads of the Northmen on the British and Irish coasts, commenced at a very early period, and resulted in the permanent settlement of parts of those countries, and the founding of independent kingdoms. The names of the principal geographical divisions of Ireland are partly of northern origin; the Irish names being *Laighean*, *Munhain*, *Ulladh*; to which add the northern word *stadr*, or *ster*, (place,) and we have *Leinster*, *Munster*, and *Ulster*.* Other districts and

* *Ster*, or *star*, presents a close analogy with the Hindu word *stan*, (place,) the latter being applied in the same way as in *Hindu-stan*, *Afgani-stan*, *Rajah-stan*—meaning the place of the Hindus, etc.

towns in Ireland, many of the latter of which are still known, are alluded to in the Icelandic Sagas: *Kunnaktir*, or Connaught; *Dyflin*, or Dublin; *Hlimrek*, or Limerick; *Vedraford*, or Waterford, etc.

The Irish accounts of the coming of the Eastmen to their country, go as far back as the year 795. In the reign of King Nial III., about the year 836, they relate that Turgesius, King of Norway, came, with a considerable fleet, and succeeded in fixing himself permanently on the island.* After his death, three of his brothers came, whose names are given in the Irish annals, which personages have been identified by their names in the Icelandic Sagas,† making due allowance for the change of pronunciation in the two countries, a circumstance of great importance, as it tests the truth of both. The accounts of several voyages and expeditions to Ireland subsequent to this period, are given at length in the Icelandic Sagas. Kormak Saga states, that King Harald Grafeld went there in person, and fought a battle. During the reign of the same monarch, one Hoskuld bought, at a fair held at Brenneyiar, in Halland, a daughter of the Irish King Myrkiartan, named Melkorka, who must have been taken there from Ireland a captive to some vi-king. He took her to Iceland, and had by her a son named Olaf Pa, who was taught the Irish language by his mother, and at her desire made a visit to her father, King Myrkiartan, in Ireland. A circumstantial account of his voyage there is given in the Laxdela Saga. Another interesting narrative is that of a celebrated Icelandic Skald, Gunnlaug Ormstunga, who visited King Ethelred, in England, in the year 1006, and the year following crossed over to Dublin, thence to the Orkneys, then under the dominion of the Jarl Sigurd Lödverson. He states that the language spoken by the people of England, Denmark, and Norway, was the same, but that in Ireland it was different. In the account of Olaf Pa, above referred to, it is stated that he, being taught the Irish language by his mother, was able to converse with the natives; the merchants of Iceland, on the contrary, could only by the aid of an interpreter.

About this period, (1014,) a remarkable battle was fought near Clontarf, in Ireland, which the northern records call the battle of Brian, from King Brian, who was the cause, and one of the heroes, of, the battle. A remarkable poem, to celebrate this battle, is preserved among the Icelandic manuscripts, and is thus given: 'It happened that a certain man named Darrud, who was walking in Caithness, in Scotland, saw suddenly twelve persons on horseback, who rode together to a lonely house, where they disappeared. Curious to know more concerning them, he followed thither, and, looking through a hole in the wall, perceived that they were women, and that they had set up a loom within the house, and made other preparations for weaving. These preparations were, however, of an unusual and appalling nature; for human heads, he saw, were used by them for weights, and human entrails for warp and woof; a sword

* O'HALLORAN'S History of Ireland, vol. 2, p. 158.

† Exposition of the oldest Icelandic and Norwegian Accounts of Ireland, p. 6, in the Annals and Memoirs of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.

served the purpose of a lathe, and arrows of shuttles. The bel-dames, meanwhile, began their work, chaunting, as they proceeded with it, the following song :

* Wide is expanded
Omen of slaughter,
The cloud of the loom.*
It raineth blood.
Now, dart-portending,†
Of warriors: the gray
Tissue is spread;
And the friends of battle‡
Fill it up with
A livid woof.

The web is made
Of the entrails of men;
Skulls are the weights
That keep it tense.
Blood-dripping spears
Form the loom.
Iron-bound is the frame,
Darts are our shuttles,
Firm beat we our swords
The web of victory.

Hilda is at the weaving,
And Hiorthrimul,
Sangrid and Svipul,
With naked swords.
Shafts shall clatter,
Shields shall be broken,
The helm-cleaver§ shall
Clash on the casque.

Weave we, weave we
The web of war;
The war that awaiteth
Yon youthful king.
Forth speed we soon,
And mix in the throng,
There where our friends
Share the combat.

Weave we, weave we
The web of war;
Then forth and wait
Upon the king.
¶ Men shall behold
Eusanguined shields
Where Gunna and Gōndul
Follow the king.

Weave we, weave we
The web of war.
Where through carnage
Valky-rier wade,
Let us not be
Sparing of life.
To us belongs
To choose who shall fall.
They now shall rule

Over the land,
Who erst were dwellers
On the barren coast.
The mighty king
I doom to die;
The jarl to be laid
Low by the sword.

Ireland shall suffer
A dire distress,
Which never shall
Pass out of mind.
The web is woven;
The field is cleared;
Far and wide flee
The weak remnant of men.

Terrible it is
Now to look round:
A sanguine cloud
The heavens o'erspreads;
The air is stained
With the blood of men,
What time our prophecy
Goes into fulfilment.

We sing good fortune
To yon youthful king;
A cloud of captives
We glad presage.
Let him who listeneth
The numbers note,
And through the land
The tidings spread.

Mount we our steeds!
Quick let us hie,
With naked swords,
Hence, hence away!

Upon this they tore the web asunder, each retaining the piece she held in her hand. Darad now withdrew from the opening where he had been standing, and returned home; but the women mounted their horses, and galloped off, six to the south, and six to the north.¶

Another narrative, still more interesting, is found in the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, a short account of which is given in the work last quoted. During the reign of the King Saint-Ólaf, (about 1028,) an Icelander named Gudleif, sailed on a commercial expedition for Iceland. From the western coast of this Island he was driven by a tempest far out to sea in the direction of south-west, and came to a country whose inhabitants spoke a language which he and his people did

* The warp.

† They who chaunt the dirge.

‡ Exposition of the oldest Icelandic accounts of Ireland, p. 10, published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians.

† i. e. portending battle.

§ The sword.

not understand. They fell in with a man there, who conversed with them in Icelandic, and who, on their departure, sent a message by them to his native country. In this narrative, no name whatever is assigned the land in question; but in another, it is related, that the Iclander, Ari Marsson, was, (about 982,) in the course of a sea voyage, driven to *Hvitramannaland*, (the white men's land,) or, as it is called by others, Great Ireland, (*Ireland hit mikla*), which land is described as situate in the ocean, toward the west, near *Vinland hit go da*. Ari, the legend goes on to state, was baptized and remained there, and the whole account of his adventure was obtained from one Rafn, surnamed Hlimreksfari, from his trading to Limerick in Ireland.

These accounts perfectly harmonize with the accounts of the early voyages made by the Irish, and tend to prove that either some large island, or the continent of America, was known to the Irish, at the time the celebrated Prince Madoc, of Wales, undertook his expedition to unknown lands, which, it is said, resulted in the discovery of America.

The most important information which the investigation of the Saga manuscripts has made known, is that relating to America. The work announced three or four years since by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen, has just appeared, and reflects great credit on the society, both for the beautiful style in which it is got up, and for the valuable historical matter which it contains. The limits of this article will not admit of a particular synopsis of the contents of this work. The following Sagas appear at length in it, and sundry extracts from ancient Danish manuscripts:

'First the historical accounts of Erik the Red, and the Greenlanders, extracted — and now for the first time accurately published — from the celebrated Codex Flateyensis, particularly concerning *BIARN HERIULFSON'S* and *LEIF ERICSON'S* first discovery of the American Islands and Consta, and the several voyages thither, performed by Leif's brothers and sister. Next the Saga of *THORFINN THORSSON* surnamed *KARLSFARNE*, descended from Irish, Scottish, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish Ancestors, chiefly taken from two ancient MSS. never before edited, and in fact not previously known to the Literati, the one of which is supposed to be partly a genuine autograph of the celebrated Hauk Erlendson, Lawman of Iceland, well known as a compiler of one of the Recensions of the Landnama-book. This very remarkable Saga contains detailed accounts of Thorfinn Karlsefne's and his company's three years voyages and residence in America, whereby an entirely new light is diffused over this subject hitherto so little known. The only knowledge that Torfæus had of this Saga, which he imagined to be lost, was derived from some corrupted extracts of it contained in the collection of materials for the history of ancient Greenland left by the Iceland Farmer *Biörn Johnson* of Skarðso. It is now for the first time submitted to the literary world in a complete form. The work here announced, moreover, contains every thing else that the Society has been able to collect and discover relating to that knowledge of the New World which our forefathers obtained from the early discoveries and researches of the Northmen. Among these we may mention, 1. Adam of Bremen's accounts of *VINLAND* (in America) written in the eleventh century, being in fact communicated to him by the Danish King *Sweyn Estrithson*, and compiled from authentic accounts furnished to him by Danes, and now for the first time published from the excellent Codex in the Imperial Library at Vienna, of which a Fac simile has been transmitted to the Society by the Chief of the Library, Count Dietrichstein. 2. Are Frode's account of Vineland, written in the same or in the following century; and also 3. of the eminent Icelandic chief *ARI MARSSON*, one of his own ancestors, who in the year 983 was driven to a part of America situate near Vineland, then called *HVITRAMANNALAND* or *GREAT IRELAND*, whose inhabitants (of Irish origin) prevented him from returning, but at the same time treated him with great respect. 4. Other ancient accounts respecting the Icelandic hero *BIARN ARSSON*, in his day one of the Lomsburg Warriors under *Palnatoke*, and fighting along with them in the battle of Fyrisval in Sweden: he also, in the year 993, repaired to one of the coasts of America, where he was detained in the same manner, but resided there

ascribed over the space of about 30 years. A account of an Icelandic mariner (Gunnar Grenlandur) who was driven to the same coast in the year 1000, and who was rescued from death by a party of the above mentioned natives. A letter from the abbot of Convent of the middle ages is another fine & artistic document. There is also a voyage of Vinland in 1492, the discovery of new countries by the explorers in the Western World in 1498, an expedition from Norway and Iceland in the year 1500, and the trading voyage from the ancient colony in Greenland to Labrador in 1500, in 1500, recorded in contemporary. A ancient account of the most northern colonies of Greenland and America chiefly taken by the Northerners in the purpose of hunting and fishing, among these a very remarkable account from a crew of Greenlanders, of a voyage of discovery undertaken by some shipwrecked from the Bishopric of Iceland in Greenland in the year 1500, being — as a cotton cloth, as an astronomical observation — and the discovery of the North Star — 1500, a report which is not only a very fine one but has been made correct through the zealous researches of Dr. Vilhelm Jacob, of Copenhagen, and James Hart, of New York, and the discovery of a fine specimen of ancient Greenlandic work of the Greenlanders in which a record is made of the last century, and the last of the earth in four hundred years. A fine letter from the Western World is a letter, but almost a man, it is connected with Iceland.

There is another class of antiquities to which allusion has been made, which are of great importance in elucidating the history of the North. They are the bones of the people, which the monumental inscriptions of Egypt and Greece are, a record of their history. No antiquities remain of the bones of the latter countries, but do their bones and bones, and the probability in this matter of the like the people whom they were erected, they are marked with the rudeness in their execution which characterizes their works. In archaeology, they are designated 'Runes' and consist of rocks sculptured with ancient Runic letters, recording important events which have transpired in the countries where they are found. 'Runes' are common throughout the North of Europe, and have also been found in Asiatic Russia, Siberia, and Tannar. In many instances, rude obelisks, from ten to twenty feet in height, are found with inscriptions, and in others, smooth or natural-faced rocks on the banks of rivers, or on prominent points in the interior. In America, and particularly in the northern states, inscribed rocks are known to exist, which, in some respects, are analogous to those of Europe and Asia. The most celebrated of these is the Dighton Rock in Massachusetts. It is situated on the banks of Taunton river, and has, since the first settlement of the country, attracted the attention of the antiquarians, both of America and Europe.* Strahlenberg, in his account of Siberia, gives drawings of the principal ones in that region, and the transactions of the Learned Societies of Denmark and Sweden, contain drawings, as well as translations, of many found in those countries. The Scandinavian Runes contain records of remarkable battles, and are found where such battles were fought; others are conveyances of land, and embody much valuable historical information. The researches of the Danish Society, to which allusion has been made, have recently brought to light some inscriptions, and their meaning, to which it may be well to refer. In their late publications, the results of their investigations are given at length. The first of these, called the 'Runamo Inscript-

*The Dighton or Ansonet Rock, with its inscription, forms the subject of a most curious disquisition, in the volume of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, referred to. It is situated in a prominent point, in the immediate vicinity of the place where the Scandinavian colony was founded, and appears to be a record of the visit and occupation of the country, by those hardy navigators, in the tenth century.

tion,' is cut on the flat surface of a rock, near Runamo, in Sweden, and is supposed to be the oldest monument of the kind in all the North. Mention was first made of its existence by the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who lived in the twelfth century. He states that King Waldemar the First, who reigned between 1157 and 1182, sent companies thither, skilled in Runic lore, for the purpose of reading the inscription, and that they returned without having accomplished the object of their mission, in consequence of its obscurity. For five hundred years after, no attempt was made. In 1649, the celebrated antiquary, Ole Worm, (Olaus Wormius,) who was then engaged in collecting materials for his great work, the *Monumenta Danica*, had a drawing taken, but failed in deciphering it. His ill success did not prevent others from examining it during the last century, who were alike unable to throw any light upon it. In 1805, another celebrated antiquary, M. F. Arendt, of Altona, the fame of whose pilgrimages on foot to many other like monuments is known throughout Europe, examined it; and being unable to make out the inscription as readily as he had been used to solving similar ones, declared it to be nothing more than a *lusus naturæ*. From this period, the opinion of Arendt became the prevailing one, and all hope of ever deciphering the inscription was considered vain. A few years since, it occurred to the Bishop of Zealand, Dr. Müller, who was preparing a new edition of Saxo, to have this monument again examined, and invited the Royal Society of Sciences to unite with him in the task, which they consented to do, by deputing a committee of three to proceed to Runamo, and examine the inscription. In July, 1833, they accomplished their task, took a copy of the Runes, which they decided were veritable characters, produced by artificial means, though blended with accidental cracks and fissures. Returning to Copenhagen, the committee appointed one of their number, Finn Magnussen, to undertake the charge of interpreting the characters, to which he immediately applied himself. Notwithstanding his efforts, ten months elapsed, during which he made no progress toward its accomplishment. At this time, it fortunately occurred to him, on the 22d May, 1834, to attempt to read the inscription backward, that is, from left to right, upon which he made out, with perfect ease, the first word, and in less than two hours, the whole.* It was found to be in the Old Northern or Icelandic tongue, in regular alliterative verse, and was executed in the year 680 or about that period. The Sagas, as well as the Danish History of Saxo, make mention of a famous battle, fought in East Gothland at this period, between Harald Hildekin, King of Denmark, and Ring, King of Sweden, in which warriors from all parts of the North participated as auxiliaries. The particulars are so plainly stated, that they cannot be mistaken, and the inscription here discovered, corroborates what history has recorded. It appears by the Saga, which contains the account of the battle, that the army of Harald was seven days on its way to the appointed field in East Gothland, and passed near Runamo. While there, it is probable that the inscription was cut, and the song chanted by the priests, magicians, or Skalds, in presence of the king himself.

* Report of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, p. 43.

The record in question has been thus translated :

Hildekinn received* the kingdom,
Gard hewed out.†
Olè took the oath;‡
Odin consecrate these Runes!
May Ring get
A fall on the mould;§
Elves, Gods of fidelity||

Olè hate.¶
Odin and Frey
And the Aser race
Destroy (destroy)
Our enemies!
Grant to Harald
A great victory!

Another inscription of the same kind, recently deciphered, is that on an obelisk found at Ruthwell, in Scotland. This monument has long been known, and is mentioned by various travellers in, and writers on, Scotland. In 1642, the General Assembly of the church of Scotland passed an order that it should be destroyed as idolatrous. It was accordingly broken in pieces, and the fragments placed in the church for seats. Here the Runic letters frequently attracted the attention of antiquaries, and among them Bishop Gibson, who, in his version of Camden's *Britannia*, printed in 1695, speaks of it as a pillar 'curiously engraved, with some inscription upon it.' Pen-
nant, who saw it in 1772, says 'it contained Saxon letters, etc. Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, supposes it to have been erected by the Danes, who subdued this part of the country in the year 875. Notwithstanding much curiosity was excited, it does not appear that any one ever succeeded in deciphering it; nor was any pains taken to preserve it, until Dr. Duncan, the present minister of Ruthwell, caused the fragments to be collected, and the monument restored. He then caused a correct drawing to be made of the inscriptions, which was given to Mr. Thorleif Gudmundsen Repp, a learned Ice-lander, residing at Edinburgh, who, from his knowledge of the ancient languages of the North, soon ascertained the inscription to be Anglo-Saxon Runes. His account of it was published in the *Archæologia Scotica*, for 1832. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians have since investigated the subject, and have been enabled, more satisfactorily to make out the entire inscription. The monument is seventeen feet six inches in length, and contains inscriptions, as well as rude sculptures, on its four sides, the purport of which, appears to be a record of the transfer of landed property. Evidence is produced, which attributes the monument to the year 880, or thereabout, and the persons whose names are mentioned, are identified with historical personages of that period. From their length, these disquisitions would be tedious. The following is a literal translation of part of the inscription :

I, Offa, Voden's kinsman,
Transfer to Eeka's descendant,
To you two the property,
Field, meadow
Give we Ashlof!
The words of the noble I below make known.
To Erinc young
Promised she riches, estates good;

* Succeeded to. † Engraved those characters. ‡ Oath of fealty. § May he perish. || Who punish the breach of fidelity. ¶ Avoid, forsake. Gard was one of Harald's Skalde, and is mentioned in the Saga. Olè was a relative of HARALD's, and deserted him to join his opponent.

I for the marriage feast
Prepare in the mean time.

* * *
Christ was among —,
When to all we gave
All that they owned — the married pair;
At their home,
The rich women's, you were a guest,
There down dwelling.
* * *

Many other inscribed rocks, on the banks of lakes and rivers in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have been deciphered; and if such as the one last named, which exists in a country where antiquarian research has been carried to the utmost extent, has remained, until recently, undeciphered, why have we not reason to hope that those of our own country may yet be unravelled, and their contents made known? May not the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians, the Hindoos, the Japanese, or other eastern nations, renowned in antiquity, have visited our shores, and left these rude memorials of their visit? A wide field for antiquarian research in our own country is still open; and we trust that the growing interest in these subjects may yet lead to important discoveries. The vast tumuli and mounds of the West, the ancient fortified places, the numerous relics of a demi-civilized people, and the sculptured rocks, are yet involved in the most impenetrable mystery.

SONG.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

To Lovz, in my heart, I exclaimed t'other morning,
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger take warning;
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,
To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of beauty;
For weary's the wooing, ah! weary,
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart at its surly reflections,
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections;
And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
That the rose-bud of June cannot bloom in November.
Ah! Tom, 't is all o'er with thy gay days!
Write psalms and not songs for the ladies.

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;
And the only new lore my experience traces,
Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.
How weary is wisdom, how weary,
When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And should she be wroth, that my homage pursues her,
I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser;
Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted?
It is you the enchantress, not I the enchanted:
Would you have me behave more discreetly,
Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

A TRUE KISS.

AN IMITATION, BY A LOVER, OF AN OLD ENGLISH POET.

THINK'EST thou a kiss like *that* deserves a song?
 Lady, I call that touching lips — not kissing:
 Your lexicon explains this matter wrong;
 It is no kiss, when soul and sense are missing.

Why, 't was as light and careless as a bee,
 Pausing a moment on some flowret's bell,
 Then passing off again as instantly,
 Finding no honey in its painted cell.

A true kiss to its inmost depths doth stir
 The heart, awakening new sensations in it;
 It is the soul's most potent conjurer,
 And calls up all its spirits in a minute.

I'd have thy lips approach, as if a wife
 Unto her far-off husband did repair,
 And settle down upon my lips for life,
 To rear a family of kisses there!

CLAMS!

It was SAM JONES, the fisherman,
 Was bound for Sandy Hook,
 But first upon the almanac
 A solemn oath he took:
 'And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven!'
 Was still this prayer of Sam's,
 'That I may have good luck to-night,
 And catch a load of clams!'

OLD SONG.

I BELIEVE in this ballad of the fisherman. It is a rich ballad, and no doubt veracious; quite as great, in its beautiful and expressive simplicity, as the ballad of Chevy Chase. I would not irreverently deem it a mere parody. No! It is original — and American.

I think I have appropriately headed a dissertation upon clams with a scrap from one of our best national ballads; but I have a few words to say, by way of preface and explanation. And first, I would bespeak for honest Sam the reader's good-natured indulgence, and Christian charity. Condemn not his humble prayer to the moon, as strange, or ignorant, or superstitious; nor his simple vow, recorded as it was upon the almanac, as a species of impiety. Sam, perhaps, had never been

—— 'where bells have knoll'd to church,'

nor been taught to bend the knee in orthodox devotion. Of the 'Book of Books,' that sanctifier of human vows, Sam, perchance, had never heard, much less read; for in his day, Bible Societies were

not so numerous as in this happier age. Yet was that simple, that solemn oath, evidence of no common devotion ; of a religious principle, dim, and undeveloped, it may be, but native, deep-seated, and sincere.

Sam's trade was clam-digging — not so dreadful as gathering *samphire* ; but Sam evidently looked upon clamming as an important and mysterious thing. Indispensable to his profession was the almanac. It was doubtless Sam's 'book of books' — nay, perhaps the only book the inerudite fisherman had ever seen. Often may he have wondered at the surprising fulfilment of its prognostications. Its calculations wore to him the appearance of prophecies. Its eclipses were astonishingly verified. It foretold, although 'as in a glass darkly,' the phenomena of the weather. Its calendar of the moon's phases was truth itself. Did it not also give him the times of the tide ? — spring-tides and neap-tides ? — high water and low water ?

—— 'enough for Sam to know ?'

May he not be forgiven, indulgent reader, for looking up to the moon with (oh ! call it not superstitious) reverence ? From earliest fisher-hood, cœqual with his earliest childhood, Sam had regarded that bright patroness of the tides, and arbitress of the weather, as the arbiter also of his destiny, or, as he would have said, of his 'luck.' He had ever seen, of all things heavenly, the most indubitable evidences of her power and influence. Generally, too, the sole witness of his midnight toils, she shone down upon the lonely clam-fisher so benignantly, that nature prompted his untaught mind to offer to her shrine his grateful adorations. 'Dumois, the young, the brave,' departed for Palestine to war against the enemies of his faith with not more modest distrust in his own abilities, not more pious reliance upon the favor of heaven, when he bent his knightly knee before 'St. Mary's shrine.'

Sam's trade, ruthless though it was, as shall presently be made to appear, had not yet hardened his heart. A new light was, perchance, dawning upon his spirit. His conscience, not yet indurated, but only apathetic, was awakening. Compunctious visitings had begun to agitate his mind. He evidently felt ill at ease — restless and doubtful. That state of inquietude and doubt is the first stage, when our moral nature begins to conquer the errors of habit, and, rising superior to prejudice, soars toward the regions of truth.

Upon this memorable night, Sam Jones, the fisherman, attained this first stage. Anxious and distrustful, he fell back upon a species of religion for support ; misdirected though it was, and partaking of superstition, if not of paganism. Sam felt he was about making an unprovoked attack upon a peaceful community of inoffensive beings, without any thing to allege in justification, save motive of appetite, or the meaner one of gain. Custom and education told him he was right, but conscience began to whisper that he might be wrong. Thus, like the barons of old, who, when they meditated violence against a people that never molested them, first vowed an oblation to their favorite saint, in case of success, Sam trusted more to pro-

pititiating the smiles of the 'immortal queen,' than to the justice of his cause.

The old song goes on to say, that the fisherman, fortified with his devotion, and confiding in the favor of his beautiful patroness, made an eminently successful foray into the unguarded camp of the clamites, carrying off numbers of the enemy ; and as his fair one said or sung :

'The man who toiled so hard last night
Full well deserves his bread.'

I only wish Sam had earned his bread in some other vocation. But whether he ever rose to a higher stage in moral improvement ; whether he finally awoke to the full enormity of the cruel trade he had been pursuing, and abandoned it for some other ; or whether he became more enlightened, and added to his very limited library that Book which teaches a better devotion, the old song leaves us altogether in the dark. We can only hope he did.

Reader, have you a sympathy for clams ? 'Happy as a clam,' is an old adage. It is not without meaning. Your clam enjoys the true *otium cum dignitate*. Ensconced in his mail of proof—for defence purely, his disposition being no ways bellicose—he snugly nestleth in his mucid bed, revels in quiescent luxury, in the unctuous loam that surroundeth him, or, with slow and dignified motion, worketh nearer the surface, as the summer suns warm the roof of his mud-palace, or sinketh deeper within, from the nipping frosts of winter.

A philosopher, the world may wag as it will, what is it to your clam ? *His* world is within. He is not active, but contemplative. A Diogenes in his tub, he careth not for an Alexander, save that he would keep out of his sunshine. A recluse, he hath his own little cell, built for him by nature, from which he may shut out all the world, opening at times its cautious doors, merely to receive his simple nourishment. Yet is he not the hermit he would appear. Your true clam is gregarious. He liveth in communities ; in a sort of reserved sociability with his neighbors. A bond of sympathy connecteth him, even through his shell-work walls, with all his species. Who can tell how many affections—passions, even—your clam may possess ? It would be matter of curious speculation.

Strange that all-inquisitive man, who searches so curiously into the *instinct*, as he calls it, for want of a better term, of bees, ants, spiders—nay, even of the animalcules of the air and water—should so long have neglected those of this not less interesting race. Is it that your philosophers dare not dive beneath the mud ?

Hitherto, regarded solely as an article of diet, man has waged an exterminating war against them, merely to satisfy his clam-nivorous appetite. Happy should I be—far happier would it be for them—if my humble disquisition could stimulate inquiry for a better purpose ; if the learned, ceasing to regard this interesting tribe of bivalves as subjects for the science of gastronomy purely, would view their curious automatic existences as objects of more recondite study—of philosophical speculation.

As if afraid of being in the way of the potent lords of creation,

at low water-mark, beneath the mud, they found their unobtrusive colonies. Of man they require nothing, but to be left alone. In this reasonable desire they are not indulged. Man, disregarding the rights of every meaner creature, is the ruthless foe to their peace. He invades their quiet homes; he rends asunder all their social relations; and for no crime that can be alleged against creatures so unoffending, devotes them to a cruel and violent death.

Poor innocents! How quietly, how unresistingly, they submit to this tyranny! But, alas! they are so utterly helpless! Nature neglected to furnish them with means of resistance. Like certain other races of beings, they seem born to be victims. They raise no voice in remonstrance; they lift no shell in opposition. Passively they yield up their lives in the boiling pot, and dying gently, unclosetheir doors of shell, that their enemy may ravish their envied bodies; and their wretched companions, left behind for a brief time, to weep in secret over their bereavement, perhaps tremblingly await, like the followers of Ulysses, in the cave of Polyphemus, their turn to be devoured.

But, kind reader, does not the very silence of this wronged race cry aloud?

‘Dum tacent clamant!’

My landlady, worthy soul that she is, delighteth in clams. She was born upon the shore of Boston Bay, in the neighborhood of their thickest settlements, and has feasted upon them all her life. She has cooked them in all manner of ways; roasted, stewed, boiled; but, Lord, Sir! it never occurred to her simple heart, that their horrible deaths gave them pain! Not that there is a shade of original cruelty in her disposition: she is the tenderest-hearted creature in the world toward her kind; but she is a disbeliever in sensations in regard to fish.

‘Clams must *naturally* be boiled before they are dead,’ she would say, ‘otherwise they would not be good’—to be eaten, she meant, of course. She could calmly skin an eel, and see it writhing in her hands under the unpleasant operation, and perhaps think ‘eels were used to it.’ It would have made the good old lady stare, and put on her great round-eyed spectacles, to see if you were not demented, if you had hinted that a clam or an eel bath perhaps an ‘immortal essence!’

She seems to regard me as an irreligious sort of person, ever since I insinuated, in my idle way, that the big black lobster I saw sprawling in the pot, under the influence of boiling water, might be suffering as much torture, in his martyr’s death, as St. Polycarp in his cauldron of oil. The old lady’s mind is not speculative. She never wanders into the ideal. Fancy plays her no tricks. She is imaginative, but that is scarcely a fault. She is a very respectable woman.

The other evening I was sitting in my own little room, when the good lady entered, bringing a mess of clams. I incontinently laid down the book, over which I was trying to keep awake. It was a volume of American poems.* Their sight and perfume (the clams,

* A ‘ducat to a beggarly dernier,’ it was a copy of Mr. Brooks’ ‘Scriptural Anthology!’
Eds. KNICKERBOCKER.

not the poems,) had caused a strange watery feeling about my palate. They were piping hot ; and the kind old lady said she knew I would 'relish' them. She was quite right. I did. They were delicious.

In all our pleasant sinnings, at the precise moment of enjoyment, (I trust I am understood,) conscience seems always most somniferous. During the moment of appetite, the mind has no leisure for foreign considerations. Sense is often too strong for reason ; pleasure too powerful for philosophy. So I had nearly finished my delightful bowl of clams, before sated appetite left the mind free for a little serious reflection.

'Alas !' I began, eyeing the remains of my feast with a still longing eye, 'how had their little terraqueous community been violated, to furnish me forth a supper ! How many parents had been torn from their children — children from parents — husbands bereaved of their wives — lovers of their mistresses ! 'Nay,' I continued aloud, with a sigh that I instantly checked, as I found it sprang from a feeling that did me but little honor, 'nay,' said I, with all the gravity I could assume, 'perhaps their unfortunate nation is now in a state of anarchy. Grief and consternation, violence and uproar, taken the place of peace, order, and good government ; and the wretched people, clam-orous for a new election, to supply the places of their kidnapped governors !'

'This portly, well-filled clam,' said I, as I paid another stealthy visit to the bowl, and deposited a remarkably plump individual upon my tongue, 'might have been an alderman ! Extremely juicy ! Perhaps he was their Lord Mayor himself !'

'This little delicate one' — I held it up gingerly for a moment in my fingers — 'was some young maiden, who, with innocent curiosity, had nudged her little head above the surface, to see what was going on in the great world without. Ah ! curiosity was always fatal to the sex !' I sentimentally added, as she rather unsentimentally followed the alderman.

'This dapper-looking young prig has a foppish set to his neck,' remorselessly putting him between my teeth ; 'he was a clam-dandy, perhaps : rather insipid — flat ! Could he have been the aforesaid silly maiden's gallant ?'

'And this' — regarding another with deep respect, and ruminating awhile before I devoted him to my œsophagus — 'this shows, by his large head, so disproportioned to his attenuated body, doubtless the effect of long study, that he was some great philosopher, or statesman, who had passed his life in meditating upon old worlds, or dreaming of new. What lofty speculations, what daring aspirations, might have been his !'

To an infinitely superior being, where would be the difference between our own self-called important actions and desires ; our objects of love, ambition, gain ; our successes and misfortunes, and those of a clam ? We are *all* but pitiful creatures, at best. We have more wants than the clam, because our habits are more artificial, arising from our own more complicated nature. But may not the simple wants of the clam be equally as difficult of attainment as our own merely *natural* wants ? A softer bed in the mud — a warmer situation — purer water ?

Who knows how many unsatisfied desires, how many vain wishes, how many fears, fancied as well as real, torment them ? Do they not lose their friends ?—suffer cold and hunger ?—disease and death ? Can we see farther into futurity than the clam ? Is his world, when we rightly consider it, more circumscribed than ours ? Have we advantages or disadvantages from birth ? So has the clam. Consider the advantage of being born in softer mud, or sheltered by a friendly rock !

Wealth, rank, and dignities we struggle for, as these confer peculiar privileges. The clam's ambition may be to work himself to the upper or lower place (for we are unacquainted with what they consider the post of honor,) in the community.

In the present unenlightened age, so little is known of the habits and customs of the clam race, that of their civil polity and of their social arrangements, we at present can only vaguely conjecture. It is a pity, for the subject would doubtless be one of deep interest ; and perhaps we might obtain from their little communities, if we understood them better, some valuable hints for our own government. Admirable lessons are learned from the bee-hive and the ant-hill, the beaver-dam and the bird-nest ; why not from the clam-bed ?

In absence of exact information, we may conjecture that their government is a far more 'simple machine' than even our own simple democratic form ; for each individual is protected by his own shell ; and occupying only his little bed, there can be no great accumulation of property. Special legislation for the protection of peculiar interests can hardly be known. Probably their government is a kind of hereditary republic ; a confederacy of states, living in harmonious alliance ; governed, patriarchally, by those whose fortunate birth gives them advantages to be appreciated only by clams.

We presume that they never engage in war ; that they are unambitious and pacific. We infer that their taxes must be light. We *hope* they are not given to over-trading and speculation ; that dishonored paper money is unknown to their *bank*.

Their clothes being furnished ready made by Dame Nature, they have no manufactures to protect ; no tariff—no imports—no strikes of journeymen-tailors. They 'toil not, neither do they spin.' They impoverish not their country by the importation of foreign luxuries. The 'balance of trade' is to them an unknown term. They drink no spirituous liquors !

It is time we should end. Let us gracefully shut up our clam-shell. The subject is exhausted—like the patience of the reader.

A short time ago, an English paper asserted that a man, somewhere or other, had succeeded in taming *an oyster*, so that the testaceous pedestrian followed him about like a dog ! With all due deference to the veracious print, I am inclined to doubt the whole story. It must have been a mistake.

But if it only had said A CLAM !

Your oyster is a parasite ; an idle do-nothing, like all other parasites. He attacheth himself to rocks, to bushes, and even to the shells of other oysters. But, in our short-sighted ignorance, we know not yet the undeveloped powers of the clam. Is not his smooth, fine-textured, light armor better adapted to locomotion, than your

heavy, corrugated, thick-shelled oyster? It is true, he could not leap like your grey-hound, nor prance like your courser. His motions, we may suppose, would be slow, and performed with dignified deliberation; but we recollect the fable of the tortoise, which by slow and painful industry, beat even the fiery courser in a long race.

'Cursus non est levis.'

Nothing would be got in a speculation upon oysters. Their natural stupidity is impracticable. Your oyster is a fat, gorbellied animal, only made to be eaten.

Benedict, in his insolent contempt of love, says: 'I cannot tell but love may transform me to *an oyster*;' that is, to a very senseless thing; for, mark: 'but till he *have* made an oyster of me, he never shall make me such a fool.'

But 'an oyster may be crossed in love?' Yes, to be sure; and still more likely, a clam! Your clam is much the more superior being; not upon thy *palate*, I grant, most hypercritical gourmand, for he wants the delicate tenderness, the rich oleaginous flavor of that most delicious of the mollusca; but Sir, *(F your clam has a head!*

J. P. P.

THE TELL-TALE FACE.

I HATE those frigid notions,
Which seem to count it sin
To show the kind emotions,
True kindness wakes within;
Those manners cold and guarded,
With words dealt out by rule,
Pronounced just as mamma did,
Or Madame F——, at school.

I wonder how the ladies,
Dear angels that they are!
Can live where so much shade is,
Their loveliness to mar!
Were they fairer than the graces,
And wiser than the light,
Such cold, such moonlight faces,
Would put young love to flight.

I love the playful fancies
Of an unsuspecting heart,
That speak in songs and glances,
Unchecked by rules of art:
I love the face that speaketh
Of all that's in the mind;
The brow, the eye, that taketh
Its hue from what's behind.

These are the voice of nature,
The language of the soul;
Words change, but o'er the feature,
Guilt may not have control:

The tongue may tell of feelings,
Which may be — or may not;
But the eye hath sure revealings
Of the deeply-hidden thought.

I love that quick expression,
Which flashes the full eye,
When truth would make confession,
While modesty would lie;
Those warm, those heavenly blushes,
That crimson brow and cheek,
When feeling's fountain gushes
With thoughts it dares not speak:

Those shades that come unbidden
From every passing cloud,
With tales of cares deep hidden,
'Neath merry looks, or proud;
The sudden gleam of pleasure,
From brow, and eye, and lip,
That tells the heart hath treasures
It scarce knows how to keep.

These, these are voices given,
For soul to speak with soul,
As true to truth and heaven,
As the needle to the pole.
I bow to wit and beauty,
I almost worship grace,
But I owe especial duty
To an honest tell-tale face.

WILLIAM CUTLER.

A NIGHT SCENE.

BY THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT, ESQ.

It is deep midnight. On the verdant hills,
 In beauty spread, the broad white moonlight lies.
 No sound is heard, save that the gray owl hoots
 At intervals in the old mossy wood,
 Or save the rustle of the aspen leaves,
 That ceaseless turn upon their slender stems,
 When not a breath is felt in all the heaven.
 Standing upon an eminence, I see
 The haunts of men around. The world is still!
 The busy and the bustling are at rest;
 Their mingled voices do not fill the air,
 As when I wander here at noon of day.
 The birds are silent now, and the tired beasts
 Are sunk to rest. Almost beneath my feet
 Stand cottages, the dwellings of the poor,
 And prouder mansions of the rich and great.
 The cottager and all his little ones
 Are slumbering now. Theirs is a sweeter sleep
 Than luxury or wealth can ever give.

Not distant far, upon a gentle swell,
 With its back-ground of orchards and of woods,
 And more immediate circle of green trees,
 My much-loved home, my native dwelling, stands.
 Its roof is glimmering in the white moonshine,
 And all its inmates, save myself, at rest.
 I see the little brook meandering there,
 But do not hear its voice: the trembling light
 Of the full moon falls on its shifting waves,
 And glistens back, in flashes, on my eye.
 How sweet the stillness of this midnight hour!
 It banishes the cares of busy life:
 The spirit of the Mightiest is abroad;
 It fills the boundless air, the spreading wood,
 The wilds, the lonely deserts of the earth,
 And all her populous realms.

In a few hours
 The rosy morn will break upon the hills,
 And all these sleepers start to life again:
 The gay to spend another day of mirth;
 The housewife to her toil; the laboring man
 To his accustomed task. The little birds
 That perch in silence on these lofty trees,
 Shall then 'break forth in songs,' wild woodland songs,
 Such as were chanted on the sixth day's morn,
 In Eden's bower, to hail the birth of man;
 And summer's morning wind shall breathe again,
 And toss the dew-drops from the forest leaves,
 And all this solemn stillness be exchanged
 For universal motion.

Standing here,
 And gazing on this varied scenery, spread
 So beautifully round, I feel a power,
 As of the great Omnipotent, upon me,
 That calls my heart to worship. I will kneel,
 Here by the side of this o'erhanging wood,
 And, like the patriarchs of ancient time,
 Who worshipped on the mountains, offer up,
 Beneath heaven's mighty arch, my humble hymn
 To the great Watcher of a sleeping world!

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF A TRAVELLER IN THE EAST: BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

NUMBER TWO.

DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ. — FEBRUARY 23d. — Our camels having drank their fill of water on the preceding evening, our charges of living having been paid, and every provision made for our journey, we left Suez as early as the dawn, passing round Kolzoum to the northward, leaving on our right, 'Geziret el Yahoudi,' or the Island of the Jews, and travelling along the shore of 'Hor el Yahoudi,' or the Creek of the Jews, at the termination of which we entered the bed of the ancient canal, which discharged itself into the head of the Red Sea. Neither in the course of our route, however, nor here at its mouth, could we distinguish any thing which could lead to a satisfactory decision as to the remains of Arsinoë; so that the idea I had entertained on the summit of the mount of Kolzoum, was rather confirmed than otherwise.

While halting for the purpose of examination, we found here a small party of Arabs, four in number, who were returning to Egypt through the tract of El Ouadi; and as they professed themselves perfectly acquainted with the desert, we agreed to let them share our coffee, tobacco, and protection, for their services as guides, on condition that they were to make any deviation from the common route which I might command.

For the first hour of our journeying in company with these Arabs, we were entertained with the traditional history of the pursuit of Moses by Pharaoh, of the miraculous escape of the fugitives, and the complete destruction of the pursuing host. As their knowledge of the subject was merely traditional, neither of them being able to read, it was not to be wondered at that they should differ in their relations of this event; but various as their accounts were, each varied but little from that received among us. They all agreed, however, in pointing out the scene of this event at some miles north of Suez, adding, that in those days the sea extended farther into the desert than it does at present.

I may add, that during all my journey along this part of the coast, I could discover none of those natural phenomena, which many have supposed sufficient to account for the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the subsequent destruction of Pharaoh's hosts, by what are called natural means; there being nothing in the configuration of the land, or the flowing of the tides, or the prevalence of particular winds, that could produce the separation of the waters, as described by the sacred historian; so that the integrity of its miraculous history stands unimpeached by any circumstances visible on the spot, at all calculated to take away from its miraculous character.

From the equality of levels between the sandy plains and the surface of the Red Sea, the water flows northward of Suez for some distance through the bed of the ancient canal; and the rains also finding a reception in its hollow bed, without the power of drawing it off, as the sands are firm, and in some places even mixed with clay

and gravel, the whole of the channel appears as though but recently left dry.

In page 474 of his '*Illustrations of the Geography of Herodotus*,' Major Rennell has the following paragraph on the subject of the ancient canal communicating between the Red Sea and the Nile: 'It is confidently reported that the traces of the eastern extremity of the canal are also visible near Adjeroud, and thence toward the Bay of Suez. Adjeroud, as we have seen, stands at no great distance from the hilly tract which extends to the northwest from the shore of that bay.' Pococke says, (vol. 1, p. 134,) 'Part of the way from Adjeroud to Suez is in a sort of fossée, that is thought to be the canal of Trajan, and seems to have run close to the west end of the old city;' (by which it may be concluded Kolzoum is intended; although, in page 133, he seems to consider these ruins as belonging to the ancient Arsinoë.) M. Niebuhr remarked the same appearance, but was in doubt whether it was a part of a canal, or the bed of a torrent; for, by the herbage growing in it, water must have recently flowed through it. (*Voyage en Arabie*, vol. 1, p. 204.)

Dr. Pococke also says, page 132, 'From Adjeroud we went on south toward Suez, in a sort of hollow ground, in which, as I shall observe, the sea might formerly come.' And he remarks afterward, page 180, 'If Heroöpolis was on the most northern height I have mentioned, (he having supposed Adjeroud to be the site of that city,) the Red Sea must have lost ground; and, indeed, by the situation of places, there is a great appearance of it; the valleys and the high ground, with broken cliffs, looking very much like such an alteration.' M. Niebuhr, in his '*Description de l'Arabie*,' p. 354, and Volney, in his '*Travels in Egypt and Syria*,' vol. 1, chap. 14, describe the same kind of hollow to the extent of four or five miles to the northward of Suez, (Volney says two leagues,) and which, from all accounts, must be the deserted bed of the sea, or rather that bed filled up with sand, to a height above the ordinary level of the sea, in the course of its gradual retreat since the earliest times.

The error of Dr. Pococke, in supposing Adjeroud to be the site of Heroöpolis, is more than manifest from its relative situation only; beside which, there is nothing even in its neighborhood which could indicate the remains of an ancient settlement there. His description of the fossée, or hollow ground, between that place and Suez, is, however, perfectly correct; though, from its extreme breadth, irregularity, and general form, the supposition of its being the canal of Trajan must have been extremely forced. Niebuhr, in remarking the same appearance, more reasonably supposed it to be the bed of a torrent; but the observations of Volney, and the conclusions of Rennell, are still more satisfactory, in conceiving it to be the deserted bed of the sea; though even then, a period must be assigned to such gradual retreat as anterior to the existence of Kolzoum, the remains of which are at this moment so close to the water's edge, that since the destruction of that city, no farther retreat of the sea can have taken place.

Having this fossée, and Adjeroud also, considerably on our left, we rode, for upward of three hours, beyond its mouth, and at least four hours beyond Suez, in the very bed of the ancient canal itself,

following it in all its curves, the general direction of the whole being thus far northerly. It appears not to have been lined with masonry, the embankments of the soil originally thrown up still remaining. In some parts, the channel has been so filled up as to leave the limits of its width scarcely perceptible, while in others it is now more than twenty feet in depth; nor does its destruction appear to have been, as some have supposed, from the shifting nature of the sands around it; for the whole of the ground through which it was thus far cut, is firm, gravelly soil, mixed with earth, a fine layer of which now covers the surface of the bed. The uniformity of its breadth is admirable, scarcely ever exceeding or falling short of a hundred feet.

That the communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea had been attempted, by opening a canal from the Nile, no one had denied; but its completion, or actual discharge into the latter, had been a subject of question and dispute, until the masterly and profound discussion of Rennell seemed to have set the matter at rest; and the materials on which Arrowsmith's excellent chart was formed, removed even the possibility of doubt. It was a high satisfaction to me, therefore, when treading on this disputed ground, to recapitulate the authorities on which this historical fact was founded, and to compare, as we went along, the features yet distinguishable with the original descriptions scattered through these early records. As they were among the extracted memoranda, intended to assist my observations on this journey, I cannot do better than recapitulate them here.

Herodotus (*Euterpe*, cap. 158,) says, 'Psammitichus had a son whose name was Necos, by whom he was succeeded in his authority. This prince first commenced that canal leading to the Red Sea, which Darius, King of Persia, afterward continued. The length of this canal is equal to a four days' voyage, and is wide enough to admit two *trirèmes* abreast. The water enters it from the Nile, a little above the city of Bubastis; it terminated in the Red Sea, not far from Patumos, an Arabian town. They began to sink the canal in that part of Egypt which is nearest to Arabia. Contiguous to it is a mountain which stretches toward Memphis, and contains quarries of stone. Commencing at the foot of this, it extends from west to east, through a considerable tract of country, and where a mountain opens to the south is discharged into the Arabian Gulf. In the prosecution of this work under Necos, no less than one hundred thousand men perished. He at length desisted from his undertaking, being admonished by an oracle that all his labor would turn to the advantage of a barbarian.'

Strabo, pages 803 and 804, says: 'There is another canal terminating at the Arabian Gulf, and the city of Arsinoë sometimes called Cleopatris. It passes through those called the Bitter Lakes, whose waters indeed were formerly bitter, but which have been sweetened since the cutting of this canal, by an admixture with those of the Nile, and now abound with delicate fish, and are crowded with water fowl. This canal was first made by Sesostris, before the war of Troy. Some say that the son of Psammitichus, (Necho,) just began the work, and then died. The first Darius carried on the undertaking, but desisted from finishing it, on a false opinion that as the Red

Sea is higher than Egypt, the cutting of the Isthmus between them would necessarily lay that country under water. The Ptolemies disproved this error, and by means of weirs, or locks, rendered the canal navigable to the Sea, without obstruction or inconvenience. Near to Arsinoë stand the cities Heroum and Cleopatris, the latter of which is on that recess of the Arabian Gulf which penetrates into Egypt. Here are harbors, and dwellings, and several canals, with lakes adjacent to them. The canal leading to the Red Sea begins at Phaccusa, to which the village Philon is contiguous.'

Diodorus, lib. 1, c. 3, says: 'From Pelusium to the Arabian Gulf, a canal was opened. Necho, son of Psammitichus, first began the work; after him Darius, the Persian, carried it on, but left it unfinished, being told that if he cut through the isthmus, Egypt would be laid under water; for that the Red Sea lay higher than Egypt. The last attempt was made by Ptolemy the Second, who succeeded, by means of a new canal with sluices, which were opened and shut as convenience required. The canal opened by Ptolemy was called after his name, and fell into the Red Sea at Arsinoë.'

Pliny, lib. 6, chap. 20, says: 'Sesostris, King of Egypt, was the first that planned the scheme of uniting the Red Sea with the Nile, by a navigable canal of sixty-two miles, which is the space that intervenes between them. In this he was followed by Darius, King of Persia, and also by Ptolemy, of Egypt, the second of that name, who made a canal of one hundred feet wide, by thirty in depth, continuing it thirty-seven and a half miles to the Bitter Fountains. At this point the work was then interrupted, for it was found that the Red Sea lay higher than the land of Egypt by three cubits, and a general inundation was feared. But some will have it, that the true cause was, that if the sea was let into the Nile, the water of it, of which alone the inhabitants drink, would be spoiled.'

All that could be said toward the reconciliation of those differing testimonies, as to the projectors and finishers of this work, has been already so satisfactorily done by Rennell, that there remains nothing to add on that point; but with respect to its having really been completed at all, which has been doubted by some, on the testimony of Pliny, (although Herodotus, Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus are agreed as to its having been finished, and differ only in respectively ascribing its completion to Darius and to Ptolemy,) ocular testimony is perhaps the most satisfactory, and this I felt much gratification in possessing.

I cannot help remarking, that while the description of Herodotus, as to the point of the canal opening from the Nile, its course from west to east, and its discharging into the Red Sea, where a mountain opens to the south, (meaning no doubt Mount Adaga,) is clear and satisfactory, while Strabo also defines it as terminating at the Arabian Gulf, and Diodorus speaks of its falling into the Red Sea, at Arsinoë, one cannot conclude from Pliny, whether the work which he describes was commenced to be opened from the Nile, or from the Red Sea. Taking his distance from the source of the undertaking to the Bitter Lakes, at thirty-seven and a half miles, one would rather infer that he meant the latter, a supposition which is strengthened by the cause he assigns for its discontinuance; namely, a discovery that the level

of the gulf was higher than that of the river, and a fear of letting the waters of the Sea into those of the Nile, an evil which could be well provided against, if it were at the river that the canal originated, but which could only threaten an inundation when the stream was made to flow toward the river from the Sea.

The breadth and depth of the bed through which we had travelled this morning, corresponded exactly with the dimensions given by Pliny, as one hundred feet by thirty, allowing for the depositions which must have taken place in those parts the least filled up by time; because, as I before observed, it every where preserved that breadth, with admiral regularity, and was in many places more than twenty feet in depth at the present moment.

May it not have been, then, that the canal of Darius having fallen into ruin, or continuing to be navigable no farther than from the Nile to the Bitter Lakes, Ptolemy attempted to reopen the communication by cutting anew or clearing out the remaining portion between Arsinoë and that place? Such was the suggestion which presented itself to my mind upon the spot, as reconciling apparently discordant testimonies; because, at the same time that this would admit the fact of its completion by Darius, which Herodotus so often and so positively asserts, it would also correspond with the account of Strabo, that the Ptolemies rendered this *ruined* rather than unfinished canal of Darius, *again* navigable to the Sea, with the testimony of Strabo, that the canal *opened* by Ptolemy was called after his name, and fell into the Red Sea at Arsinoë, and with the description given by Pliny of the second Ptolemy making a canal of one hundred feet wide, by thirty in depth, continuing it thirty-seven and a half miles, to the Bitter Fountains. How quickly such ruin could take place, from neglect, may be inferred from the fact, quoted in a note of Rennell's, who says: 'It would seem that the canal of Ptolemy did not remain open to the time of Cleopatra, since her ships were dragged across the Isthmus.' Plutarch says the distance was thirty-six miles. Possibly that portion of the canal between the Bitter Lake and Arsinoë, may be the part intended, which same space I have supposed to be meant by Pliny's distance of thirty-seven and a half miles, as before adverted to.

In the Life of Mark Anthony, mention is made of this excursion of Cleopatra, from Alexandria to Arsinoë, or as some called it, Cleopatris. She undertook the voyage by the canal, but on arriving at the Shallow Lakes, called the Bitter Lakes, and sometimes the Bitter Fountains, through part of which the canal ran, it was found that, from neglect, the sands had been permitted to accumulate, and the splendid barges and galleys, constituting the fleet of the queen and her retinue, grounded; but the rowers and steersmen being ordered to lighten them, for the purpose of floating them farther on, they applied their strength no longer to the oars, but actually drew them across the sands, till the canal became sufficiently deep to receive and float them onward on its bosom to the city of their destination. The description of those magnificent barges in which this luxurious Queen of the East was wont to perform her voyages, harmonizes with the gorgeous splendor by which her court and person were always surrounded.

'The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It begg'd all description. At the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office; from the barge,
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharf: the city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Anthony,
 Enthron'd in the market-place did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which but for vacancy
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in Nature.'

To resume the journal of our route. After having travelled all the morning in the bed of the ancient canal, but without being able to discover a vestige of any thing like masonry, or indication of the sluices by which its waters were said to have been regulated, we had lost at noon, all traces of its course, though we continued our direction still northerly, inclining two or three points to the west, until we gained the site of the Bitter Lakes, as they were called by the ancients, and named the Salt Marshes, in more modern maps. We traversed in every direction, the desert, for a diameter of ten miles, having fleet trotting dromedaries beneath us, without finding the least portion of water, although it had evidently been the receptacle of an extensive lake, and has its bed at this moment below the level of the sea at Suez. The soil here differs from all around it. On leaving the last traces of the canal, we had entered upon a loose shifting sand; here we found a firm clay mixed with gravel, and though perfectly dry, its surface was incrustated over with a strong salt.

On leaving the site of these now evaporated lakes, we entered upon a loose and shifting sand again, like that which Pliny describes when speaking of the roads from Pelusium across the sands of the desert, in which he says, unless there be reeds stuck in the ground, to point out the line of direction, the way could not be found, because the wind blows up the sand and covers the footsteps.

The morning was delightful, on our setting out; and promised us a fine day; but the light air from the south had increased to a gale. The sun became obscure; and getting every hour into a looser sand, it flew around us in such whirlwinds, with the sudden gusts that blew, that it was impossible to proceed. We halted, therefore, for an hour, and sheltered ourselves under the lee of our camels, who were themselves so terrified as to need fastening by the knees, and uttered, in their moanings, but a melancholy symphony.

I know not whether it was the novelty of the situation that gave it additional horror, or whether the habit of magnifying evils to which we are unaccustomed had increased its effect; but certain it is, that fifty gales of wind at sea appeared to me more easy to be encountered than one among those sands. It is impossible to imagine desolation more complete. We could see neither earth, nor sun, nor sky. The plain at ten paces distant was absolutely imperceptible: our animals, as well as ourselves, were so covered with the sand as to render

breathing difficult. They hid their faces in the ground, and we could only uncover our own for a moment, to behold this chaos of mid-day darkness, and wait impatiently for its abatement. Alexander's journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and the destruction of the Persian armies of Cambyses in the Lybian Desert, rose to my recollection, with new impressions made by the horror of the scene before me; while Addison's admirable lines, which I also remembered with peculiar force on this occasion, seemed to possess as much truth as beauty.

'So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous hurricane descend;
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away :
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smothered in the dusty whirlwind dies.'

The few hours we remained in this situation were passed in unbroken silence. Every one was occupied in his own reflections, as if the reign of terror forbade communication.

The fury of the desert gale spent itself, like the storms of ocean, in sudden lulls and squalls; but it was not until the third or fourth interval, that our fears were sufficiently conquered to address each other; nor shall I soon lose the recollection of the impressive manner in which that was done. 'Allah kereem!' 'God is merciful!' exclaimed the poor Bedouin, although habit had familiarized him with these resistless blasts. 'Allah kereem!' repeated the Egyptians, with terrified solemnity; and both my servant and myself, as if by instinct, joined in the general exclamation. The bold imagery of the eastern poets, describing the Deity as avenging in his anger, and terrible in his wrath, riding upon the wings of the whirlwind, and breathing his fury in the storm, must have been inspired by scenes like these.

It was now past sun-set, and neither of us had yet broken our fast for the day. Even the consoling pipe could not be lighted in the hurricane, and it was in vain to think of remaining in our present station, while the hope of finding some bush for shelter remained. We remounted our camels, therefore, and departed. The young moon afforded us only a faint light, and all traces of the common road were completely obliterated. The stars were not even visible through so disturbed an atmosphere, and my compass was our only guide. The Arabs knew a spot, near Sheick Amedid, where tanks and trees were to be found; and confiding in my direction for the course thither, we resumed our journey.

After a silent ride of five tedious hours, this garden of repose appeared in sight; and, bleak and barren as it was, in truth, fatigue and apprehension gave it the charms of Eden. Here we alighted, fed our weary animals, and like sailors escaped from shipwreck, rejoiced in that delightful consciousness of security, which is known only in the safety that succeeds danger.

DESERT OF EL OUADI. — FEBRUARY 24. — The poor Arabs suffering in the night from cold, and the wind being still too high to

keep a fire, without some one watching, for which all were too fatigued, we divided our straw mats in fragments between them for a covering, and weariness had so prepared me for repose, that my sleep was as sweet and uninterrupted as the most tenacious child of sickness could desire.

We arose with the sun, congratulated each other over our coffee on a better day, and went together to view the ruins near this spot, which correspond in their situation with those marked in Arrow-smith's map, as the Serapeum and Sheick Amedid. Foundations of two large buildings appear above the sand, which has accumulated round them; but so imperfect are the remains, that neither plan nor dimensions could be taken with accuracy. They form two mounds, at a less distance than a mile from each other, and the stones, now rude and shapeless, differ from all others that I had ever seen in ancient or modern buildings. They are of a dull red color, and extremely porous, resembling the fretted free-stone at Alexandria, except in color only, an effect I was at first disposed to attribute to the same cause, namely, the operation of a salt and humid air; but on examining them more closely, I found this could not be, as their extraordinary hardness alone would resist the action of the atmosphere. Their porosity seems rather the effect of a former state of fusion, as it was not unlike some portions of lava, which I have seen from Mount *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*; and although those masses were without any definite shape, their smoothed surface resisted the impression of all other stones thrown on them. There are no mountains of such a substance in Egypt, that I am at all aware of; nor among all the fragments of antiquity that I have seen, do I remember any thing to which it bears a resemblance. It has certainly undergone some violent change by fire, or was originally an artificial composition.

In the Literary Panorama for March, 1813, in an extract from Mr. Kinnier's Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire, mention is made of some curious masses, which I cannot but imagine to have resembled the ones in question. That gentleman, in describing the Pyramid of Nimrod, or Tower of Babel, as one of the remains of the ancient Babylon, says: 'On the top and sides of the mound I observed several fragments of different colors, resembling in appearance pieces of misshapen rock. Captain Frederick examined these curious fragments with much attention, and was at first inclined to think they were consolidated pieces of fallen masonry; but this idea was soon laid aside, as they were found so hard as to resist iron, in the manner of any other very hard stone, and the junction of the bricks was not to be discerned. It is difficult to form a conjecture concerning these extraordinary fragments, (some of which are six and eight feet in diameter,) as there is no stone of such a quality to be procured any where in the neighboring country, and we could see nor hear of no building of which they could form a part.' Upon this the reviewer remarks: 'It never occurred to our travellers that these could be artificial; yet we know that Mr. Wedgewood, the celebrated manufacturer of pottery, insists that the enormous masses of stone at Stonehenge are artificial, and that modern art is able to compose the like. We should be glad to know,' he continues, 'whether these Babylonian rocks bear any resemblance to the rocks at Stonehenge;

indeed, we could be glad of having a specimen of them submitted to some of our modern tests; for should both these wonderful, massive and ancient structures prove to contain such materials, artificial and alike, the coincidence would prove not merely curious, but extremely interesting, and historically important.'

A recollection of this question induced me to pursue my examinations with more scrutiny, but it only left me still more in doubt. That they were not stone, I was disposed to believe, from the characteristics which distinguished it from all other kinds that I had seen; but that they should be an artificial composition, seemed as difficult to suppose, from the want of an apparent motive for so making them, as their size was comparatively small; more particularly when I remembered that the obelisks at Luxor, the colossal Memnon at Thebes, and the column of Pompey at Alexandria, were positively and indisputably single granite blocks, hewn from the mountains beyond the cataracts, and transported down the Nile; unless, indeed, these dubious masses were the fragments of a rudier and an earlier age.

I tried every possible method to detach a piece of one of these blocks, to take with me as a specimen, but in vain; nor were we more successful in our search after some small pieces that might have been scattered round, although we sought for them in every direction.

It would be hazarding too much to say that these were the remains of antediluvian works; but I should be deficient in candor, if I did not confess that the rude irregularity of form and size in the masses themselves, the want of order in their arrangement, their present appearance, and the evident proofs one meets at every step, of the surrounding plain having been once covered by the sea, very forcibly impressed me with such an opinion on the spot. The whole of the country here looks like a ruin of nature, trees and bushes overwhelmed with sand, their tops only visible in several places, and every where the surface scattered over with broken shells and marine productions: while underneath, at the distance of a few feet, is a fine bed of earth.

Our present route through this desert was infinitely more interesting than that by which we journeyed from Cairo to Suez, and every step we took, convinced me that we trod on a soil once teeming with fertility. In some places the sand had grown into large hills, the round and smooth swellings of which were like the heaving billows that linger when a storm at sea is spent; in others, its surface was rippled by the gale of yesterday, and looked even now like the breezy wavings of a ruffled lake. At a few paces distant, we frequently lost sight of each other in those hollow valleys, like boats boarding, on the ocean, when the ships sink between the waves, and suddenly remount upon the summit of their foam. Trees and bushes were still seen in abundance, some half buried, others completely covered, and a few bared of the earth around their very roots; but, excepting a small black scarabeus, and a lizard, whose body resembled that of the toad, in shape and size, not a living creature was to be seen. Nature herself seemed abandoned by her children. The solitary raven was not even to be found, nor did the twitter of the desert-swallow once disturb this awful and impressive silence.

We travelled on for about four hours in this way, and I felt myself oppressed with melancholy, amid the reflections which the grandeur of these solitudes inspired, when we entered at length a fertile valley, placed like an island of verdure amid surrounding barrenness, where Nature had retired to an arbor of dalliance, and life and animation seemed restored. It stretched for some length from east to west, was enclosed between high mounds running in that direction, and deriving an additional charm from this powerful contrast, it appeared like a perfect garden of beauty. Here, too, we found a spring of excellent water, about five feet in depth, with several vestiges of former wells, resorted to by the desert Arabs. Gazelles and hares were in abundance; we saw also several flocks of wild ducks; and the chirping of birds in the bushes was like the music of a new creation.

It was impossible to resist the temptation of halting at so charming a spot as this, where we had water, shade, fire-wood, and herbage, all blessings of greater worth to us than crowns or diadems. We alighted, therefore, turned loose the camels and dromedaries to graze, discharged the brackish and now almost putrid water of Suez, to fill our skins afresh, prepared a fire, and feasted on a hasty pilau of boiled rice, with an appetite that kings might envy.

In resuming our journey, we continued along this narrow valley, and reached, in less than half an hour, the ruins at Abou-Keshabe. If the bed in which we had recently been travelling be considered the remains of the westerly part of the ancient canal, its breadth is here nearly double that of the bed leading from Suez to the northward, which might have been the case, since the great work of Darius is only mentioned in general terms to have been broad enough for the admission of two trirèmes abreast, whereas that of Ptolemy has a specific number of feet assigned, with which it precisely corresponds. The direction of this channel also corresponds exactly with the account of Herodotus, who describes it as running from west to east. The embankment on each side is here lined with trees and bushes, half buried in the sand, while the ravine formed by its deserted bed is one wild garden. Appearances certainly inclined me to believe the excavation artificial; and the want of all connecting trace between this branch and that of Suez may be owing to the overwhelming sands which intervene, and which, added to neglect, must have hastened its destruction; the difference of the soil being as much the cause of the preservation of the one, as of the annihilation of the other.

On ascending the heights of Abou-Keshabe, we saw on every side the remains of an extensive city, certainly not less than five miles in circumference, judging from the dispersion of the fragments in the plain. In the centre were the walls of small and private dwellings, not exceeding ten or twelve feet square, built of unburnt bricks, and laid with cement, in great regularity. Of these confined rooms there were a great number, and, ancient as their situation and arrangement evidently showed them to be, they only offered an additional proof that the humble citizens of antiquity were but poorly lodged, that private opulence was almost unknown, and that while the subjection of the people confined them to poverty, the privi-

leged tyrannies of royalty and priesthood exhausted both the public wealth and labor in works sacred either to government or religion.

In the southern part of the ruins, we found a large mass of rose-colored granite detached from any building, and half hidden in the earth. It appeared to be a superficial slab, of about six feet by three, and three inches thick, standing erect, after the manner of a tombstone. On its eastern face were sculptured three figures, nearly the size of life, in the sitting posture of the colossal statues at Thebes, and of those so frequently seen in the recesses of Egyptian mausoleums, with the hands extended on the knees. The central figure bore a warrior's helmet; those on each side were crowned with globes, on one of which was a fine scarabeus, with extended wings. Each of the three figures were bearded, and wore their long hair, or shawl that covered it, falling over the shoulders, and pressing the ears forward, like the Great Sphinx at Gizeh, the hero in the centre having his more highly ornamented than the others. The figures were beautifully drawn, the sculpture bold, and the relief of the fullest kind. As a detached monument, I had seen nothing like it in Egypt; but both its size and execution proved it to be the remnant of some great work, now rather annihilated than overthrown, since this is the only portion that visibly remains. Among the heaps of the adjacent ruins, we found fragments of coarse glass vessels, little more than semi-transparent, and some pieces of highly-glazed earthenware. Decayed shells, corals, and other marine productions, were abundant, and seemed to suggest that this spot, as well as that of the Serapeum, had been overflowed, either at the time of, or subsequent to, its destruction.

While wandering over the site of this fallen city, there appeared to me great reason for assenting to the opinion of Monsieur Aymé, as quoted by Lord Valentia, who thinks it the remains of the ancient Heroöpolis, as answering to the local situation of the place from whence the Hebrews departed, when they fled from Egypt, mentioned by Josephus, under the same name, (*Antiq.*, lib. 2, cap. 7,) and described as the place where the Patriarch Jacob, on his way down to Egypt, met his son Joseph; as well as by Moses, under the name of Goshen or Ramesses, where he also says that Joseph went up to meet his father Israel. That writer describes it as lying between On, or Heliopolis, and the land of Canaan. Strabo mentions it as being near to Arsinoë, and at the top of the gulf to which it gave its name. And Ptolemy describes it as lying on the confines of Arabia, with the canal of Trajan running through it. With all those descriptions, these remains actually correspond, admitting the Red Sea to have formerly flowed considerably to the north of Suez, and the remains of the canal here to be that implied by Ptolemy as the canal of Trajan, of neither of which facts, those who have visited the spot would doubt.

This chain of thoughtful speculation was, however, soon interrupted by the appearance of some Bedouin shepherds, timid boys, who were returning to their tents with the herds and flocks which they had been feeding in the valley, during the day, and who gave us the Moslem salutation of 'Salam Alaikom!' as they passed. We had

fixed on sleeping here, among the ruins of this ancient city, for the night; but learning from these Arab youths, that their camp, which they called 'El Arab,' was not far off, I was delighted with the opportunity it offered of visiting it, though all our party, except myself, were hostile to this step. Fear was their principal motive of objection, and perseverance the only weapon I could oppose it with; and for a long while it was an equal match of obstinacy, on both sides. Detaining the boys as guides, I explained to them that I was a stranger, under the protection of Phanoose: they then pressing invited us to accompany them, and as I was determined to have gone alone, rather than be diverted from my purpose, the rest of our party soon followed me.

We reached the Bedouin camp about sun-set, and our reception there was every thing that hospitality could dictate. Our hands were embraced, and the salutations of peace and welcome exchanged a hundred times; but as no one claimed the exclusive privilege of entertaining us, we were taken to a large square, formed by embankments of the soil, heightened by loose bushes, and completely sheltered from the wind, where the elders of the tribe assembled to smoke their evening pipes, recount the tales of the day, and regale such guests as business or accident might bring among them from opposite quarters.

A young kid was immediately killed, and dressed upon the embers of a brush-wood fire; the milk of goats and camels were laid before us in bowls, coffee was burned and pounded upon the spot, and the tobacco-purse of the venerable old sheik was replenished from his tent for our use. There was, in short, abundance for the hungry, rest for the weary, and security for the apprehensive traveller, to be found beneath the protecting shadow of their encampment, nor could the feasts of the ancient heroes, which Homer so happily describes, have boasted a more unbounded liberality in their provisions, or a more unadulterated hospitality in the rude simplicity of their preparation.

Delighted with a conversation which brought me acquainted with their manners, customs, and opinions, and that too from a source so satisfactory as a large assembly of themselves, in which misrepresentations could not have passed unobserved, I was happy in prolonging our interview, and in remaining awake through the greater part of the night, engaged in mutual inquiry and reply.

It would be a task of much pleasure to me to transcribe the substance of their communications; but as I propose to make the manners and customs of the Arabs, the subject of a separate article, the imperfection of a hasty sketch would be unsatisfactory here, where there is so much to describe, to comment on, to applaud, to condemn, to pity, and to admire, as in the manners of this extraordinary people. I regretted most sincerely, that the voice of duty should call me from them so soon, or I should have probably passed a month or two among them with extreme pleasure.

DESERT OF EL OUADI, FEBRUARY 25. — The flocks were driven out to pasture, with the earliest gleams of morning, and as the sun

rose with unusual serenity, it lighted up a picture of interesting novelty. The ground chosen for the encampment of this Bedouin tribe, was a gentle hollow of the plain, as it could scarcely deserve the appellation of a valley; and their tents, to the number of about three hundred, occupied a space of less than two miles in circumference. No other order was observed in their erection, than that of their being all open to the eastward, to receive the warm and cheering beams of the morning sun; in summer, when the heats are oppressive, their openings face the north, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the winds from that quarter. These low and brown habitations, formed of woven goats' hair, differing in shape, size, and manner of arrangement, and rudely supported by rough boughs of trees, and cord spun from the wool of their own flocks, were barely large enough to enclose their respective families at night, and shelter the infants and infirm in the day. Among the whole number, we met with none that covered ten square feet of ground at the base, though several of them were occupied by the husband, two wives, and fifteen or sixteen children, beside a superannuated wife or mother.

The smoke of the morning fires ascending in columns through a calm and unagitated air, the bleating of the lambs, which were carried in the shepherd's arms from tenderness, the skipping of the hardier kids, the shrill crowing of the cock, and the barking playfulness of the faithful dog, the departure of the boys with their respective flocks, and of the girls in groups, with pitchers to the wells, the busy occupation of the wives in kneading cakes of meal for the hearth, with the comparative dignity of their grave and bearded lords, presented altogether, so admirable a representation of the patriarchal life, that I found myself transported back, in imagination, to the days of the venerable Abraham, and stood in wonder at the preservation of usages and customs, so unaltered among his descendants, through years and ages, which have destroyed the haughtiest empires, created new successors, and swept away kingdoms, nations, and people, into oblivion!

On returning from our morning ramble through the Bedouin camp, we were invited into almost every tent we passed, and had partaken so largely of the hospitalities of these generous people, that we were literally unable to join in the meal which was prepared for us by the sheik and elders in the embanked circle where we had slept. Three other strangers had arrived among them, on their way from Syria to Egypt, and being from a friendly tribe, had met a reception like our own. As our routes lay together, therefore, when the rude but abundant feast of the morning was over, we exchanged the benedictions of peace with our kind entertainers, and our companions, journeying with the staff and sandals of the earliest days, we set forth upon our way together.

Steering southerly, in order to fall into the line directly west of the ruined city at Abou-Keshabe, we had scarcely crossed that line, before the traces of the ancient canal, the unconnected vestiges of which had appeared along our track at intervals, became again distinctly visible. Its bed retaining the waters of the few showers which the winter drops upon those plains, and the soil of its channel not having been overwhelmed by the sands of the desert, it was filled

with a wild and abundant verdure. Wells also were scattered through its bed, and resorted to by Bedouin women, for the supply of their flocks and camps. These united circumstances render it an attractive retreat for birds, antelopes, and hares, which we found here in considerable numbers, crossing our footsteps in all the confidence inspired by undisturbed security, until we came into the cultivated valley of El Ouadi Tomalat, where the canal appears to have entered Egypt, though cultivation has so obliterated its limits as to render all vestiges of it, beyond this union of the barren desert and the cultivated fields, imperceptible.

It was a source of high gratification to me thus to have completed a journey, undertaken for the express purpose of examining the remains of a canal, whose very existence has been disputed by some, and its completion doubted by others, notwithstanding the positive testimony of the historian, already quoted, more particularly of Herodotus — with whose description of its course out of the Nile from west to east, and then turning off southerly toward the Red Sea, its breadth sufficient to admit two trirèmes abreast, and its being so circuitous as to make its length equal to a four days' voyage — its remains so accurately correspond as to stamp a high character for veracity on the writings of that father of history.

The question as to the position of the head of the canal, or the exact point from which it led off from the Nile, can only be discussed by a comparison of the different authorities on which it rests, and arguments founded on the bearings, distances, etc., of places mentioned in them; a task which has been so satisfactorily performed by the able pen of Rennell, as to leave nothing to be added to it. The canal of Trajan, as described by Ptolemy to lead through the Egyptian Babylon, or Fostat, may, as D'Anville and Rennell suppose, be recognised in that which, after watering the city of Cairo, discharges itself into the Birket-él-Hadji, or lake of the Pilgrims, and that of Amrou in the portion of a bed which runs to the northward of Heliopolis; but since the cultivation of the soil here, has obliterated all traces of the work of Necos which Darius continued, as far at least as to the edge of the desert, one can only say that the vicinity of its last vestiges, and their inclining line of direction to Bubastis, give every reason to believe that Herodotus and Diodorus were extremely accurate, the one in making the water to enter the canal from the Nile near Bubastis, the other from the Pelusian branch of that great stream.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

THE mind, by worldly wants and common cares
Too much incumber'd, scarce herself appears,
When Day, with all its toil and turmoil, brings,
To impede her flight, or discompose her wings,
Its idly strenuous hours, and host of trivial things.

But solemn Midnight all her force inspires,
Wakes all her strength, and fans her dormant fires;
Each earth-bred mist and vapor puts to flight,
Till the rapt soul, like Israel's pillar'd light,
Cloaked in a cloud by day, becomes a torch by night!

A. M. G.

HERE is a spirit cheerful as a bird's,
 Content to live within a narrow cage,
 With trills of music, charming Youth and Age:
 They stop and listen to her happy words,
 As to a sudden out-burst of rich song,
 In breathless ecstasy repressed by fear,
 Least some rude footstep falling quickly near,
 No more the melody should float along.
 Oh, with such witching music for my own —
 So fair a minstrel with so sweet a tone —
 How, as on undulating waves of sound,
 My moments, touched by merry thoughts, would glide!
 Then come, my bird, and let thy flight be bound
 By Love's bright bars, and warble at my side!

New-York, February, 1838.

HAMMON.

 THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF JOB DOOLITTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YANKEE NOTIONS.'

JOB DOOLITTLE was a remarkable man — a very remarkable man; one of the most remarkable men of this remarkable age. He was born in the town of Dronesborough, he was brought up in the town of Dronesborough, and he died in the town of Dronesborough; in fact, he never was out of the town of Dronesborough; a circumstance sufficient of itself to mark him as an extraordinary individual; for what could induce a person, in these spirit-stirring and body-stirring times, to pass fifty-seven years within a small country village, without once setting his foot out of it? 'What but genius — wonderful genius!

The ancestors of Job Doolittle came from Little Pokesworth, near Piddletown, in Shropshire. They came very late to America, and the cause of their emigration cannot be ascertained. Some extraordinary circumstance must have been connected with it, as the family were never given to making long journeys, without necessity. The oldest of the family, at the time of the emigration, was Creeper Doolittle, for some time proprietor of the 'Slow Coach,' which ran between Little Pokesworth and Stopford. He was related, by the mother's side, to Major Dawdle, well known for his brilliant campaign at Mahon. Many anecdotes of others of his relatives may be found in 'Memoirs of the late Mr. Tardy.' The great grandfather of Job, by the mother's side, was the celebrated Simon Snorewell, who used to earn half a dollar a day by sleeping. Job's great uncle was Mr. Lawrence Doolittle, known in Dronesborough as 'Blind Lawrence.' He lost his sight by the rain beating upon his face through a leaky roof, while he lay in bed. Another uncle of Job, Mr. Driblett Doolittle, became famous in his native town, by performing, on one occasion, a walk without stopping, from Penny Ferry to Sleepy Hill, a distance of a mile and a half; being a feat, which had not been equalled by any one of the family, time out of mind. He married his wife after a courtship of twenty-nine years. Her name was Snail. She

was the daughter of Perriwinkle Snail, Esq., a member of the Long Parliament.

Job Doolittle, the subject of this memoir, was the son of Waitstill Doolittle and Patience Slugg. His mother was the daughter of old Tranquillity Slugg, of Lubberton. He was born at the old family mansion, in Dumpy Lane, near Standfast Corner. Job was the only child of his parents, and was born thirteen years after their marriage. His birth happened on the twenty-first day of June, being the longest day in the year. Whether this circumstance had any influence upon the formation of his character, it would perhaps be useless to inquire; but the most trivial particulars in the life of a great man are interesting. Why he came to be christened Job, is a very curious question. Some authorities say, that it was on account of its shortness, as old Waitstill Doolittle had a mortal aversion to all such superfluous expenditure of breath as is required for the pronunciation of long names. Some say one of his ancestors was called Job. Some say his father took the first name that came to hand; and others again give still more ingenious reasons. But there is so much contradictory evidence in the case, that nothing appears clearly demonstrated, except the fact that he was named Job. After all, it might have been owing to his patience in not complaining at being suffered to go for so great a length of time without a name; for it seems old Waitstill Doolittle was not able to provide his son with one, until he had attained his sixth year. Young Job was put to school at ten years of age, and made such a proficiency in his infantile studies, that he learned his alphabet in less than three years. None of the Doolittle family had ever before been known to get through it in less than five. It is interesting also to know, that he was taught by an old school-mistress named Patience Still.

The extraordinary genius of Job Doolittle displayed itself very early in his career. I need not say that his main characteristics were great forethought and circumspection, in every act of his life. He was never known to be guilty of a single rash or hasty action; and it was prophetically pronounced by his great uncle, old Creeper Doolittle, the toll-keeper at Sluggett's Bridge, that Job would be an honor to the family. This sagacious prediction was soon verified. Job was challenged by his playmates one day to a game of hop-scotch, and inquired, with great earnestness, if it was a game that could be played standing still. Being informed that it could not, he instantly refused to engage in it. Chucking marbles was a game that he was fond of; and he would have continued to play it, but for the extraordinary labor of picking up the marbles again after chucking them. Bat-and-ball he abhorred, as a most prodigal expenditure of human strength and exertion. Hide-and-seek he indulged in a good deal; but he was so much fonder of hiding than seeking, that he seldom found a boy willing to take a share in the play. He was still more fond of Old Buzzard; but he particularly excelled in a game called Pee-wit, which consists in trying who can stand still the longest.

From these indications, it is easy to perceive that our hero was a person of great deliberation in all his movements, and that he had a most philosophical indifference for those objects and pursuits which dissipate the power and energies of ardent youth by over-exertion.

Nothing could surpass the manly and stoical calmness which he manifested on many great and trying emergencies. The house in which he lived happened to take fire while he was in bed. Most people would have started up in great alarm at the first announcement of such an occurrence. Not so Job. He very sagely concluded that the fire might go out of itself, and it would be a sad waste of labor to make any hurry to extinguish it. All he did, therefore, was to thrust his elbows out of bed, from time to time, to ascertain whether the walls grew hot, knowing that there would be no absolute necessity of stirring till then. The event justified his calculations. The fire was extinguished without his assistance, and Job turned on the other side, and went to sleep.

On another occasion, he was pursued by a mad bull, and told to run for his life. Job's presence of mind and deliberation in this case were never surpassed. He very gravely turned round to the person who gave this advice, and, in a firm tone, replied, that he would 'sooner die than run.' Mark the effect of his sagacity! The bull, seeing Job stand stock still, took him for a post, and passed by without offering him an injury. On the contrary, those who ran away, only tired their legs, and put themselves out of breath. Job got a great reputation by this feat, and his reply on the occasion passed into a proverb. A great many more of Job's bon-mots are current. He was the author of the celebrated remark, 'If you 've any potatoes to dig, bring 'em on!'

Numerous anecdotes more might be related in illustration of his mental serenity, and strong attachment to stedfast habits. He was once sent into the orchard to gather apples, and not having returned, late in the day, some one went in search of him. Job was found lying on his back under an apple-tree, with his mouth open, waiting for the apples to fall in. When his father died, and Job was called upon to walk at the funeral, he replied, 'Not to-day;' implying that he might possibly attend the funeral some other time. On another occasion, as he was lying, deep in thought, in the sunshine, under the side of the barn, he was informed by a person passing by, that the pigs were nibbling at his toes, and was advised to drive them away. He very calmly raised his head, and replied, in a deliberate tone, that 'he 'd see about it.' The discretion and presence of mind, also, which he manifested when he happened to fall, on a slippery day, are worthy of commemoration. He lay with perfect resignation, until he saw a passenger approach, and then, lifting up his little finger, beckoned to him with the most admirable coolness and deliberation! Such a man was surely formed for great things.

What trade he learned, what education he acquired, and what labor he performed, to lay up in his mind those great stores of wisdom for which he was celebrated, I am sorry to say cannot be ascertained. A mysterious cloud of obscurity hangs over this part of the history of Job Doolittle. The world has suffered an immense loss by the negligence and stupidity of his acquaintance, in not treasuring up the remembrance of more of the great events in which he was concerned; for, in addition to the anecdotes above related, I can record nothing respecting him, save that he was once seen driving a cow to pasture, and that one summer afternoon he caught a fly that

had been sitting upon his nose ever since the morning. The remainder of this narrative must of course be brief. Job Doolittle, after passing a long, brilliant, and highly useful career, went the way of all flesh, and was gathered to his fathers, at the age of fifty-seven.

Posterity will do him justice. Nothing remains for me but to give a sketch of his character, manners, and opinions. His character is best illustrated by the acts of his life. He was a good citizen, and a good neighbor, for his political principles never endangered the tranquillity of the state, and his daily life never disturbed the repose of the neighborhood. How few great men can say this of themselves! His manners displayed all the regularity and simplicity of a man of genius. He never missed going to bed at night, and never injured his health by going abroad too early in the morning. He was fond of exercise, and generally turned over twice in his bed every morning, for the purpose. More than this he rarely allowed himself. He thought combing his head a great waste of time; and, for the most part, dispensed with the use of buttons in his dress, from the needless labor they occasion every morning and night. His favorite food was small potatoes, placed very few in a pile. Tooth-picks he never used.

His opinions bear the stamp of genius, and are, moreover, strongly characteristic of the man. He was often importuned by his friends to engage in a more active course of life, but always replied, with a sagacious look, that it would 'be all the same a hundred years hence.' How profound, and yet how true! When told that a certain individual was trying to discover the perpetual motion, he fell into a deep reverie, and then replied, wisely shaking his head, that he 'guessed he would n't;' a prediction most remarkably justified by the event. On being informed that the earth moved round the sun, he looked hard at the speaker, and asked what was 'the use of it;' a question which, though it may appear simple, will be found very difficult to answer. He never believed in rail-roads, and always wondered why people could not be content to stay at home. When intelligence arrived, week after week, that the French were marching into Russia, he inquired, very earnestly, 'how long before they meant to stop, and set down.' The whole character of Napoleon was a perfect enigma to him. He had no decided admiration, in fact, for any great conqueror, except King Log.

Such was Job Doolittle; a man, take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. His example shows how much may be accomplished by undeviating principle, and firmness of purpose. His chief aim appears to have been, not to trouble the world, and not to let the world trouble him; a maxim worthy the sages of antiquity. This was his aim, and with a noble fortitude did he pursue it, through all the vicissitudes of his eventful career. The glory that rests upon his memory must be his reward. In the classic regions of Lubberland, altars would have smoked in his praise; but I fear the bustling, rantipole times we are now cast upon, will allow him no more lasting monument than a page of the KNICKERBOCKER. *Valeat quantum!*

T. T.

Merry-Go-nimble Court, Boston.

LINES

TO OUR SURVIVING REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

I.

Worn remnant of a noble band,
 Fast dwindling to decay,
 Preservers of our blessed land,
 In its most gloomy day ;
 Our wealth, our glory, and our fame,
 Our ransom from the tyrant claim,
 That ranked us with the slave,
 We owe to you, time-honored race,
 And those your mates, whose dwelling-place
 Is now the narrow grave.

II.

When summoned by the war-trump's breath,
 Ye spurned the monarch's chain,
 Ye bravely faced the frown of death,
 And bore the sting of pain ;
 Ye staked your all upon the die,
 'Freedom and Truth,' your battle-cry,
 With courage strong and rare ;
 Justice your armor, God your shield,
 Ye triumphed on the battle-field,
 And your rewards are — where ?

III.

Behold a people great and free,
 While smiling on the land,
 Fair Plenty leads Prosperity,
 And Hope extends her hand,
 And decks the mist with colors bright,
 That hides the future from our sight ;
 Behold the once-red swords,
 Turned into plough-shares ; and the earth
 Look fair as Eden at its birth ;
 Oh ! are not *these* rewards !

IV.

Rewards that patriots only earn,
 And value as they ought ;
 Patriots whose hearts with high thoughts burn,
 Of what their blood has bought ;
 And not unmindful all are we,
 Bold pioneers of Liberty !
 Of what your toil has won ;
 Your triumphs cannot be forgot,
 While there remains a single spot
 Freedom may call her own.

V.

Her race is equal with your fame,
 Where'er her altars rise,
 Bearing the purest, brightest flame,
 E'er kindled 'neath the skies ;
 There shall your memories still be dear,
 And there shall many gather near,
 To hear the glorious tale,
 How our bold fathers bravely fought,
 And Virtue won the meed she sought,
 While Tyranny grew pale !

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE SECOND.

'And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school.'

WHEN people have much to say, they say little. When men utter great truths, they use few words. All remarkable compositions, those that have sunk deep into the common ear, and gained universal consent, have been short. The Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Parables of Christ, the Christian Armor, Gray's Elegy, and the Declaration of American Independence, are perhaps the most full words ever uttered; to which we beg leave to add these 'sayings' of the immortal Shakspeare. The imperative form of speech is the shortest. In the 'fitness of things,' it is ordered that our necessary knowledge should be conveyed, *possibly*, in few terms. Our imperative duties may be summed up in a phrase, and the whole Christian religion is often embodied by the sacred writers in a single verse. The writer who is filling volumes, will often delight to condense his subject in an aphorism. The story-teller, who writes his tale to illustrate a single principle, will frequently sum up his moral in a sentence, and then spread it out over an hundred pages; as children play with sand, and cards, and putty. There is great use in this manner; because we best apprehend a part, by seeing the whole, and the whole, too, by seeing it piecemeal.

The most influential men in a town or village, are rarely great talkers; on the contrary, they are remarkable for their taciturnity and sententiousness. People mistrust both the soundness and sincerity of word-pilers. The maxim, that a barking dog will not bite, here finds a meaning. If a man have a bad cause, he generally makes a long speech, more in the hope that he *may* say something, than because he knows he has any thing *to say*, satisfactory. This is not written to condemn all lengthiness; but to find the philosophy of conciseness: otherwise, how could we have the face to proceed in our 'reading'?

From the history of infancy, our author turns gladly. He lingered an 'age' with its pains, and its story being told, he refreshes his spirit with contemplations of boyhood. The 'muling infant' vanishes, and the boy, with his shining face, leaps out. With all his restraints, jacket covered with buttons, stiff shirt collar, and pantaloons, (unnatural! if tight, oh! horrible!) he cannot help bearing about him the marks of joy. The blood mantles in his cheeks; and those locks which the sun curls, as it curls the tendrils of the vine, hang about his dewy forehead, and cluster on his head, with a grace that defies the skill of art. 'He creeps like snail to school.' He makes little progress onward, but his sideways excursions are numerous. He stops to listen to the song of birds, or he chases the butterfly with his hat. His eyes, liquid with health and pleasure, are turned on every side. 'He seems to drink the morning.' The flowers beckon him; the shadows court him; sunlight, air, and fragrant breeze, entice him. His boat is on the stream, or his feet are on the ice. Summer or

winter, he is at home with his freedom under the sky. He catches the snow-flakes as they fall, or bares his head to the warm shower. What does he care for his new jacket, and clean white trowsers, on the green grass! He hates to go to school. All nature is talking to him, with her thousand voices, and he goes 'unwillingly' from such delightful conversation. See the little chip-birds cock their eyes at him from the stone-wall, and the squirrel peep out to see who whistled. They know their man; they will not be caught, but only just keep out of his way as they run along, as if to challenge him to a frolic. Who would love to go to school from such delightful play-mates!

But go he must. He whines as he swings his green satchel over his shoulder, and thinks of the severe brow that will reprove his tardiness; but his face shines; he cannot help it. And here we would sympathize, retrospectively, with the poor victims of the old regimen. Oh, thou old tyrant; thou executioner; thou ear-twister till the blood ran; thou cruel-pated schoolmaster, thou —! Yes, thou wert all these, and many more hard names; and yet a tear drops for thee, too. Thy duty was to whip. It was the spirit of thy age. Kings whipped their subjects; the clergy whipped their people. Fear governed in the court, the church, and in the school. Liberty had not dawned. Man did not know his dignity. How many gentle minds were crushed, how many bosoms torn, under that lachrymal system! What disgust for books, what black revenge and bursting rage, did that 'whining school-boy with his satchel' feel? The seed was sown. Perhaps he whipped his fag; beat his dog; in a rage, wrung the neck of his pet robin. Lord Byron kept a bear in college. This was a cutting satire. The conceit he got at school. Those were days when every school could boast its bully, and set-fights were recreation. Young lords drove the stage-coach, and squirted tobacco-juice through their front teeth; horse-jockeys grew rich, and high example made every vice appear respectable, as the world goes. These were the fruits of the iron age of school-masters.

Then followed the age of bronze — of brass and pretension. Young masters and misses were flattered into being spoiled, and their parents cajoled into permitting it. This was the time of the French revolution; a time that turned at large into the world a set of men and women, who, having proved that they had not sense to maintain a government of their own, undertook the task of directing and governing the rising generations of other countries. Short petticoats, bare bosoms, high heels, flaring bonnets, false hair, false teeth, *et id omne genus*, followed, as a natural consequence. To these were added, for variety, impassioned correspondence upon blue paper; sudden marriages and births; platonic attachments, and atheism. Still, the youth went 'unwillingly to school.' There was no heart, no soul, in all this.

Now is the age of simplicity. Learning has put off its wig, and ostentation is ridiculous. All men, whether pupils or professors, acknowledge their ignorance. Humility has exalted the human mind, and a practical illustration is given to the text, that, 'he who humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Man has, by this path, gained the height whence he may survey the wide ocean of Truth; and like the

great Copernicus, he feels that he has, as yet, only been playing with the pebbles on its margin.

He who dwells in the valley, has a narrow scope, and all things seem near and familiar; but as he climbs the mountain, his vision widens; he sees distant and unknown objects, and is soon lost in infinity. He returns to his valley wiser and better than before. What before seemed far, is now comparatively nothing. The distance between himself and those he thought his inferiors is removed. And this is the philosophy of human equality and true democracy. The greatest man in a republic feels himself the friend and brother of the poorest and weakest.

The true teacher, then, is the companion, the friend, the learner, with his pupil. He impresses him with the boundlessness of knowledge, and the infinite capacities of the human soul; and not forgetting to point to the Source of all wisdom, and our dependence upon Him for this privilege of using this great power of understanding his creation, there grows in the young mind a religion of the intellect, which habit will, in time, convert into a religion of the heart. And now the boy goes not so 'unwillingly to school.'

Still, all children go 'unwillingly' to the school our Shakspeare meant, though many never see the inside of a school-house. All go 'unwillingly' about set tasks. Boyhood is always longing to pursue the bent of its own bright fancies. They love to clan together for excursions in the woods, where they may 'lay along,' and tell stories of fairies and genii; or indulge in dreams about the future, when they shall be men and women; feel natural wonder at the world they inhabit, by a mystery, or in the wild consciousness of life, play such antics before high heaven, as make the angels smile.

'Behold the child among his new-born bliesses!
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet some little plan or chart,
Some fragment of his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art:
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not belong
Ere this be thrown aside,
And, with new joy and pride,
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage,'
With all the persons down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage:
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.'

The boy comes, 'trailing clouds of glory.' He is the bearer of a spirit newly lighted by his Maker. He is 'nature's priest,' and he surrenders not willingly the duties of his order. The plan, the arrangement, of the social fabric is not understood by him. He is for worshipping at another shrine than the world's idols. He loves nature, not with a sickly and strained sentimentality, like a would-be poet, nor seeks her for relief from the palling sensualities of dissipation. He does not bring to her a heart broken by pictures of human

wickedness and misfortune, nor a mind blunted by pursuits of gain, and selfish ambition. No; he loves her as his mother, his teacher, his play-mate; because he feels glad in her society; nor does he ask why? Her influences are upon him; these he never can forget nor outlive. The dross of sense, the business of a whole life, cannot obliterate these traces on his soul. He may, nay must, 'fall away' from the *grace* of his boyhood, but the 'visions splendid' that 'attended' round his early years, will be remembered for ever.

Who has never asked himself the question, 'Why do we lose the purity, the sincerity, the generosity, of boyhood? Why do we grow hard and wicked, as we grow old?' Or is it a mere poetic license, by which men are represented as insincere, selfish, ungrateful, irreligious? The robber, the murderer, these are the bad. They are bad, who commit crimes from sudden temptation or passion; they who are educated in brothels, and trained to steal, by needy parents; not the insincere, for insincerity is fashionable; and every body is selfish; and irreligion follows, as a matter of course. Send us not to books of theology, to quarreling sectaries, for the solution of this mystery; recommend us not to a theory that makes even the infant a sinner: there is but *one* solution, and that is, that man seems sent on earth to suffer the pains of sin, which we contend all do suffer, that he may be able to appreciate and enjoy heaven.

Yes, the bright fancies of boyhood will vanish! To live at all in an imperfect world, he must resort to the usual machinery. He must be harnessed into this life, and so he goes unwillingly to school. Sometimes he escapes the pain of outliving his pure happiness, and is translated, with all his heavenly beauty, to the skies. The young die often; cut off in the very bloom of existence. Inscrutable Providence! To this fate they go not 'unwillingly.' Before their departure, they assume an awful beauty. The skin becomes almost transparent, wax-like; the color heightens on their cheeks; and in them, death is beautiful.

A circumstance lately came to my knowledge, too impressive to allow me to omit it here. A little boy, seven years of age, and in no wise remarkable among other children, was taken suddenly ill. He grew worse fast; soon his physician gave him up, and said he must die. The child seemed aware that he was dying. This conclusion was drawn, not from any thing he said, but he began to manifest an unusual tenderness toward his parents; would often call them to his bedside, and ask them if he had been much trouble to them; if he had been a good child, and if they supposed God loved him. He wished to know of his mother, if he had told any falsehoods lately, and said he knew he had never taken God's name in vain. His parents are religious people, but they do not show their piety in that outward ceremony which is apt to strike the mind of a child, and make him think that the service of his Creator is a matter of words; which fact should be known, to put the right construction upon these remarks. The child had been educated as a Christian should be.

He asked often for music, and wished a sister, a few years his senior, to sing 'The last link is broken' to him. He said the lines made him feel happy. This request he repeated several times a day, until he died. Only the day before his death, he asked to see his

younger sister, a little girl of four years of age. She came to his bedside, and he requested his mother to place her beside him, her cheek next his own. She did so, and he clasped his arms about her, in a long embrace, and then said, 'Now let little sister go.' After she was removed from the room, he said: 'Little Mary's cheek is rosy and sweet; but she, dear mother, is to stay with you.' He seemed satisfied with this leave-taking, and would not see her again. All this time he said nothing of dying, and no one spoke to him upon the subject. He suffered little pain, and never complained. His countenance grew more angelic every hour. His manner and speech were those of an affectionate young man, rather than of a child. He bade adieu to his father and mother, as if just starting on a common journey; and in this remarkable manner he was received into the arms of his Father in heaven. There is no doubt, in the minds of all who saw him die, that he is now alive, purified from the body, escaped from those afflictions by which other beings must reach heaven. Most strongly do such scenes persuade us of the reality of an hereafter. Putting revelation entirely out of the question, who could see such a departure, and not believe in a world of spirits? As a bird let loose from its cage, loiters for an instant to bid adieu to the home it has enjoyed so long, and the kind hand that, as far as it could, has supplied its wants, ere it mounts in the air, persuaded to stay, and yet compelled by its nature to go, so, as the body loses its hold over the mind, does the soul linger for a moment amid its mortal attachments; but, impelled by its higher affections, it expands, and pants, and rises to its native heaven; for 'from God we come.'

And this is a faithful transcript of our reading of the second chapter of our 'History.'

A FATHER'S TRIBUTE.

COPIED, BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER, FROM A MONUMENT IN A LONDON CHURCH-YARD.

BY RT. HON. GEORGE CANNING.

THOUGH short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unrevolted eye!

O! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which CHRIST'S atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress,
Mount, sinless spirit! to thy destined rest!
While I, revers'd our nature's kindlier doom,
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb!

ASPIRATION.

AN EXTRACT: BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Our souls have wings; their flight is like the rush
 Of whirlwinds, and they upward point their way,
 Like him who bears the thunder, when the flash
 Of his keen eye feeds on the dazzling ray:
 He claps his pinions in the blaze of day,
 And gaining on the loftiest arch his throne,
 Darts his quick vision on his fated prey,
 And, gathering all his vigor, he is gone,
 And in an instant grasps his victim as his own.

We soar as proudly, and as quickly fall;
 This moment in the empyrean, then we sink,
 And wrapping in the joys of sense our all,
 The stream that flows from heaven we cannot drink,
 But we will lie along the flowery brink
 Of pleasure's tempting current, till the wave
 Is bitter and its banks bare, then we think
 Of what we might have been, and, idly brave,
 We take a short weak flight, and drop into the grave!

WILSON CONWORTH.

NUMBER TEN.

I LEFT New-Orleans, determining to bury myself in the west. But the western states I could not endure. Except in the large trading places, every thing was new, and wild, and lawless; the most sacred ties of society were disregarded, the most open irreligion countenanced. Without any of the refinements of life, any of those institutions which hold society in a state of civilization, men took the law into their own hands, revenged their own wrongs, and the strongest in body overcame the strongest in mind. The squatter was as ill defined in his moral feelings, as he was in his land; and though such characters may appear quite interesting, when described in books, and painted as wild rovers of the woods, enjoying a primitive and natural independence, yet the actual contact with such society, though it may gratify the curiosity of the traveller, can furnish little inducement for a prolonged acquaintance.

I know of no task so difficult as that which the emigrant from the polished inhabitants of the east has to contend with, in going into the western states. I do not mean into the cities of the west, where may be found all the refinements the most fastidious can desire, but into the heart of the country, where he will find himself surrounded by a population struggling for a bare subsistence; undergoing sickness and death by change of climate. Here you may see a family suddenly deprived of its head, and a poor widow with a large family, and a few hundred acres of wild land, sinking beneath the load of her misfortunes. And the west, too, furnishes the widest scope for

all kinds of imposition; lawyers without conscience, doctors without knowledge or experience, and ministers without education, all grinding their subsistence out of the people, by trick and quackery, for there is a quackery of religion here.

I am getting into a subject broad enough to furnish matter for volumes. I could tell how, (though the west in point of land, climate, etc., is the most important part of these United States, and is destined at some future day to be a garden of beauty,) our western states have got to go through the mill of gradual improvement; how men, when removed from the shade of their paternal trees, the influences of early habits, and revered examples, retrograde; how injuriously the members of society act upon each other, where the field is so wide, the knowledge of character so imperfect, and the standard of character itself so vaguely drawn, and when the object with many is only to acquire a fortune in the shortest space possible; how such a state of things operates upon the rising generation, where parents have no permanent location, and attend little to the establishing of schools for their instruction; all these are questions of large scope.

Any one who has been in the western country, knows there are hundreds looking back to their native hills, with regret that they ever left them. They took the fever of emigration, and it has left them torpid and weak. There is no relief; they cannot return if they would. '*Hic labor*;' the journey would cost them all the land they possess.

The gentleman, the man of taste, the ennuied follower of pleasure, takes his tour, upon his ambling pony, through this country; his saddle is stuffed, and so is his belly, for he carries a purse richly filled; he is delighted to see the Indians, and the caves, and the noble lakes, and every thing so new and striking. Constantly passing from place to place, and meeting with much attention, he forms a favorable opinion of the country, and the happiness of the people; for he is excited, and they are pleased at seeing and talking with him; and they, too, are bent upon making the best of a bad bargain. *Ecce!* — the fox who cut off his tail. Well! of course he keeps a journal, and must, to render it readable, throw a little poetical license into his descriptions. The letters are published, and meet the eye of the quiet, contented farmer, whose thoughts have hitherto been bounded by the fences of his farm. He reads of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre; land tilled without manure; beautiful rivers, extensive prairies; plenty of wild game; rail-roads, steam-boats, delicious climate, 'perfect paradise;' in a little while, if his neighbor takes the same bait, and he can find any one to *wonder* with, he gets perfectly be-deviled; sells his farm, and packing up his old carts and wagons, and loose pieces of iron, he starts for Illinois, or Michigan, or some other El Dorado, in a short time to lament that he ever forgot the adage of his father and grand-father, 'Look before you leap.'

The 'Great West,' as it is called, offers no great inducement to the man whose fortune is already acquired, unless, like Blennerhassett, he has the means of creating a garden in the midst of the wilderness, and his means and habits make him entirely independent of

others. To the idler, it is an uncomfortable place; for an idler cannot have character, where every body is industrious.

Though I was delighted with my jaunt up the noble Mississippi, along the fertile shores of Arkansas, to the sloping banks of the Ohio, when I arrived at Pittsburg, and got fairly into the state of Pennsylvania, I made a vow never to leave it.

Flint's 'Valley of the Mississippi' makes any mention of this region unnecessary. That is a book only equalled, in the truth and vividness of its descriptions, by its style and elegance of diction. And, speaking of this writer, perhaps he ranks among the first of American authors, take him all in all. Who could have written 'Arthur Clenning,' if not Flint—a man who has travelled, and thought, and seen, and moralized, from facts? This work is full of imagination, of the daintiest kind; and yet it is so tempered with good, plain, common sense, and the flights of fancy are so well woven in, that they seem necessarily to belong to the story. The moral effect of this book is one of its chief excellencies. In Arthur Clenning is drawn the better sort of yankee, by a series of necessities and rebuffs trained into the highest of human characters, in thought and action. His wife, petted from her birth, and every attempt being made to spoil her, likewise, by a series of misfortunes, as they seemed, becomes a woman in sense and conduct, and discards the fripperies of her early education.

The scenes in the island are worked up with a great deal of beauty; and the marriage, the scruples of her sex, the struggles of her pride of birth, lurking in her heart, against the steward, and gradually overcome by a sense of his worth and manliness, and natural nobility, and by love, that contemner of all rule, and the voyage—all show the pen of a master. The book ends, very properly, in the perfect happiness of all parties. Men never fail, when they act upon such principles as Arthur Clenning. No, men seldom fail in any laudable and rational undertaking, unless by their own fault—minor faults, perhaps, which none but themselves know: hence we so often see experiments repeated, which to the world seem to have been sufficiently tested.

Wherever the pen of the author of 'Arthur Clenning' is exercised, it is for the sake of literature, a national literature. I do not know Mr. Flint; I never saw him; but he strikes me as one of the most powerful writers of our country. I am under the influence of no prejudice, if I am wrong in my opinion. I only wish to let the world know what effect such works have upon me; a better specimen of popular feeling, than though I were a professed writer myself. All the praise in the world from our literati, would not insure success to a writer, if his work did not take with the people at large. Flint's works are read by the people; and Arthur Clenning lays with Robinson Crusoe, on the scanty shelf of the log house.

How fortuitous is even literary reputation! How many men have died without hearing a note from that trumpet which has since sounded their names all over the reading world! Happy is the man who gets into the habit of being read! Irving is still read; it is the fashion to admire him, and a very good fashion; but Dana's *Idle Man* is little known. How many read the latter, and feel with him; but

they dare not talk of him, and recommend him, for they risk something — and he has not yet become the fashion.

John Q. Adams wrote a clever poem, but it did not take, because he had been president. The world thought that the president's poem must be better than any poem ever written, to be good for any thing at all. Men of opposite politics condemned it, because they disliked the political Mr. Adams, and some, because they disliked his father; and so the world goes. Channing is not extensively read, because he is a Unitarian. Byron was read, because he separated from his wife, and wore his shirt collar open, and had curly hair, and drank gin, and lived with a beautiful countess, and was unhappy. Coleridge was not read much, though a very great poet, until we got to love him through Charles Lamb. If Sam Patch had written a book, it would have sold well. If Gen. Jackson were to write a very sensible book, it would ruin him as a chieftain. How would Rob Roy strike us, represented sitting in an arm-chair, reading a book? Canning, who might have been the first satirist in England, had the sense to know that he could not wear the laurel and the oak at the same time. Bulwer has lost in respect, since he got into parliament; and it would seem that a lawyer never could have written 'Ion.' Who likes to contemplate Scott as clerk? The most practical and busy men are undoubtedly the most useful writers; but we have not yet got so far as to be able to view a fine writer as one not inspired by a divine gift — a kind of medicine-man, or sorcerer. But I forget that I am in the land of the Quakers.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE land of William Penn is the only soil not purchased by the blood of the natives. A feeling of peace came over me, as I thought of this, and called to mind the scene where he is represented as treating with the Indians. The design is magnificent.

How firm must have been the principles of that man! What a religion that must be, which fortifies a man to go without armor or shield into the midst of a savage tribe, relying upon the efficacy of his own purity of purpose, and the dignity of his sentiments, to protect him! How much is such heroism beyond the daring of the warrior! The one is moral, the other is physical courage. Is there in all history a character that approaches nearer to the character of Christ than his? His weapons were meekness and love; he went about doing good; he endured adversity with patience, and would have suffered martyrdom for his faith. His fame is the purest fame; there is not a blot upon his character. His principles the principles of peace, which are getting to be the principles of the whole civilized world. Thus much he was in the advance of his age. As I touched the soil of Penn, I determined to seek out a home in some community of Friends.

The Quakers have been the salvation of this state. Philadelphia owes almost every thing to them. The order of its streets is a Quaker emblem; its fine market is supplied by them, and consumed by them; for though not hard drinkers, they are large eaters.

This sect has flourished, and continues to exist, in spite of party disputes. It must be expected that they will undergo change, like the rest of the world. They are in some measure losing the cantism of their language, and the apparent cantism of their dress; but they lose nothing in their principles. Peace and good will, brotherly love, charity, quietness of life, thoughts by themselves; seasons when God enters and pervades the soul with love — for 'God is love.'

The attention this people pay to the education of their children, is a noble feature in their system. The kind of discipline they put them under, sends them into the world sound thinking men. They attend but little to the ornamental parts of education; they devote their time chiefly to the mathematics and the natural sciences; and nearly the same is pursued by both boys and girls. They are the best surveyors and astronomers in the land.

The women of Pennsylvania act conspicuous parts in the drama of life. Quaker women and Dutch women, they labor; they relieve their husbands from much troublesome small matter; such as taking entire care of the house and children; cultivating the sauce-garden; tending the shop, while the man is making the articles to be sold; going to market, if necessary, and scolding the assistants; for servants are unknown among the Quakers, and the Dutch help themselves.

In the valley of the Susquehannah and Schuylkill, the richest land in the state, the Friends have created almost a paradise. The whole face of the country is a succession of farm after farm, cultivated with the neatest care. Your eye is cheered, as you pass through this delightful region, with villages full of plenty, and all the externals of happiness. You are now stopping, lured by the coolness of the shade and the rurality of the scene, beneath a group of locusts and elms. A low, plain building stands modestly a little farther on, as if it had set itself down there, to escape the noise, and dust, and observation, of the traveller. It is the Friend's place of worshipping God. If you enter it, you will find a neat array of pine seats, washed as white as a plained board; the floor sanded, the windows clear and transparent. You are charmed with the elegance of the strictest simplicity.

'Wouldst thou know,' says the thoughtful 'Elia,' 'what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; an unit in aggregate; a simple in composite; come with me into a Quaker's Meeting. Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council and to consistory! My spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewsbury. I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your

heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you ; for ye sat betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scouring of church and presbytery. I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, when he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and ' the judge and the jury became as dead men under his feet.'

Surely, no place can be so fit in which to approach God, as that where, by the absence of all art and pompous decoration, our minds can rest without effort upon Him alone. The Saviour went into a mountain to pray ; but as, for social purposes, and the effect of example, we worship together, we necessarily use some house ; but it were better it were never so simple. Kirke White says :

' Go thou to the house of prayer,
I to the woodlands will repair.'

Perhaps there could not be a place where the mind would be more forcibly struck with the idea of an overruling Providence, than in a desert, with the stars shining brightly over head, and not a sound or object meeting the senses. A *man* kneeling upon the sand, with head uncovered, and hands raised to heaven, in supplianee, is to my mind a scene perfectly devout. Man, in such a case, offers the nearest appearance of what he is, in comparison with God. On the one hand, there is a being sitting upon his throne among the stars, governing all things by the arm of his will ; on the other, a speck of creation, without power, save what he derives from the goodness of his Maker ; the one is all majesty, and glory, and might ; the other all weakness and want. Surrounded by luxury, rolling in wealth, and the purchased ensigns of command, man thinks himself a God. What a fool !

Wherever the Quakers are numerous, or sufficiently so to form a distinct class in society, they make every thing plain about them. Their neighbors fall into their ways, attend their meetings, first from curiosity, then from choice, and gradually become converts to their belief and habits, because they find so much happiness creeping over them unawares, from their intercourse with this simple people. I doubt very much if they ever attempt the act of proselytism, any farther than by the effect of their example. I doubt very much, if any American can say, that he ever heard a Quaker commence a religious discussion, or which is the same thing, a barbarous reviling of all who differ from him in opinion. Meet them where you will, in steam-boats, in stages, in hotels, in the streets, on their farms, or in their counting-houses, you will ever find them the same upright, independent, hospitable, charitable, unassuming people. No ; their converts are made by labors of love ; their whole lives are spent in love to all mankind.

I was a stranger, and they took me in ; sick and desponding, and they consoled me. Despair gave place to hope, and peace once more reigned in my heart. Thanks, ten thousand thanks, to thee, inestimable friend ! Would to God I could but see your face once more !

It was in a small settlement of this quiet sect, that I fixed my residence. Chance determined my choice. I was travelling on foot, and one evening about sunset, after journeying all day through a rather uninviting district of Dutch settlers, none of whom knew enough English to direct me on my road, I came to a pleasant little village, on the banks of the river —. Stopping upon the eminence that overlooked the scene, I was enjoying the prospect before me, and indulging in such thoughts as occur to a jaded and unhappy mind, when it contemplates the externals of that peace it vainly seeks in excitement and change; and I suppose I said or sung aloud:

‘How calm could I rest in thy bosom of shade!’

when a voice, close by me, said:

‘Thou art weary, friend; hast travelled far? I will show thee a place to refresh both body and mind, if thou has a taste for flowers and shade, as would seem by thy rhyme.’

When I looked at the face of the speaker, I did not much wonder at the familiarity of his introduction, for he seemed to have ‘Friend to the whole human race’ stamped upon his features. He was a tall, well-made man, of about fifty; dressed with extreme neatness and care. Although strictly Quaker in his garb, the cloth of his coat was of the finest texture, and his hat had that peculiar air of wealth, being of the finest beaver, and a little turned up behind, from his collar, as if he was accustomed to look up rather than down. He wore a cane, and had a basket upon his arm, filled with wild flowers, taken with the root.

After I had thanked him for his offer, and accepted his invitation, as we walked to the village, he continued his remarks:

‘We have no inn in the village, as this is not a teaméd road; but thou couldst have found a welcome, if thou wished it, with any one. We are glad not to be troubled with the noise of a tavern in our place, for they beget sottishness and idleness. A man can always go to an inn with a ‘fip’ in his pocket, and find a welcome, when he could find one no where else. People will always be industrious, when they cannot find a place to be idle in, and company to be idle with. Idleness is the root of all evil; and so I have taken to gardening, to employ the time my boys and girls spare me. These flowers will soon plume themselves along side the buds and blossoms in my garden. I love my garden. Does thou like plants?’

A little posed with my new acquaintance, (for I had never encountered a Quaker before,) I thought it prudent to take all as a matter of course, and so I talked on with my friend of an hour’s standing, as if I had been his son and companion for years. And it did not require much effort to do this; for my heart warmed with reciprocal kindness toward the good man, who had given so pleasant a train to my thoughts, and so kind a welcome to my weariness.

My companion seemed the factotum of the place. Every one we met had something to ask of him, and he appeared the general dispenser of all kinds of advice. In short, I found myself in the company of the most celebrated preacher of the day, in the denomination to which he belonged.

The house, at which we soon arrived, was delightfully situated on

a gentle declivity, falling to the river. Large pine trees, the tallest I ever saw, except in the forest, shaded the front yard. In the garden, which stretched behind the house to a considerable distance, every plant was of the kind which grows wild in the fields. Every thing about the establishment bore the marks of domestic cultivation.

I was shown, soon after my arrival, to a room, furnished with all the conveniences for removing the marks of my dusty journey. Water flowed into my basin by turning a cock, and linen, white as snow, was at hand to dry my skin. All was convenient and luxurious, without the display of expense, or a prodigal misuse of the gifts of God.

Summoned by my attentive host to the tea-table, I found the board surrounded by a bevy of healthy children, all ready to take their places. His wife, and a young woman of eighteen, made up the company. 'Thee is welcome, friend,' said the matron; and the young lady bent her head, in token of welcome. There was no introduction; no affected cordiality; no studied courtsey; no looking-glass graces. The children did not stare, nor appear awkward. The hospitality of my entertainer was too common to excite surprise.

Our repast was such as an epicure might envy; and still it was healthy and simple. Fruits of all kinds, appropriate to the season, milk in a variety of forms, and bread, such as Pennsylvanian wheat alone produces, with the help of Quaker cooks, made up a meal nutritious and agreeable.

The humorist among the Quakers, is a very common character. Free from the trammels which bind the majority of the world, by the ties of custom, fashion, and regard for the multitude, the Friend finds himself born to so remarkable a situation, so severed from these restraints, that he gains, or rather is born to, a great degree of moral courage; and he does what his fancy dictates, within his ideas of what is right, fearlessly and independently.

WILLIAM GARRETS, the name of my new acquaintance, possessed wealth enough to place him above want, and a mind that was too active to slumber idly upon down. Having lost all his children, except the young lady I have noticed, he connected his duty and his pleasure, in devoting much of his time in training the minds of his adopted children, who were mostly the offspring of poor parents, in a distant part of the country. Selected by an eye formed to judge correctly of physical endowments, they amply repaid his labor and his care, by their fine intellectual progress, and their interest in his plans. A happier family never blessed the hearth of man, as it seemed to me. They were so young when he took them under his care, that they were not humbled by a sense of dependence, but really loved him like a father; and he in turn, as he confessed to me, felt all the true affection for them that he could have felt for children of his own.

His house and grounds were arranged for the purpose of his children. The upper part of the former was thrown into a large hall, for exercise in bad weather. This hall extended through the whole length of the lower story, and looked out into a garden;

and when the doors were open, and the breeze passed through, it came loaded with the perfume of flowers and fruits.

The minds of those enjoying such pure pleasures, and sucking wisdom from the lips of such a man, were chaste without effort, and elevated, not so much from enthusiasm as from nature. Knowing nothing mean, seeing nothing vulgar, hearing nothing vile, with bodies healthy by constitution, and preserved by simple habits, uncontaminated by falsehood and excitement, fresh as the flowers that bloomed by their feet, and innocent as the birds that waked their morning dreams, they realized to their instructor the theory, so abused by bigotted 'orthodoxy,' but now spreading widely over our country, that man is *not* wholly vile by nature.

'I consider health of body,' said he, 'equally a matter of education with the mind. You may educate a child to be a drunkard, by giving him dainties in his youth, injuring the tone of his stomach, and creating an unnatural appetite. Such a child, when he grows up, never will be satisfied with simple food. His nature, his acquired habit, will be, to crave stimulants; and, unless he possess a strong mind, and circumstances are favorable, he will prove a victim to his stomach. The world is mistaken upon the subject of intemperance, in my opinion. I believe it a *disease*; and by this view, I am enabled to account for ten thousand of brilliant and noble souls, that fall powerless under its ravages. To create a drunkard, you must, in the first place, destroy his natural stomach; and to reform one, you need something else than mere abstinence. Nature cannot well hold out, if unassisted. It is asking too much of him whose soul and energies are already wasted. No; he needs care and medicine; medicine for his mind and medicine for his body. On this account, I have paid great attention to the physical education of my adopted children; taking care that they always breathe pure air, and that their blood should never stagnate for want of exercise.'

The Quakers view all derelictions in the 'world's people,' as they call all without their own class, as the result of their faulty education. They have much charity for the errors of the young of other denominations; and indeed a very reasonable feeling for all errors, in young and unformed minds. They believe that vice and misery grow out of the fashions — the innocent fashions, to appearance — of a pleasure-loving world. They attribute the errors and vices of men to the seeds their parents sow in their infancy. Is not this the truth? Whence the contamination of the city? Because *there* are the allurements held out to the young, to distract their minds, and make them loathe simplicity and quiet. There are held out the food for the passions of our nature, not intended to be called out until age has given prudence to counteract their injurious impulses, but which, by an early and fatal precocity, prove bane and poison to our city youth. Ask young men themselves, in those hours of sickness, and pain, and solitariness, which always come to the followers of pleasure, to remind them of the darker lot which awaits them, and they will tell you of the rock on which they split. They can trace the steps of their progress; they have never outgrown the early lessons of their childhood; they know what virtue is, and they love it in the abstract; but the force of temptation has been too great for them,

and they have fallen, 'blessed with the best capacity of doing right,' victims to the allurements of the world.

Now the Quakers know all this, for though not of the world, they are still in it, surrounded by its contagions, and disgusted by its frivolity. Hence their charity for the errors of the young, viewing them rather as diseases they could hardly have avoided, than as voluntary acts of evil. People generally do not know what good these kind folks do. How many hearts they fortify; how many souls they save; how many dissolute they reform; what blessings they scatter over the hills of Pennsylvania!

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Sooth'd by the self-same ditty, sees
The infant and the sire;
That smiling on the nurse's knee,
This weeping by the fire;
Where, unobserved, he finds a joy
To hush its plaintive tone,
And silently his thoughts employ
On sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power,
The loved habitual theme,
Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,
A voluntary dream;
And as, with thoughts of former years,
His dimming eyes o'erflow,
None wonder at an old man's tears,
Or seek his grief to know.

Think not he dotes, because he weeps;
Conclusion ah how wrong!
Reason with Grief joint empire keeps,
Indissolubly strong;
And oft in age a helpless pride
With jealous weakness pines,
To second infancy allied,
And every wo refines.

How busy now his teeming brain,
Those murmuring lips declare;
Scenes never to return again,
Are represented there.

* * *

He ponders on his boyish years,
When first his race began,
And oh, how wonderful appears
The destiny of man!
How swift those gladsome hours were past,
In darkness closed how soon!
As if a winter's night o'ercast
The brightest summer's noon.

His withered hand he lifts to view,
With nerves once firmly strung,
And scarcely can believe it true
That ever he was young!
And as he thinks o'er all his ills,
Disease, neglect, and scorn,
Strange pity of himself he feels,
Thus aged and forlorn.

 LINES TO A POET.

 WRITTEN NEAR TRINITY CHURCH-YARD, NEW-YORK.

On what a priceless mine of wealth within thee hoarded lies!
 True lofty thought, sweet tenderness, and gentlest sympathies,
 Like precious gems, are flashing up from their deep treasure-cells,
 Through the pure waters of that fount, which from thy soul out-wells;
 Thy words have waked a silent chord, firm in my bosom strung,
 To thrilling melody, like that from the wild wind-harp wrung
 By the soft summer breath of eve; an echo deep within
 My soul, whose loud responding tone doth hail thee as its kin!

Sipping a cup, whose waters were as 'Marah to the soul,'
 Yet miserly still lingering o'er each drop within the bowl,
 I mused at morn, all moodily, upon the ancient graves,
 O'er whose each old inhabitant, some low tree sadly waves,
 Where nought but name and epitaph, traced on each time-worn stone,
 Or mouldering urn, or cenotaph, tells of the loved ones gone!

Thinking how many a brow smiled o'er a heart all dead and cold,
 Veiled like the ghastly skeleton at Egypt's feasts of old;
 Whose hope was in the tomb of years, whose dread, futurity,
 When forth thy glorious numbers burst, like sunbeams unto me!
 Like Memnon's lyre of yore, which nought but the sun's touch might wake,
 Forth from my heart the ringing chords to thy proud sweep did break:
 I turned me from my moodiness, to swell the lay to thee,
 Whose pen, like an enchanter's wand, hath mighty witchery!

LONE.

 LETTERS

 OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

 BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

THE record which follows, is by the hand of me, NICHOMACHUS, once the happy servant of the great Queen of Palmyra, than whom the world never saw a queen more illustrious, or a woman adorned with brighter virtues. But my design is not to write her eulogy, or recite the wonderful story of her life. That task requires a stronger and a more impartial hand than mine. The life of Zenobia by Nichomachus, would be the portrait of a mother and a divinity, drawn by the pen of a child and a worshipper.

My object is a humbler, but perhaps also a more useful one. It is to collect and arrange, in their proper order, such of the letters of the most noble LUCIUS MANLIUS PISO, as shall throw most light upon his character and times, supplying all defects of incident, and filling up all chasms that may occur, out of the knowledge which, more exactly than any one else, I have been able to gather concerning all that relates to the distinguished family of the Pisos, after its connection with the more distinguished one still, of the Queen of Palmyra.

It is in this manner that I propose to amuse the few remaining

years of a green old age, not without hope both to amuse and benefit others also. This is a labor, as those will discover who read not unsuitable to one who stands trembling on the verge of life, and whom a single rude blast may in a moment consign to the embraces of the universal mother. I will not deny that my chief satisfaction springs from the fact, that in collecting these letters, and binding them together by a connecting narrative, I am engaged in the honorable task of tracing out some of the steps by which the new religion has risen to its present height of power. For whether true or false, neither friend nor foe, neither philosopher nor fool, can refuse to admit the regenerating and genial influences of its so wide reception upon the Roman character and manners. If not the gift of the gods, it is every way worthy a divine origin; and I cannot but feel myself to be worthily occupied in recording the deeds, the virtues, and the sufferings, of those who put their faith in it, and in times of danger and oppression, stood forth to defend it. Age is slow of belief. The thoughts then cling with a violent pertinacity to the fictions of its youth, once held to be the most sacred realities. But for this I should, I believe, myself long ago have been a Christian. I daily pray to the Supreme Power that my stubborn nature may yet so far yield, that I may be able, with a free and full assent, to call myself a follower of Christ. A Greek by birth, a Palmyrene by choice and adoption, a Roman by necessity — and these are all honorable names — I would yet rather be a Christian than either. Strange that with so strong desires after a greater good, I should remain fixed where I have ever been! Stranger still, seeing I have moved so long in the same sphere with the excellent Piso, the divine Julia — that emanation of God — and the God-like Probus! But there is no riddle so hard for man to read as himself. I sometimes feel most inclined toward the dark fatalism of the Stoics, since it places all things beyond the region of conjecture or doubt.

Yet if I may not be a Christian myself — I do not, however, cease both to hope and pray — I am happy in this, that I am permitted by the Divine Providence to behold, in these the last days of life, the quiet supremacy of a faith which has already added so much to the common happiness, and promises so much more. Having stood in the midst, and looked upon the horrors of two persecutions of the Christians — the first by Aurelian and the last by Diocletian — and which seemed at one moment as if it would accomplish its work, and blot out the very name of Christian — I have no language in which to express the satisfaction with which I sit down beneath the peaceful shadows of a Christian throne, and behold the general security and exulting freedom enjoyed by the many millions throughout the vast empire of the great Constantine. Now, every where around, the Christians are seen, undeterred by any apprehension of violence, with busy hands reërecting the demolished temples of their pure and spiritual faith; yet not unmindful, in the mean time, of the labor yet to be done, to draw away the remaining multitudes of idolaters from the superstitions which, while they infatuate, degrade and brutalize them. With the zeal of the early apostles of this religion, they are applying themselves, with untiring diligence, to soften and subdue the stony heart of hoary Paganism, receiving but too often, as their only return,

curses and threats — now happily vain — but often again retiring from the assault, leading in glad triumph captive multitudes. Often, as I sit at my window, overlooking, from the southern slope of the Quirinal, the magnificent Temple of the Sun, the proudest monument of Aurelian's reign, do I pause to observe the labors of the artificers who, just as it were beneath the shadow of its columns, are placing the last stones upon the dome of a Christian church. Into that church the worshippers shall enter unmolested; mingling peacefully, as they go and return, with the crowds that throng the more gorgeous temple of the idolaters. Side by side, undisturbed and free, do the Pagans and Christians, Greeks, Jews, and Egyptians, now observe the rites, and offer the worship, of their varying faiths. This happiness, we owe to the wise and merciful laws of the great Constantine. So was it, long since, in Palmyra, under the benevolent rule of Zenobia. May the time never come, when Christians shall do otherwise than now; when, remembering the wrongs they have received, they shall retaliate torture and death upon the blind adherents of the ancient superstitions!

These Letters, relating chiefly to the connexion of Piso and Julia with Probus and the Christians, now follow.

LETTER I.—FROM PISO TO FAUSTA.

I AM not surprised, Fausta, that you complain of my silence. It were strange indeed if you did not. But as for most of our misdeeds we have excuses ready at hand, so have I for this. First of all, I was not ignorant that, however I might fail you, from your other greater friend you would experience no such neglect; but on the contrary, would be supplied, with sufficient fulness and regularity, with all that could be worth knowing, concerning either our public or private affairs. For her sake, too, I was not unwilling, that at first the burden of this correspondence, if I may so term it, should rest where it has, since it has afforded, I am persuaded, a pleasure, and provided an occupation, that could have been found no where else. Just as a flood of tears brings relief to a bosom laboring under a heavy sorrow, so has this pouring out of herself to you, in frequent letters, served to withdraw her mind from recollections which, dwelt upon as they were at first, would soon have ended that life in which all ours seem bound up.

Then again, if you accept the validity of this excuse, I have another which, as a woman, you will at once allow the force of. You will not deem it a better one than the other, but doubtless as good. It is this: that for a long time I have been engaged in taking possession of my new dwelling upon the Cœlian, not far from that of Portia. Of this you may have heard, in the letters which have reached you, but that will not prevent me from describing to you, with more exactness than any other can have done it, the home of your old and fast friend, Lucius Manlius Piso; for I think it adds greatly to the pleasure with which we think of an absent friend, to be able to see, as in a picture, the form, and material, and position, of the house he inhabits, and even the very aspect and furniture of the room in which he

is accustomed to pass the most of his time. This to me is a satisfaction greater than you can well conceive, when, in my ruminating hours, which are many, I return to Palmyra, and place myself in the circle with Gracchus, Calpurnius, and yourself. Your palace having now been restored to its former condition, I know where to find you at the morning, noon, and evening hour; the only change you have made in the former arrangements being this: that whereas when I was your guest, your private apartments occupied the eastern wing of the palace, they are now in the western, once mine, and which I used then to maintain were the most agreeable and noble of all. The prospects which its windows afford of the temple, and the distant Palace of the Queen, and of the evening glories of the setting sun, are more than enough to establish its claims to an undoubted superiority; and if to these be added the circumstance, that for so long a time the Roman Piso was their occupant, the case is made out, beyond all peradventure.

But I am describing your palace rather than my own. You must remember my paternal seat on the southern declivity of the hill, and overlooking the course of the Tiber, as it winds away to the sea. Mine is not far from it, but on the northern side of the hill, and thereby possessing a situation more favorable to comfort, during the heats of summer—I loving the city, as you well know, better if any thing during the summer than the winter months. Standing upon almost the highest point of the hill, it commands a wide and beautiful prospect, especially toward the north and east, the eye shooting over the whole expanse of city and suburbs, and then resting upon the purple outline of the distant mountains. Directly before me are the magnificent structures which crown the Esquiline, conspicuous among which, and indeed eminent over all, are the Baths of Titus. Then, as you will conjecture, the eye takes in the Palatine and Capitol hills, catching, just beyond the last, the swelling dome of the Pantheon, which seems rather to rise out of, and crown, the Flavian Amphitheatre, than its own massy walls. Then, far in the horizon, we just discern the distant summits of the Appenines, broken by Soracte and the nearer hills.

The principal apartments are on the northern side of the palace, opening upon a portico of Corinthian columns, running its entire length, and which would not disgrace Palmyra itself. At the eastern extremity, are the rooms common to the family; in the centre, a spacious hall, in the adorning of which, by every form of art, I have exhausted my knowledge and taste in such things; and at the western extremity, my library, where at this moment I sit, and where I have gathered around me all in letters and art that I most esteem. This room I have decorated for myself and Julia—not for others. Whatever has most endeared itself to our imaginations, our minds, or our hearts, has here its home. The books that have most instructed or amused; the statuary that most raises and delights us; the pictures on which we most love to dwell; the antiquities that possess most curiosity or value, are here arranged; and in an order that would satisfy, I believe, even your fastidious taste.

I will not weary you with any more minute account of my new dwelling, leaving that duty to the readier pen of Julia. Yet I can-

not relieve you, till I have spoken of two of the statues which occupy the most conspicuous niche in the library. You will expect me to name Socrates and Plato, or Numa and Seneca. These are all there, but it is not of either of them that I would speak. They are the venerable founders of the Jewish and Christian religions, **MOSES** and **CHRIST**. These statues, of the purest marble, stand side by side, at one extremity of the apartment; and immediately before them, and within the wondrous sphere of their influences, stands the table at which I write, and where I pursue my inquiries in philosophy and religion. You smile at my enthusiasm, Fausta, and wonder when I shall return to the calm sobriety of my ancient faith. In this wonder there are a thousand errors — but of these hereafter. I was to tell you of these sculptures. Of the statue of Moses, I possess no historical account, and know not what its claim may be to truth. I can only say, it is a figure truly grand, and almost terrific. It is of a size larger than life, and expresses no sentiment so perfectly as authority — the authority of a rigorous and austere ruler — both in the attitude of the body, and the features of the countenance. The head is slightly raised and drawn back, as if listening, awe-struck, to a communication from the God who commissioned him, while his left hand supports a volume, and his right grasps a stylus, with which, when the voice has ceased, to record the communicated truth. Place in his hands the thunderbolt, and at his feet the eagle, and the same form would serve for Jupiter the Thunderer, except only that to the countenance of the Jewish prophet there has been imparted a rapt and inspired look, wholly beyond any that even Phidias could have fixed upon the face of Jove. He who wrought this head, must have believed in the sublimities of the religion whose chief minister he has made so to speak them forth, in the countenance and in the form; and yet who has ever heard of a Jewish sculptor?

The statue of Christ is of a very different character; as different as the Christian faith is from that of the Jewish, notwithstanding they are still by many confounded. I cannot pretend to describe to you the holy beauty that as it were constitutes this perfect work of art. If you ask what authority tradition has invested it with, I can only say that I do not know. All I can affirm with certainty, is this, that it once stood in the palace of Alexander Severus, in company with the images of other deified men and gods, whom he chiefly revered. When that excellent prince had fallen under the blows of assassins, his successor and murderer, Maximin, having little knowledge or taste for what was found in the palace of Alexander, those treasures were sold, and the statue of Christ came into the hands of a distinguished and wealthy Christian of that day, who, perishing in the persecution of Decius, his descendants became impoverished, and were compelled to part with even this sacred relic of their former greatness. From them I purchased it; and often are they to be seen, whenever for such an object they can steal away from necessary cares, standing before it, and renewing, as it would seem, their vows of obedience, in the presence of the founder of their faith. The room is free to their approach, whenever they are thus impelled.

The expression of this statue, I have said, is wholly different from that of the Hebrew. His is one of authority and of sternness; this

of gentleness and love. Christ is represented, like the Moses, in a sitting posture, with a countenance, not like his raised to heaven, but bent with looks somewhat sad and yet full of benevolence, as if upon persons standing before him. Fraternity, I think, is the idea you associate with it most readily. I should never suppose him to be a judge or censor, or arbitrary master, but rather an elder brother; elder in the sense of wiser, holier, purer; whose look is not one of reproach that others are not as himself, but of pity and desire; and whose hand would rather be stretched forth to lift up the fallen, than to smite the offender. To complete this expression, and inspire the beholder with perfect confidence, the left hand rests upon a little child, who stands with familiar reverence at his knee, and looking up into his face, seems to say, 'No evil can come to me here.'

Opposite this, and at the other extremity of the apartment, hangs a picture of Christ, representing him in a very exact accordance with the traditional accounts of his features and form, a description of which exists, and is held authentic, in a letter of Publius Lentulus, a Roman of the same period. Between this and the statue there is a close resemblance, or as close as we usually see between two heads of Cæsar, or of Cicero. Marble, however, is the only material that suits the character and office of Jesus of Nazareth. Color, and its minute effects, seem in some sort to degrade the subject. I retain the picture, because of its supposed truth.

Portia, as you will believe, is full of wonder and sorrow at these things. Soon after my library had received its last additions, my mother came to see what she had already heard of so much. As she entered the apartment, I was sitting in my accustomed seat, with Julia at my side, and both of us gazing in admiration at the figures I have just described. We were both too much engrossed, to notice the entrance of Portia, our first warning of her presence being her hand laid upon my head. We rose and placed her between us.

'My son,' said she, looking intently, as she spoke, upon the statues before us, 'what strange looking figures are these? That upon my left might serve for Jupiter, but for the roll and the stylus. And why place you beings of character so opposite, as these appear to have been, side by side? This other upon my right — ah, how beautiful it is! What mildness in those eyes, and what a divine repose over the form, which no event, not the downfall of a kingdom or its loss, would seem capable to disturb. Is it the peace-loving Numa?'

'Not so,' said Julia; 'there stands Numa, leaning on the sacred shield, from the centre of which beams the countenance of the divine Egeria.'

'Yes, I see it,' replied Portia; and rising from her seat, she stood gazing round the apartment, examining its various appointments. When her eye had sought out the several objects, and dwelt upon them a moment, she said, in tones somewhat reproachful, as much so as it is in her nature to assume:

'Where, Lucius, are the gods of Rome? Do those who have, through so many ages, watched over our country, and guarded our house, deserve no honor at your hands? Does not gratitude require at least that their images should be here, so that whether you your-

self worship them or not, their presence may inspire others with reverence? But alas for the times! Piety seems dead; or, with the faith that inspires it, it lives but in a few who will soon disappear, and religion with them. Whose forms are these, Lucius — concerning one I can now easily surmise — but the other, this stern and terrific man, who is he?

‘That,’ I replied, ‘is Moses, the founder of Judaism.’

‘Immortal gods!’ exclaimed Portia, ‘the statue of a Jew in the halls of the Pisos! Well may it be that Rome approaches its decline, when her elder sons turn against her.’

‘Nay, mother, I am not a Jew.’

‘I would thou wert, rather than be what I suppose thou art, a Christian. The Jew, Lucius, can boast of antiquity, at least, in behalf of his religion. But the faith which you would profess and extend, is but of yesterday. Would the gods ever leave mankind without religion? Is it only to-day that they reveal the truth? Have they left us for these many ages to grope along in error? Never, Lucius, can I believe it. It is enough for me that the religion of Rome is old as Rome, to endear it to my heart, and commend it to my understanding. It is not for the first time, to-day, that the gods have spoken.’

‘But, my dear mother,’ I rejoined, ‘if age makes truth, there are older religions than this of Rome. Judaism itself is older, by many centuries. But it is not because a religion is new or old, that I would receive or reject it. The only question is, does it satisfy my heart and mind, and is it true? The faith which you, mother, engrafted upon my infant mind, fails to meet the wants of my nature, and upon looking for its foundations, I find them not.’

‘Is thy nature different from mine, Lucius? Surely, thou art my own child! It has satisfied me and my nature. I ask for nothing else, or better.’

‘There are some natures, mother, by the gods so furnished and filled with all good desires and affections, that their religion is born with them, and is in them. It matters little under what outward form and administration of truth they dwell; no system could injure them — none would greatly benefit. They are of the family of God, by birth, and are never disinherited.’

‘Yes, Portia,’ said Julia, ‘natural and divine instincts make you what others can become only through the powerful operation of some principle out of, and superior to, any thing they find within themselves. For me, I know not what I should have been, without the help which Christianity has afforded. I might have been virtuous, but I could not have been happy. You surely rejoice when the weak find that in any religion or philosophy which gives them strength. Look, Portia, at that serene and benignant countenance, and can you believe that any truth ever came from its lips, but such as must be most comforting and exalting to those who receive it?’

‘It would seem so indeed, my child,’ replied Portia, musingly, and I would not deprive any of the comforts or strength which any principle may impart. But I cannot cease to think it dangerous to the state, when the faith of the founders of Rome is abandoned by those who fill its highest places. You who abound in leisure and learning, may satisfy yourselves with a new philosophy; but what

shall these nice refinements profit the common herd? How shall they see them to be true, or comprehend them? The Romans have ever been a religious people; and although under the empire the purity of ancient manners is lost, let it not be said that the Pisos were among those who struck the last and hardest blows at the still stout root of the tree that bore them.'

'Nothing can be more plain or intelligible,' I replied, 'than the principles of the Christian religion; and wherever it has been preached with simplicity and power, even the common people have readily and gratefully adopted it. I certainly cannot but desire that it may prevail. If any thing is to do it, I believe this is the power that is to restore, and in a still nobler form, the ancient manners of which you speak. It is from Christianity that in my heart I believe the youthful blood is to come, that being poured into the veins of this dying state, shall reproduce the very vigor and freshness of its early age. Rome, mother, is now but a lifeless trunk — a dead and loathsome corpse: a new and warmer current must be infused, or it will soon crumble into dust.'

'I grieve, Lucius, to see you lost to the good cause of your country, and to the altars of her gods; for who can love his country, and deny the gods who made and preserve it? But then who am I to condemn? When I see the gods to hurl thunderbolts upon those who flout them, it will be time enough for us mortals to assume the robes of judgment. I will hope that farther thought will reclaim you from your truant wanderings.'

Do not imagine, Fausta, that conversations like this have the least effect to chill the warm affections of Portia toward us both. Nature has placed within her bosom a central heat, that not only preserves her own warmth, but diffuses itself upon all who approach her, and changes their affections into a likeness of her own. We speak of our differing faiths, but love none the less. When she had paused a moment, after uttering the last words, she again turned her eye upon the statue of Christ, and, captivated by its wondrous power, she dwelt upon it in a manner that showed her sensibilities to be greatly moved. At length she suddenly started, saying:

'If truth and beauty were the same thing, one need but to look upon this, and be a believer. But as in the human form and face, beauty is often but a lie, covering over a worse deformity than any that ever disfigures the body, so it may be here. I cannot but admit and love the beauty; it will be wise, I suppose, not to look farther, lest the dream be dissolved.'

'Be not afraid of that, dearest mother; I can warrant you against disappointment. If in that marble you have the form of the outward beauty, here, in this roll, you will find the inward moral beauty of which it was the shrine.'

'Nay, nay, Lucius, I look no farther or deeper. I have seen too much already.'

With these words, she rose, and we accompanied her to the portico, where we walked, and sat, and talked of you, and Calpurnius, and Gracchus.

Thus you perceive I have told you first of what chiefly interests myself: now let me turn to what at this moment more than every

thing else fills all heads in Rome—and that is Livia. She is the object of universal attention, the centre of all honor. It is indescribable, the sensation her beauty, and now added to that, her magnificence, have made and still make in Rome. Her imperial bearing would satisfy even you; and the splendor of her state exceeds all that has been known before. This you may be surprised to hear, knowing what the principles of Aurelian have been in such things; how strict he has been himself in a more than republican simplicity, and how severe upon the extravagancies and luxuries of others, in the laws he has enacted. You must remember his prohibition of the use of cloth of gold and of silk, among other things—foolish laws, to be suddenly promulged among so vain and corrupt a population as this of Rome. They have been the ridicule and scorn of rich and poor alike; of the rich, because they are so easily violated in private, or evaded by the substitution of one article for another; of the poor, because, being slaves in spirit, they take a slave's pride in the trappings and state of their masters; they love not only to feel but to see their superiority. But since the eastern expedition, the reduction of Palmyra, and the introduction from abroad of the vast flood of foreign luxuries which have inundated Rome and Italy itself, the principles and the habits of the emperor have undergone a mighty revolution. Now the richness and costliness of his dress, the splendor of his equipage, the gorgeousness of his furniture, cannot be made to come up to the height of his extravagant desires. The silk which he once denied to the former empress for a dress, now, variously embroidered, and of every dye, either hangs in ample folds upon the walls, or canopies the royal bed, or lends its beauty to the cushioned seats which every where, in every form of luxurious ease, invite to repose. Gold, too, once prohibited, but now wrought into every kind of cloth, or solid in shape of dish, or vase, or cup, or spread in sheets over the very walls and ceilings of the palace, has rendered the traditions of Nero's house of gold no longer fabulous. The customs of the eastern monarchs have also elevated or perverted the ambition of Aurelian, and one after another are taking place of former usages. He is every day more difficult of access, and surrounds himself, his palaces, and apartments, by guards and officers of state. In all this, as you will readily believe, Livia is his willing companion, or rather, I should perhaps say, his prompting and ruling genius. As without the world at her feet, it would be impossible for her insane pride to be fully satisfied, so in all that is now done, the emperor still lags behind her will. But beautifully, it can be denied by none, does she become her greatness, and gives more lustre than receives, to all around her. Gold is doubly gold in her presence; and even the diamond sparkles with a new brilliancy on her brow or sandal.

Livia is, of all women I have ever seen or known, made for a Roman empress. I used to think so when in Palmyra, and I saw her, so often as I did, assuming the port and air of imaginary sovereignty. And now that I behold her filling the very place for which by nature she is most perfectly fitted, I cannot but confess that she surpasses all I had imagined, in the genius she displays for her great sphere, both as wife of Aurelian, and sovereign of Rome. Her

intellect shows itself stronger than I had believed it to be, and secures for her the bondage of a class who could not be subdued by the magnificence of her state, extraordinary as it is. They are captivated by the brilliancy of her wit, set off by her unequalled beauty, and, for a woman, her rare attainments, and hover around her as some superior being. Then for the mass of our rich and noble, her ostentatious state and imperial bearing are all that they can appreciate, all they ask for, and more than enough to enslave them, not only to her reasonable will, but to all her most tyrannical and whimsical caprices. She understands already perfectly the people she is among; and through her quick sagacity, has already risen to a power greater than woman ever before held in Rome.

We see her often — often as ever — and when we see her, enjoy her as well. For with all her ambition of petty rule and imposing state, she possesses and retains a goodness of heart, that endears her to all, in spite of her follies. Julia is still her beloved Julia, and I her good friend Lucius; but it is to Zenobia that she attaches herself most closely; and from her she draws most largely of the kind of inspiration which she covets. And it is to her, I believe, that we may trace much of the admirable wisdom — for such it must be allowed to be — with which Livia adorns the throne of the world.

Her residence, when Aurelian is absent from the city, is near us in the palace upon the Palatine; but when he is here, it is more remote, in the enchanted gardens of Sallust. This spot, first ennobled by the presence of the great historian, to whose hand and eye of taste the chief beauties of the scene are to be traced, then afterward selected by Vespasian as an imperial villa, is now lately become the chosen retreat of Aurelian. It has indeed lost part of its charms since it has been embraced by the extension of the new walls within the limits of the city; but enough remain to justify abundantly the preference of a line of emperors. It is there that we see Livia most, as we have been used to do, and where are forcibly brought to our minds the hours passed by us so instructively in the gardens of Zenobia. Often Aurelian is of our company, and throws the light of his strong intellect upon whatever subject it is we discuss. He cannot, however, on such occasions, thoroughly tame to the tone of gentle society, his imperious and almost rude nature. The peasant of Pannonia will sometimes break through, and usurp the place of emperor; but it is only for a moment; for it is amusing to note how the presence of Livia quickly restores him to himself; when, with more grace than one would look for, he acknowledges his fault, ascribing it sportively to the fogs of the German marshes. It amuses us to observe the power which the polished manners and courtly ways of Livia exercise over Aurelian, whose ambition seems now as violently bent upon subduing the world by the displays of taste, grace, and magnificence, as it once was to do it — and is still indeed — by force of arms. Having astonished mankind in one way, he would astonish them again in quite another; and to this later task his whole nature is consecrated with as entire a devotion as ever it was to the other. Livia is in all these things his model and guide; and never did soldier learn to catch, from the least motion or sign of the general, his will, than does he, to the same end,

study the countenance and the voice of the empress. Yet is there, as you will believe, knowing the character of Aurelian as well as you do, nothing mean or servile in this. He is ever himself, and beneath this transparent surface, artificially assumed, you behold, feature for feature, the lineaments of the fierce soldier glaring forth in all their native wildness and ferocity. Yet we are happy that there exists any charm potent enough to calm, but for hours or days, a nature so stern and cruel as to cause perpetual fears for the violences in which at any moment it may break out. The late slaughter in the very streets of Rome, when the Cœlian ran with the blood of fifteen thousand Romans, butchered within sight of their own homes, with the succeeding executions, naturally fill us with apprehensions for the future. We call him generous, and magnanimous, and so he is, compared with former tyrants who have polluted the throne — Tiberias, Commodus, or Maximin; but what title has he to that praise, when tried by the standard which our own reason supplies of those great virtues? I confess it was not always so. His severity was formerly ever on the side of justice; it was indignation at crime or baseness which sometimes brought upon him the charge of cruelty — never the wanton infliction of suffering and death. But it certainly is not so now. A slight cause now rouses his sleeping passions to a sudden fury, often fatal to the first object that comes in his way. But enough of this.

Do not forget to tell me again of the Old Hermit of the mountains, and that you have visited him — if indeed he be yet among the living.

Even with your lively imagination, Fausta, you can hardly form an idea of the sensation which my open assertion of Christian principles and assumption of the Christian name has made in Rome. I intended when I sat down to speak only of this, but see how I have been led away! My letters will be for the most part confined, I fear, to the subjects which engross both myself and Julia most — such as relate to the condition and prospects of the new religion, and to the part which we take in the revolution which is going on. Not that I shall be speechless upon other and inferior topics, but that upon this of Christianity I shall be garrulous and overflowing. I believe that in doing this, I shall consult your preferences as well as my own. I know you to be desirous of principles better than any which as yet you have been able to discover, and that you will gladly learn whatever I may have it in my power to teach you from this quarter. But all the teaching I shall attempt, will be to narrate events as they occur, and state facts as they arise, and leave them to make what impression they may.

When I just spoke of the sensation which my adoption of the Christian system had caused in Rome, I did not mean to convey any idea like this, that it has been rare for the intelligent and cultivated to attach themselves to the despised religion. On the contrary, it would be true were I to say, that those who accept Christianity, are distinguished for their intelligence; that estimated as a class, and they rank far above the lowest. It is not the dregs of a people who become reformers of philosophy or religion; who grow dissatisfied with ancient opinions upon exalted subjects, and search about for better, and adopt them. The processes involved in this change, in

their very nature, require intelligence, and imply a character of more than common elevation. It is neither the lowest nor the highest who commence, and at first carry on, a work like this ; but those who fill the intermediate spaces. The lowest are dead as brute matter to such interests ; the highest — the rich, the fashionable, the noble — from opposite causes just as dead — or if they are alive at all, it is with the rage of denunciation and opposition. They are supporters of the decent usages sanctioned by antiquity, and consecrated by the veneration of a long line of the great and noble. Whether they themselves believe in the system which they uphold or not, they are equally tenacious of it. They would preserve and perpetuate it, because it has satisfied, at any rate bound and overawed, the multitude for ages : and the experiment of alteration or substitution is too dangerous to be tried. Most, indeed, reason not, nor philosophize at all, in the matter. The instinct that makes them Romans in their worship of the power and greatness at Rome, and attachment to her civil forms, makes them Romans in their religion, and will summon them, if need be, to die for the one and the other.

Religion and philosophy have accordingly nothing to hope from this quarter. It is those whom we may term the substantial middle classes, who, being least hindered by prejudices and pride of order, on the one hand, and incapacitated by ignorance on the other, have ever been the earliest and best friends of progress in any science. Here you find the retired scholar, the thoughtful and independent farmer, the skilful mechanic, the enlightened merchant, the curious traveller, the inquisitive philosopher — and all fitted, beyond those of either extreme, for exercising a sound judgment upon such questions, and all more interested in them. It is out of these that Christianity has made its converts. They are accordingly worthy of universal respect. I have examined with diligence, and can say that there live not in Rome a purer and more noble company than the Christians. When I say, however, that it is out of these whom I have just specified, that Christianity has made its converts, I do not mean to say out of them exclusively. Some have joined them in the present age, as well as in every age past, from the most elevated in rank and power. If in Nero's palace, and among his chief ministers, there were Christians, if Domitilla, Domitian's niece, was a Christian, if Philip was a Christian, so now a few of the same rank may be counted, who openly, and more who secretly, profess this religion. But they are very few. So that you will not wonder that when the head of the ancient and honorable house of the Pisos, the friend of Aurelian, and allied to the royal family of Palmyra, declared himself to be of this persuasion, no little commotion was observable in Rome — not so much among the Christians themselves as among the patricians, among the nobility, in the court and palace of Aurelian. The love of many has grown cold, and the outward tokens of respect are withheld. Brows darkened by the malignant passions of the bigot are bent upon me as I pass along the streets, and inquiries, full of scornful irony, are made after the welfare of my new friends. The emperor changes not his carriage toward me, nor I believe his feelings. I think he is too tolerant of opinion, too much of a man of the world, to desire to curb and restrain the liberty

of his friends in the quarter of philosophy and religion. I know, indeed, on the other hand, that he is religious in his way, to the extreme of superstition, but I have observed no tokens as yet of any purpose or wish to interfere with the belief or worship of others. He seems like one who, if he may indulge his own feelings in his own way, is not unwilling to concede to others the same freedom.

As I was writing these last sentences, I became conscious of a voice muttering in low tones, as if discoursing with itself, and upon no very agreeable theme. I heeded it not at first, but wrote on. At length it ran thus, and I was compelled to give ear :

'Patience, patience — greatest of virtues, yet hardest of practice ! To wait indeed for a kingdom were something, though it were upon a bed of thorns ; to suffer for the honor of truth, were more ; more in itself, and more in its rewards. But patience, when a fly stings, or a fool speaks, or worse, when time is wasted and lost, is — the virtue mayhap is greater after all — but it is harder, I say, of practice — that is what I say — yet, for that very reason, greater ! By Hercules ! I believe it is so. So that while I wait here, my virtue of patience is greater than that of these accursed Jews. Patience then, I say, patience !'

'What in the name of all antiquity,' I exclaimed, turning round as the voice ceased, 'is this flood of philosophy for ? Wherein have I offended ?'

'Offended !' cried the other : 'Nay, noble master, not offended. According to my conclusion, I owe thee thanks ; for while I have stood waiting to catch thy eye and ear, my virtue has shot up like a wild vine. The soul has grown. I ought therefore rather to crave forgiveness of thee, for breaking up a study which was so profound, and doubtless so agreeable, too.'

'Agreeable you will certainly grant it, when I tell you I was writing to your ancient friend and pupil, the daughter of Gracchus.'

'Ah, the blessings of all the gods upon her ! My dreams are still of her. I loved her, Piso, as I never loved beside, either form, shadow, or substance. I used to think that I loved her as a parent loves his child — a brother his sister ; but it was more than that. Aristotle is not so dear to me as she.' Bear witness these tears ! I would now, bent as I am, travel the Syrian deserts to see her ; especially if I might hear from her mouth a chapter of the great philosopher. Never did Greek, always music, seem so like somewhat more divinely harmonious than any thing of earth, as when it came through her lips. Yet, by Hercules ! she played me many a mad prank ! 'T would have been better for her and for letters, had I chastised her more, and loved her less. Condescend, noble Piso, to name me to her, and entreat her not to fall away from her Greek. That will be a consolation under all losses, and all sorrows.'

'I will not fail to do so. And now in what is my opinion wanted ?'

'It is simply in the matter of these volumes, where thou wilt have them bestowed. The cases here, by their superior adorning, seem designed for the great master of all, and his disciples ; and it is here I would fain order them. Would it so please thee ?'

'No, Solon, not there. That is designed for a very different Master and his disciples.'

Solon looked at me as if unwilling to credit his ears, hoping that something would be added more honorable to the affronted philosopher, and myself. But nothing coming, he said :

‘I penetrate — I apprehend. This, the very centre and post of honor, thou reservest for the atheistical Jews. The gods help us ! I doubt I should straight resign my office. Well, well ; let us hope that the increase of years will bring an increase of wisdom. We cannot look for fruit on a sapling. Youth seeks novelty. But the gods be thanked ! Youth lasts not long, but is a fault daily corrected ; else the world were at a bad pass. Rome is not fallen, nor the form of the Stagyrite hurt for this. But 't is grievous to behold !’

So murmuring, as he retreated to the farther part of the library, with his bundle of rolls under his arm, he again busied himself in the labors of his office.

I see, Fausta, the delight that sparkles in your eye, and breaks over your countenance, as you learn that Solon, the incomparable Solon, is one of my household. No one whom I could think of, appeared so well suited to my wants as librarian, as Solon, and I can by no means convey to you an idea of the satisfaction with which he hailed my offer ; and, abandoning the rod and the brass tablets, betook himself to a labor which would yield him so much more leisure for the perusal of his favorite authors, and the pursuit of his favorite studies. He is already deep in the question, ‘whether the walls of Troy were accommodated with thirty-three or thirty-nine gates,’ and also in this, ‘what was the method of construction adopted in the case of the wooden horse, and what was its capacity ?’ Of his progress in these matters, I will duly inform you.

But I weary your patience. Farewell.

Piso, alluding in this letter to the slaughter on the Coelian Hill, and which happened not long before it was written, I will add here that whatever color it may have pleased Aurelian to give to that affair — as if it were occasioned by a dishonest debasement of the coin by the directors of the mint — there is now no doubt, on the part of any who are familiar with the history of that period, that the difficulty originated in a much deeper and more formidable cause, well known to Aurelian himself, but not spoken of by him, in alluding to the event. It is certain, then, that the civil war which then befel, for such it was, was in truth the breaking out of a conspiracy on the part of the nobles to displace Aurelian — ‘a German peasant,’ as they scornfully designated him — and set one of their own order upon the throne. They had already bought over the chief manager of the public mint — a slave and favorite of Aurelian — and had engaged him in creating, to serve the purposes which they had in view, an immense issue of spurious coin. This they had used too liberally, in effecting some of the preliminary objects of their movement. It was suspected, tried, proved to be false, and traced to its authors. Before they were fully prepared, the conspirators were obliged to take to their arms, as the only way in which to save themselves from the executioner. The contest was one of the bloodiest ever known

within the walls of the city. It was Aurelian, with a few legions of his army, and the people — always of his part — against the wealth and the power of the nobility, and their paid adherents. In one day, and in one battle, as it may be termed, fifteen thousand soldiers and citizens were slain in the streets of the capital. Truly does Piso say, the streets of the Cœlian ran blood. I happily was within the walls of the queen's palace at Tibur; but well do I remember the horror of the time — especially the days succeeding the battle, when the vengeance of the enraged conqueror fell upon the noblest families of Rome, and the axe of the executioner was blunted and broken with the savage work which it did.

No one has written of Aurelian and his reign, who has not applauded him for the defence which he made of his throne and crown, when traitorously assailed within the very walls of the capital; but all unite, also, in condemning that fierce spirit of revenge, which, after the contest was over, and his power secure, by confiscation, banishment, torture, and death, involved in ruin so many whom a different treatment would have converted into friends. But Aurelian was by nature a tyrant; it was an accident whenever he was otherwise. If affairs moved on smoothly, he was the just or magnanimous prince; if disturbed and perplexed, and his will crossed, he was the imperious and vindictive tyrant.

L I N E S

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'ERNEST MALTRAVERS.'

'CALL up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.'

IL. PENSEROSO.

Ah! tell us all! — say that thou wilt not leave
The tale a fragment, even for future years;
It were to crush fair promise; to bereave
Fond spirits of sweet smiles, and sweeter tears.

We pray thee tell us all! From thy deep mind
Call forth the dreamy tissue of *their* fate,
Who dwell within our thoughts, in sadness shrined,
Beings how noble! yet how desolate!

Let us behold their meeting! Let us trace
The path of their strange, wayward destinies;
And grow familiar with that sad, fair face,
Which hath in glimpses only met our eyes.

Ah! leave us not to sorrow with the good,
And triumph with the evil! Thou must fling
The spell of thy enchantment o'er the mood
That makes thy stately one a desolate thing!

And give back hopes, such as we saw depart
From his young spirit; and cast down the cold,
The false, to dust! I garner in my heart
Thy promise *not* to leave the tale 'half told.'

Give to our gaze those deeds of future years,
Which float within the chambers of thy brain;
I charge thee, by our passionate hopes and fears,
Yield us the *last links* of the golden chain!

Lexington, (Kentucky.)

VENETIA.

O L L A P O D I A N A.

NUMBER XXIII.

A MONTH, Reader, or two months, how fast they get by! How they 'push along and keep moving!' With their 'portance to the prince or the beggar—to the monarch or the *mauvais sujet*—they sweep away. When one is at his ease, and in quiet, how imperceptibly they glide! When friends are looked for, or home is nearing on the wave, how melancholy slow! Time ambles, canters, trots, walks, or halts, as it were, with thousands at a time. Those who wish his gait the tardiest, methinks, are those who take their 'last stand' upon a scaffold, and await that dubious moment which divorces Spectacle from Strangulation. That is a period of which one cannot complain that it is dull. Like passages in modern novels, (as per booksellers' advertisements) it is of 'thrilling interest.' The only passenger in the black coach just bound for the unknown country waits with exemplary patience for the driver, not willing to leave. Right in his premises, he comes to a wrong conclusion. His neck answers for it.

SINCE I read that curious piece of 'Elia's on the splendors of the pillory rather than its disgraces, I have had some little curiousness to meditate on that matter; whether it were possible that one should felicitate himself on a position of the kind; whether pride could be born of pillory conceptions, or thoughts of grandeur from the gallows-tree. I think they can. 'T was a proud remark of the Earl Ferrers, when on his way to the gallows, in 1796, when he observed to his sheriff, who complimented him upon attracting so great a concourse of people: 'I suppose they never saw a lord hanged before.' This incident should be used by some play-wright of modern times, and entitled 'The Earl's Last Chuckle.' This same lord, on the day fixed for his execution, was driven to the gallows in his own landau, dressed in sumptuous garments, the choicest of his taste. Those who demur from gibbet dignity, should have heard the courteous colloquies which did ensue betwixt him and his sheriff aforesaid. The latter, 'seating himself by his lordship, politely observed, that it gave him the highest concern to wait upon him on so melancholy an occasion; adding, that he would do every thing in his power to render his situation as *agreeable* as possible, and hoped his lordship would impute it to the necessary discharge of his duty.'

There are objects of great interest, too, one might suppose, on a scaffold, as well as in the pillory. *Par exemple*, in the case in question. 'His lordship (by mistake) gave ten guineas to the executioner's assistant, which was immediately after demanded by the master; but the fellow refused to deliver it, and a dispute ensued, which *might* have discomposed his lordship.'

Of course it might. Perhaps he had been a sporting character. Would he not have felt some anxiety to settle the controversy, and see fair play before he went, so as to *die in peace*? Indubitably. He should have been 'spared that sight'—but *he* was spared, before it ended.

WELL — as there is nothing too low to be dignified by some faint coloring, so there is naught too high not to be dimmed. I look upon the moon as an orb of pearly lustre ; upon the stars as diamonds and jewels ; yet ragged clouds, like volant pauper's breeches, patched with yellow, red, or white, around their edges, sail by the stars, and moon, and sun, smirching their beauty, and borrowing brightness not their own.

Yet I respect the moon. Fair politician ! She changes when she will. Impartial dispenser of radiance 'on tick ;' she gets what she can, and gives all she gets. I honor the planet. Prolific mother of hoaxes and sentiment ! Grand cloud silver-plater ! Meek, virtuous Eminence — Presence serene ! Thus wert thou once apostrophized, by one now no more :

O moon ! at midnight's contemplative hour,
When placid slumber holds his noiseless reign,
Throbs my exulting heart to see thee shower
Thy streaming splendors upon rock and plain :
From earth aloof my panting spirits soars,
Communing with revolving worlds on high,
Till, lost in deep amazement, forth it pours
Its hymn of praise to HIM who lit yon sky,
And gave to my young gaze this wondrous scenery !

O moon ! aside the helmsman lays his chart,
To mark thy beams reflected on the sea ;
And faithful mem'ry on his lonely heart
Gives back the light of childhood's revelry.
On his lone pathway may the auspicious gale
Propel the expanded canvass o'er the wave :
Bright be the cynosure which lights his sail —
Nigh be the mighty arm outstretched to save,
When the blue waves run high, the sea boy from the grave !

O moon ! the sentinel at midnight hour
Rests the dark vigil of his eye on thee,
And pours his benison to that high power
Who dressed for him that gorgeous scenery :
While the bright beams their softer splendors wake,
And on his burnished casque and armor play,
He hears not the light footstep in yon brake ;
His thoughts have wandered to his home away —
His wife and infant boy — are their young bosoms gay ?

O moon ! on thee at the lone hour of night
The lover gazes with a swimming eye ;
And deems that she to whom his heart is plight,
Gazes as fondly on yon gorgeous sky :
Anon his ardent fancy seems to trace,
In the bright mirror of night's lonely hour,
'The light of love, the purity of grace,'
Which charmed his youthful eye in summer's bower,
When to his heart he pressed his bosom's dearest flower.

Again he deems, in fancy's wanton flight,
Some bark of pearl in beauty sailing there :
Slow piloting its dubious path in light,
Through the calm ocean of the evening air !
Oh ! how his bosom burns to tempt the gale,
With his own loved one, on that azure sea ;
With hope's soft zephyr to impel the sail,
And no obtrusive, daring eye to see
His own endeared caress and love's warm witchery !

J. R. SUTERMEISTER.

'T WAS a new idea to me, that conveyed of late by the author of Leslie, surnamed Norman, that the only things you see, after crossing the Atlantic, which you have seen before, are the orb of day, sometimes vulgarly called Phœbus, or the sun, the chaste Regent of the Night, or Luna, that green-horns sometimes denominate the moon, and those jewels of heaven — 'doublons of the celestial bank,' as a Spanish poet calls them — sometimes named stars, by plain, uninitiated persons. These, it seems, are the only old acquaintances a man meets abroad. They are not to be put by. A man may curse his stars, indeed, but he cannot *cut* them. As well might the great sea essay 'to cast its waters on the burning Bear, and quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.' Therefore shall I learn henceforth yet more to love those dazzling planets, fixed or errant, because in no long time I may meet them in Phillippi. Precious then to me will be their bright companionship! Milky feelings will come over me, as I scrutinize the *via lactea*, with upturned eyes; conscious will be the moon; inexpressibly dear every glimpse of the lesser lights that rule the night with modest fires. Without the slightest premonitory symptoms of astrology, and being withal no horologe consulter, I yet do love the stars. Rich, rare, and lustrous, they win my gaze, and look into my soul. I have seen them at Niagara, glinting upon the mad breakers through the lunar rainbow, with their perpetual flashes; on the big lakes of the interior, as if the calm waters were but another sky; on the placid Schuylkill, when the breath of clover-fields came freshened from the wave it never wrinkled; and I have seen them — oh climax of beauty! — on the '*Grand Erie Canawl*,' just before taking a berth in copartnership with bed-bugs! Enough of stars. I am waxing theatrical.

ONE word more, though, before I dismiss these luminaries. That verse of Byron's, wherein he compares the object of some early affection to a star, dropping from its sphere, always struck me as peculiarly beautiful. Look at it, reader, and say so too:

'I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauty fade;
The night that followed such a morn,
Had worn a deeper shade.
And thou wert lovely to the last —
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
Extinguished — not decay'd;
As stars, that shoot along the sky,
Shine brightest, when they fall from high.'

The same individual — who was a highly nice person for making apt pieces of metre out of his head — has, in the handsomest manner, volunteered his services for the moon, at the close of the following passage:

'I do remember me, that on a night like this,
I stood beneath the Coliseum's wall,
Mid the chief relics of almighty Rome:
The trees that grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber, and more near,
From out the Cæsar's palace, came the owl's long cry,

And interruptedly of distant sentinels the fitful song,
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon ! upon all this,
 And cast a wide and tender light, which softened down
 The hoar austerity of rugged desolation,
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, 'till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 In silent worship.'

ONE cannot write, by any possibility, with a sense of pleasure, when his subject brings too many things to his recollection, and pours remembrance full upon the eye. I love to go back to the moon-light eves of other years ; and I do confess, that the shimmer of a star over a city chimney ; the rustle of vines in its garden walks ; or the soft hum of a summer shower at night, tinkling on a thousand shadowy roofs around, and gurgling down the conduits of the eaves — those regular eaves-droppers — can awaken in me a multitude of pleasant thoughts, which lie too deep for tears. Unanswered aspirations come before me with their solemnities, and I hold a deeper communion with my Maker. Some soft instrument of music, touched by a fair hand, in the nocturnal hours, adds to the quietude, and I thank that Spirit for its spell, in hurried numbers :

When the worn heart its early dream,
 In darkness and in vain pursues,
 How shall the visionary gleam
 Of joy o'er life its charm diffuse ?
 How shall the glowing thought aspire,
 The cheek with passion's flush be warm,
 Or the dim eyes resume their fire,
 Their sunshine, victory of the storm ?

Ah, who can tell ? Not thou, whose words
 Are lightest, liveliest of the throng ;
 Whose carol, like the summer bird's,
 Pours out the winning soul of song ;
 Not thou, whose calm and shining brow,
 The sadness of thy strain belies ;
 Whose spirits, like thy music, flow,
 Won from the founts of Paradise !

BY-THE-BY, the first individual from whom I ever heard an amatory effusion, was an immense arrangement of flesh and blood — a milliner, from Yorkshire, in England. She had come from home, with her large fat face, with all the bloom on, and with big watery eyes. How she would flatter herself that she was enchanting the students, as, in quizzing convocations, they invited her at green-horn parties, (after a turn at Blind Man's Buff, or some such highly intellectual game,) to sing ' Oh, 'tis Love — 'tis Love ! ' Her stupendous chest seemed to expand with the tender passion ; and oh — ears, that were searched with the volume of her notes, attest the fact — how she tortured the attentive tympanum ! In form, as I have said, she was immense ; a John Reeve in petticoats, and not unlike that most fantastic Cupid. Gentle Giantess ! Many years have passed, since she chaunted to those roystering ' Academy boys ! ' If she yet live, she might say ' Here ! ' to Elia's description of her whilome Oxford

counterpart: 'There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait — with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters — her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadilloes that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist — or what she is pleased to esteem as such — nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding. But her presence infallibly commands a reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday — some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors in north and south direction, and two windows fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ache, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan, in ordinary, resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favorite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she reposeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth — her movement, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching, I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and Christ's college — some litigation, latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in Christ's — where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting — so she calls it by courtesy — but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both of those foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the

walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow, (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods,) or stray Master of Arts, (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell,) with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature.'

YET the burden of love and song, after all, hallows every thing it bends withal. Poetry is your true dignifier of the work-day world. In amber, your fly may go down balmy to other ages, that without that sweet consistence for an overcoat, shall smell to heaven from the shambles, or be passed with a buzz of contempt by surviving friends of his race, of either gender, as they disport themselves, in impassioned union, on a warm summer pane. Even servitude may thus be embellished by song, and the humblest stations win the highest flights. Here followeth a strain to a *waiter's* memory, well known to the denizens of Brotherly Love, in other hours,—but now laid i' the earth, with all odors and honor. Some lines therein shall be seen *italicized*. 'Tis a work of mine, for which I crave the pardon of the friend from whose rare harp the numbers come:

ODE TO BOGLE.

DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, AND A PIECE OF MINT-STICK, TO META B —, AGED FOUR YEARS.

'Restituit rem cunctando.' — EUN. AP. CICERO.

'Of Brownie and of Bogilie ful is this buke.' — GAWIN DOUGLAS.

BOGLE! not he whose shadow flies
Before a frightened Scotchman's eyes,
But thou of Eighth near Sansom — thou,
Colorless color'd man, whose brow
Unmoved the joys of life surveys,
Untouched the gloom of death displays;
Reckless if joy or grief prevail,
Stern, multifarious BOGLE, hail!

Hail may'st thou Bogle, for thy reign
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,
Begins before our earliest breath,
Nor ceases with the hour of death:
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed,
Unless thy care the supper spread;
Half christened only were that boy,
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,
If, supper finished, cakes and wine
Were given by any hand but thine;
And Christian burial e'en were scant,
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.
Lover of pomps! the dead might rise,
And feast upon himself his eyes,
When marshalling the black array,
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day;
Teaching how grief should be genteel,
And legatees should *seem* to feel.
Death's seneschal! 'tis thine to trace
For each his proper look and place,
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,
With hostile cousins, hand in hand,
Give matchless gloves, and fitly shape
By length of face the length of crape.

See him erect, with lofty tread,
 The dark scarf streaming from his head,
 Lead forth his groups in order meet,
 And range them, *grief-wise*, in the street;
 Presiding o'er the solemn show,
The very Chesterfield of wo.
 Evil to him should bear the pall,
 Yet comes too late or not at all;
 Wo to the mourner who shall stray
 One inch beyond the trim array;
 Still worse, the kinsman who shall move,
 Until thy signal voice approve.

Let widows, anxious to fulfil,
 (For the fir. t time,) the dear man's will,
 Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,
 For bliss deferr'd, or loss of fees,
 Or heirs, impatient of delay,
 Chafe inly at his formal stay;
 The Bogle heeds not; firm and true,
 Resolved to give the dead his due,
 No jot of honor will he bate,
 Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,
 Till the last parson is at hand,
And every hat has got its band.
Before his stride the town gives way —
 Beggars and belles confess his sway;
 Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,
 Rein up to let his cortège pass,
 And Death himself, *that ceaseless dun,*
 Who waits on all, yet waits for none,
 Rebuked beneath his haughty tone,
 Scarce dares to call his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man! thy power,
 In festal than in funeral hour,
 When gas and beauty's blended rays
 Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze;
 Or spermaceti's light reveals
More 'inward bruises' than it heals;
 In flames each belle her victim kills,
 And *'sparks fly upward'* in quadrilles,
 Like iceberg in an Indian clime,
 Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime,
 Cool airs upon that sultry stream,
 From Roman punch or frosted cream.

So, sadly social, when we flee
 From milky talk and watery tea,
 To dance by inches in that strait
 Betwixt a side-board and a grate,
 With rug uplift, and blower tight,
 'Gainst that foul fire-fiend, anthracite,
 Then Bogle o'er the weary hours
 A world of sweets incessant showers,
 Till, blest relief from noise and foam,
 The farewell pound-cake warns us home.
 Wide opens the crowd to let thee pass,
 And hail the music of thy glass.
 Drowning all other sounds, e'en those
 From Bollman or Sigoigne that rose;
 From Chapman's self some eye will stray
 To rival charms upon thy tray,
 Which thou dispensest with an air,
 As life or death depended there.
 Wo for the luckless wretch, whose back
 Has stood against a window crack,
 And then impartial, cool'st in turn
 The youth whom love and Lehigh burn.

On Johnson's smooth and placid mien
 A quaint and fitful smile is seen ;
 O'er Shepherd's pale romantic face,
 A radiant simper we may trace ;
 But on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,
 Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak.
 His very smile, *serenely stern,*
As lighted lachrymary urn.
 In church or state, in bower and hall,
 He gives with equal face to all :
 The wedding cake, the funeral crape,
 The mourning glove, the festal grape ;
 In the same tone when crowd's disperse,
Calls Powel's hack, or Carter's hearse ;
 As gently grave, as sadly grim,
At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou social Fabius ! since the day,
 When Rome was saved by wise delay,
 None else has found the happy chance,
 By always waiting, to advance.
 Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,
 Pass on, yet hope to be pursued,
 Thy gentler nature waits on all ;
 When parties rage, on thee they call,
 Who seek no office in the state,
 Content, while others push, to wait.

Yet, (not till Providence bestowed
 On Adam's sons McAdam's road,)
 Unstumbling foot was rarely given
 To man nor beast when quickly driven ;
 And they do say, but this I doubt,
 For seldom he lets things leak out,
 They do say, ere the dances close,
 His too are 'light fantastic tocs.'
 Oh, if this be so, Bogle ! then
 How are we served by serving men !
 A waiter by his weight forsaken !
 An undertaker — overtaken !!

L' ENVOI.

META ! thy riper years may know
 More of this world's fantastic show ;
 In thy time, as in mine, shall be,
 Burials and pound-cake, beaux and tea ;
 Rooms shall be hot, and ices cold,
 And flirts be both, as 't was of old ;
 Love, too, and mint-stick shall be made,
 Some dearly bought, some lightly weighed ;
 As true the hearts, the forms as fair,
 And equal joy and grace be there,
 The smile as bright, as soft the ogle,
 But never — never such a Bogle !

ONE word in your ear, reader, before we part. The writer of the foregoing is a 'Monster.' If you would see his like, (in some men's opinion,) consult Homer, Milton, and Dante, *passim*. You shall not find, in all their pages, a monster of more *note*, or one that less deserves the name. He is a summer's morning monster, and wears the brighter as the calmness of the mid-day hours plays full upon him. I have given you a clue — resolve me my Riddle.

Totally thine,

OLLAPOD.

THE FOREST TREE.

Dropp'd by the squirrel or the bird,
 Perchance the nut, from whence its birth,
 Was by the rabbit's foot interr'd
 Within the soft, moist forest earth.
 Urged by its secret principle,
 It burst from out its perish'd shell,
 To seek the light and air ;
 And by the nibbling fawn unseen,
 Its downy twin-leaf'd stem grew green,
 And rose a sapling there.

Its roots stretch'd out, its branches spread,
 Thicken'd its trunk, until on high,
 Cover'd with leaves, its lofty head
 Made fret-work of its spot of sky.
 A wand the robin bent, now stood
 The giant monarch of the wood,
 Where stoop'd the eagle's flight ;
 Once trembling at the slightest breath,
 It now scarce deign'd to stir beneath
 The tempest's fiercest might.

The deer amid its cool green gloom,
 Sought refuge from the noon-tide heat,
 And sounding in its leafy dome,
 The thresher's warbled notes were sweet.
 The sunbeams scarce could find their way
 Through its thick screen, their spots to lay
 Upon the roots below,
 That wreath'd deep, mossy nooks, where led
 The quail her brood, when winter spread
 His chilling robes of snow.

And nature's jewels, radiant things,
 Lov'd the green sylvan place ; the bee
 Turning to harps its quivering wings,
 With arrowy straightness sought the tree.
 Floated the yellow butterfly,
 A wandering dot of sunshine, by,
 And nestling mid its moss,
 The sky-ting'd violet's fairy cup
 Its draught of fragrance offer'd up
 To airs that stole across.

Its branches form'd the panther's lair,
 When waiting for his deadly leap,
 And in its hollow'd trunk the bear
 Coil'd his black form in torpid sleep.
 Ages of springs renew'd its crown,
 Ages of autumns cast it down,
 Till heaps on heaps were strown ;
 Lichens crept up its furrow'd side,
 Its very race of eagles died,
 But still it flourish'd on.

But its time came: its figure droop'd,
 Leaves came no more in vernal days,
 And threads of pale green moss were loop'd
 Around its dry and shrunken sprays.
 It stood a spectre, gaunt and bare,
 Reaching a shrivell'd arm in air,
 To court the lightning's dart,
 Until the tempest stoop'd, and cast
 Its red sulphureous bolt at last,
 And scorch'd it to the heart.

Then as the gust came whirling round,
 It shook from root to pinnacle,
 And headlong to the echoing ground,
 It hurtling, crashing, thundering fell !
 Melting away, the fractur'd trunk
 To a green moss-mound slowly sunk,
 Until the soil crept o'er,
 And, by its solemn mystery,
 Took to itself the stately tree,
 Which once it proudly bore.

Monticello, (N. Y.,) 1838.

ALFRED R. STREET.

‘REJECTED ADDRESSES’ AND ‘WARRENIANA.’

NUMBER TWO.

SINCE our last number, introducing the ‘Rejected Addresses’ as a new acquaintance to many, and a rare one to all, who peruse our pages, a considerate friend has furnished us with a choice copy of the eighteenth London edition, elegantly produced, some few years since, from the press of MURRAY, embellished with spirited portraits of the two SMITHS, and other illustrations, and enriched with the latest preface, notes, and revisions. From this edition, we gather various interesting particulars and anecdotes, which we are well pleased to be able to lay before our readers. It should seem, that after the hurried execution of their project, the brothers had the greatest difficulty in procuring a publisher, although they asked nothing for their mss. After some half a dozen amusing rebuffs, from very discriminating bibliopoles, and at a moment when their ‘Addresses’ were in every sense ‘rejected,’ they were so fortunate as to betake themselves to JOHN MILLER, who at once took upon himself the risk of publication, promising half the profits, should any accrue, to the gifted but inexperienced authors. So rapid and decided was their success, that they were shortly enabled to dispose of their half copy-right to the publisher, for five thousand dollars ! What a lesson to stupid book-sellers, as well as young writers, conscious of ‘the gift within !’

After a lapse of twenty years, the successful authors state, much to the credit of the *genus irritabile*, that none of those whom they had parodied or burlesqued, ever betrayed the least soreness in relation to the satire, or refused to join in the laugh which so widely distended the national mouth. ‘I must certainly have written this myself,’ said Scott, to one of the authors, pointing to the admirable description of ‘the burning,’ although I forget upon what occasion ! Even the very motto* chosen, Sir Walter informed the annotator he had himself pitched upon, as appropriate to his collected works. Lord Byron wrote to Murray from Italy, ‘Tell him I forgive him, though

* ‘Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase.’

DON QUIXOTE.

he were twenty times our satirist.' Some were led astray by the disguise assumed; and a Leicestershire clergyman is said to have uttered this unique criticism: 'I don't see why they should have been rejected; I think some of them are very good!' Rogers and Campbell they could not imitate, without giving a servile copy of their manner, or an unrecognizable caricature. They claim to be ranked among the most ardent admirers of Coleridge and Wordsworth, notwithstanding they admit having pounced upon the popular ballads of the latter, and attempted to push their simplicity into puerility and silliness. This, it is added, was at a time when they were less conversant with the higher aspirations of his muse. In the notes, are sundry personal anecdotes of the lampooned subjects. Among others, the loyal Fitzgerald is mentioned, as an inflated actor, at a minor theatre, 'playing Zanga in a wig too small for his head.' He was first met by one of the authors at the table of an old lord, 'who familiarly called him 'Fitz,' but forgot to name him in his will.' It was this worthy of whom Byron spoke:

—— 'Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.'

An obliging journalist dropped a hint, that we might find much food for fun in 'WARRENIANA,' a small volume which the authors of 'Rejected Addresses' were induced to put forth, by the great popularity which that work speedily attained. We sought the little booklet with great perseverance and zeal. The libraries had it not. Some persons there were who *had* had it, but none *had* it. Straightway we advertised it in the daily prints; and lo! early in the morning, on the fifth day thereafter, comes us the tome; thin, yellow, and ragged, but not ill-preserved, by one who knew that it had 'that within which *passé* show.' Of this 'Warreniana,' therefore, we propose to treat, in connexion with a farther notice of the 'Rejected Addresses,' than which it is scarcely less rich and matter-full.

In the introduction, by the assumed editor, Mr. GIFFORD, whose characteristic style is well preserved throughout, a history of the origin of 'Warreniana' is given, with the usual 'prolonged brevity' of that writer. After stating, that while languishing away six years of his life, as an apprentice to a shoe-maker, he had diverted *ennui*, by occasional correspondence with his early friend and school-mate, ROBERT WARREN, he adds, that when afterward himself was a student at Oxford, and his friend was pursuing his slow but certain career of blacking manufacturer, under the fostering patronage of the metropolis, their attachment remained unabated; so much so, indeed, that whenever he meditated a few days' retirement from the fatigue of literary pursuits, his inclination had always a reference to the Strand. 'It was during one of these later visits,' continues Mr. Gifford, 'in the autumn of 18 —, when both (shall I be excused the expression?) had acquired some little celebrity, that my friend proposed to me the editorship of the present volume. He was pleased to add, that the circumstance of my previous apprenticeship to a shoe-maker, peculiarly fitted me for the task, and that he would diminish what remained of difficulty, by his own immediate coöperation. It appeared, when I catechized him on the subject, that in

order to increase his connection, he had been for years in the habit of retaining the services of eminent literary characters. This, joined to his own poetical abilities, which displayed themselves in perpetual advertisements, had considerably enhanced the value of his profession. Still, a something seemed wanting; one complete edition of 'Warreniana,' to which the public might refer, as certificates of his merit. With this view, he had lately engaged all the intellect of England in his behalf; each author furnishing a modicum of praise, in the style to which he was best adapted, and receiving in return a recompense proportioned to its worth.' The erudite editor goes on to detail the difficulties which he encountered in sifting the various manuscripts, and ascertaining their authenticity; in the hieroglyphic confusion of characters, obscurity of the text, and of local allusions; and in the flimsy and apocryphal testimony on which many of the facts were set forth. All these verbal and local difficulties, however, are nullified by voluminous critical and explanatory notes at the end of the work; and they constitute not the least laughable portions of the volume. In conclusion, Mr. Gifford takes great credit to himself for not having excluded contributors of a different political faith from his own; and tenders his thanks for the generous assistance he has received in his labors, especially to D'ISRAELI, for the valuable light he had enabled him to throw upon the nature and origin of 'lollipop,' mentioned in LEIGH HUNT's 'Nursery Ode;' to the reporter of the 'Times,' for the zeal with which he proffered the parliamentary debate upon Warren, and to his memorable coadjutor, the Coryphæus of blacking manufacturers, himself. The whole is dedicated to the 'King's Most Excellent Majesty,' by a 'devout admirer of church and state, who presumes to lay the succeeding pages, with characteristic propriety, at his feet;' and who adds, in relation to his subject: 'That as yet this mighty manufacturer has lived comparatively unnoticed, he casts no reflection on your Majesty. He resigns that office to his blacking.' A delicate hint, that his Majesty might see his face in his own boots, if it were his good fortune to patronize Warren!

We now proceed to our extracts; simply premising, that as well for variety as convenience, we shall draw from each work alternately. We promised some passages from 'The Baby's Début,' by WORDSWORTH; and therefore annex a few stanzas, in which the mawkish affectation of childish simplicity and nursery stammering of 'Alice Fell' is well preserved. The Address is spoken in the character of 'Nancy Lake,' a girl of eight years, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise, by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter:

'My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on new-year's day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop,
Papa, (he's my papa and Jack's,)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

'Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

'Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlor door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window pane.

'This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right!
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

'Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, 'O naughty Nancy Lake!
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said, 'No, she shant!'

'Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

'The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pantonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brush'd it with a broom.

'My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam:)
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am!'

This is very good, yet inferior, we think, to the 'Old Cumberland Pedlar,' in 'Warreniana,' which is really the perfection of parody. We annex a passage or two. The first is a description given by 'Old Solitary,' of an '*Excursion*' which he once took among the passes of Helvellyn, where he saw WARREN'S name engraved upon the rocks:

'It chanced one summer morn I passed the clefts
Of Silver-How, and turning to the left,
Fast by the blacksmith's shop, two doors beyond
Old Stubb's, the tart-woman's, approached a glen
Secluded as a coy nun from the world.
Beauteous it was, but lonesome; and while I
Leaped up for joy to think that earth was good
And lusty in her boyhood, I beheld
Graven on the tawny rock these magic words,
'BUY WARREN'S BLACKING!'

'Then in thought I said,
My stars, how we improve! Amid these scenes
Where hermit nature, jealous of the world,
Guards from profane approach her solitude;
E'en here, despite each fence, adventurous art
Thrusts her intrusive puffs; as though the rocks
And waterfalls were mortals, and wore shoes.

'That morn I lost my breakfast, but returning
Home through the New Cut, by Charles Fleming's field,
Westward of Rydal Common, and below
The horse-pond, where our sturdy villagers
Duck all detected vagrants, I espied
A solitary stranger; like a snail
He wound along his narrow course with slow
But certain step, and lightly as he paced,
Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat,
What seemed to my dim eyes a handkerchief,
And forthwith blew his nose: the adjacent rocks,
Like something starting from a hurried sleep,
Took up the snuffling twang and blew again.
That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-How sent back
Their nasal contributions; Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone.'

For this closing catalogue of mountains, *vide* Wordsworth's 'Johanna.' The Solitary goes on to say, that he is an agent for Warren's blacking, and that he is travelling for the purpose of engraving the manufacturer's name upon picturesque rocks, to the end that a 'tide of wealth may roll into the sea of Number Thirty, Strand.'

The episode of the gnat-bite, which succeeds to the old man's story, is too characteristic to be omitted :

'When Peter ended, I proposed a walk
To Rydal, for the day was fresh with youth,
And thousand burnished insects on the wing,
The bee, the butterfly, and humming gnat,
Flew swift as years of childhood o'er our heads.
Touching these gnats, I could not choose but feel,
When I had walked, perhaps, some minutes' space,
The venomous superficies of a pimple,
On the left side my nose : 't was streaked with hues
Of varied richness, like a summer eve ;
And edged, as is the thunder-cloud, with tints
Albescent, and alarming to the eye.
It was a gnat-bite!! On the previous eve,
When, rapt in thought by lone Helvellyn's side,
My fancy slept ; this unrelenting insect
Marking his hour, had borne me company,
And tweaked a memorandum on my nose.'

The picture of Peter Bell's external aspect, has its recorded counterpart, as the reader will at once discover :

—— 'He was clad
In thick buff waistcoat, cotton pantaloons
I' the autumn of their life, and wore beside
A drab great coat, on whose pearl buttons beamed
The beauty of the morning ; as we strolled,
I could not choose but ask his age, assured
That he was seventy-five at least, and though
He did not own it, I'm convinced he was.'

WASHINGTON IRVING, 'trailing the flowery vines of poetry along the formal walks of prose,' is well imitated in the following extract, which succeeds a florid description of the enthusiasm with which the writer first wandered about London, ferreting out 'those sweet but unobtrusive nestling-places, which are consecrated by the recollection of living or departed genius.' ROSCOE, in the 'Sketch-Book,' appears to have been the personal model. The author is here worshipping at the shrine of the 'manufacturer and minstrel of the Strand :

'As, for this reverential purpose, I was once buying a pot of blacking, at Number 30 Strand, my attention was attracted to a person who was seated, in a state of deep abstraction, behind the counter. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by care, perhaps by business. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter ; and though some slight furrows on either side his nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance, that indicated a being of a different order, from the bustling shop-boys around him.

'I inquired his name, and was informed that it was WARREN. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an artist of celebrity ; this was one of those imaginative spirits, whose newspaper advertisements had gone forth to the ends of the earth, and with whose blacking I had polished my shoes, even in

the solitudes of America! It was a moment pregnant with emotion; and though the popular graces of his poetry had made me familiar with the name of Warren, yet it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired.

‘As I quitted his abode, the recollection of this great man gave a tone of deep meditation to my mind. I recalled what I had heard of his character, his lowly origin, and subsequent elevation; his unconquerable diligence, and rich poetic fancy. Nature, I internally exclaimed, appears to have disseminated her bounties with a more impartial profusion than our vanity is willing to allow. If to one favorite she has assigned the glittering endowments of rank and fortune, she has compensated the want of them in another, by an intellect of superior elevation. Such has been the case with Mr. Warren. Though humble in origin, and suckled amid scenes repulsive to the growth of mind, he has yet contrived to hew himself a path to the Temple of Fame, and having become the poetical paragon of the Strand, has turned the whole force of his genius to manufacture and to eulogize his blacking. This prudent concentration of his faculties has been attended with the most felicitous consequences. The stream of his fancy, that before flowed over a wide, ungrateful surface, by contracting its channel has deepened its power, and now rolls onward to the ocean of eternity, reflecting on its bosom the rich lights of pöesy and wit.

‘Independently, however, of his imagination, this mighty manufacturer has shown how much may be effected by diligence alone, and how attractive it may present itself in the columns of a newspaper, the placards of a pedestrian, or the sides of a church-yard wall. The memoranda of his name and profession display themselves in alphabetical beauty, at every department of the metropolis. They have elbowed Doctor Solomon’s Elixir, pushed Day and Martin from their stools, and taken the wall of that interesting anomaly, the Mermaid. Such is the triumph of genius. Doctor Solomon is dead and gone, and there is no balm in Gilead; but Warren’s blacking will be immortal. Its virtues will insure its eternity; for not only doth it irradiate boots, shoes, and slippers, with a gentle and oleaginous refulgence, but while it preserves the leather, it cherishes, like piety, the old and stricken sole.

‘In America, we know Mr. Warren only as the tradesman; in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he is spoken of as the poet; and at the Canaries, on my voyage to England, I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love. I was sensibly afflicted at the intelligence, but felt that the illustrious invalid was far, far above the reach of pity. There are some lofty minds that soar superior to calamity, as the Highlands of the Hudson tower above the clouds of earth. Warren has a soul of this stamp. His majestic spirit may feel, but will not bow before the strong arm of adversity. The blighting winds of care may howl around him in their fury, but like the oak of the forest, he will stand unshaken to the last. Beside, it may, perhaps, be to this very accident that his advertisements owe their charm; for the mind, when breathed over by the scathing mildew of calamity, naturally turns for refreshment to its own healing stores of intellect.

'I do not wish to censure, but surely, surely if the commercial residents of the Strand had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. Warren and themselves, they would have evinced some public mark of sympathy with his misfortune. They would have shown him those gentle and unobtrusive attentions which win their way in silence to the heart, when the more noisy professions of esteem stick like Amen in the larynx of Macbeth. Even I, stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, can heave the sigh of pity for his sorrows; what then should be the sensibility of those who have seen him grow up a bantling, as it were, of their own; who have marked the plant put forth its first tender blossoms, and watched its growing luxuriance, until the period when it overshadowed the Strand with the matured abundance of its foliage?

'But it is an humbling reflection for the pride of human intellect, that the value of an object is seldom felt, until it be for ever lost. Thus, when the grave has closed around him, the name of Warren may be possibly recalled with sentiments of sincerest affection. At present, while yet in existence, he is undervalued by an invidious vicinity. But the man of letters, who speaks of the Strand, speaks of it as the residence of Warren. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where Warren is to be seen. He is the literary land-mark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.'

'*DRURY'S DIRGE*,' by 'LAURA MATILDA,' is an admirable satire upon that species of writing, in which no very precise ideas are affixed to the words employed, and wherein *jingle* is the only thing aimed at. The whip and branding-iron were here effectively applied. 'Laura Matilda' was wont to poke out a weekly crudity in the *Morning Post*; but after the appearance of the '*Addressee*,' she ceased altogether to write, and ever after remained *incog*. We can spare but small space for '*Drury's Doleful Dirge*.' A few stanzas are annexed:

'See Erostratus the second,
Fires again Diana's fane;
By the Fates from Orcus beckon'd,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

'Lurid smoke and frank suspicion,
Hand in hand reluctant dance:
While the god fulfils his mission,
Chivalry resign thy lance.

'Hark! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds dishevelled lie,
And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

'See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak
And the Eagle firemen hailing,
Soothes them with its hickering beak.

'Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Level'd with the shuddering stones;
Mars with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

'Hark! what soft Eolian numbers
Gem the blushes of the morn;
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

'Ha! I hear the strain erratic,
Dimly glance from pole to pole,
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul!

'Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

THE prose imitations, in 'Warreniana,' are most felicitous. That of MILLS, entitled 'Digression on the Family of WARREN, at the time of the Crusades,' wherein the lineage of the Strand artizan is traced, with the tedious minuteness of a prosy historian, to a remote ancestor, 'Peter de la Warene,' is capital. The 'Parliamentary Debate on Warren's blacking,' also, by the Reporter of the Times newspaper, in outline and detail, is in perfect keeping. 'Boz' must have had this debate in mind, when he recorded the noisy discussion of the Pickwick Club. An honorable member, who has vehemently advocated a reduction of the expenses attending Warren's blacking, as used for the army, and particularly the Horse Guards, and who has shown that nine thousand pounds, and an odd sixpence, may be saved to the country, by abridging the jack-boots of the Guards to Wellingtons, and cleaning the substitutes but twice a week, instead of every day, as in the case of the original article, is succeeded by Mr. BROUGHAM, who rises to address the house, and to 'speak the indignant language of a prostituted, insulted, and inconceivably-im-poverished nation.' The reader is desired to note how the sentences are packed one within another, like untrimmed bonnets in a milliner's shop :

'It is a well accredited fact, Sir, that Warren's blacking possesses the lucid properties of a mirror, and when rightly applied to leather, lends it an inexpressible polish. Now supposing that our Horse Guards have already made this discovery — a discovery as palpable as the characteristic activity of our chancellor — is it not highly probable that, from motives of economy, they will forthwith dispense with mirrors ? And if this omission is to take place in four full regiments of Guards alone, to say nothing of the band, as my honorable friend observed, and a more accomplished band of brigands never yet disturbed the patience of an insulted nation, a patience equalled only by the identical animal that chews the thistle ; if, I repeat, this diabolical omission is to take place, is it not as notorious as the corruption of parliament — (and what can be more notoriously corrupt ?) — that the glass manufacturers must be ruined ? We all know the contemptible caprice of that senseless idol, fashion ; and I make no doubt, that if Warren's blacking be encouraged among these Prætorian guards to its present extent — an extent destructive alike to the country and the crown, to the country from its precedent, and to the crown from its absurdity — we shall see mirrors universally discarded. Let me entreat this house then to reflect, solemnly reflect, ere it sanction such notable injustice. Every manufacturer, be he who or what he may, merits equally the encouragement of Parliament ; but why sacrifice hundreds to the interests of one individual ? Did the house, let me ask, ever see the individual for whose gains it is thus shamefully solicitous ? If they did, they will not easily forget him, for a more horrible and hoary wretch exists not on the face of the earth. The never-to-be forgotten expression of that eye, that nose — that mouth — the muddy channels of those cheeks — channels to which Fleet ditch were a river of paradise, and a horse-pond a fountain of the Nile — all — all betoken the pander to pub-

lic prodigality. Yet this is the man — this the Eblis — this the Juggernaut of commerce, under whose overwhelming influence its very life-blood must be crushed out. Oh! let it not be said that the corrupt partialities which taint our political constitution could, even in this humble instance, so effectually blight its character, as to sink it in eternal condemnation at the tribunal of after ages. (*The awful solemnity of this address drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house.*)

An amusing scene ensues, wherein Mr. Canning replies to a personal attack of the honorable speaker, '*That's a lie!*' The whole business seems likely to have a hostile termination, when a member, anxious to restore harmony, modestly proposes that the disputants cool themselves by perusing each two chapters of the aggressor's '*Constitutional History of Rome.*' 'A punishment so heavily disproportioned to the offence,' says the reporter, 'alarmed the compassionate justice of the whole house!' After an awful pause, order is restored, by a member who slips behind Mr. Brougham, and thrust into his hand '*The Whole Duty of Man,*' and another, who presents Mr. Canning with '*Baxter's Call to the Unconverted!*' The belligerent speaker, bent upon inflating the nation with sighs it never heaved, and deluging it with tears it never dreamed of shedding, proceeds to enforce the necessity of severest retrenchment:

'Had Mr. Burke been still alive, he would have agreed with me, I am persuaded, in opinion, and by way of commencement would have pulled off the jack-boots of our Horse Guards — with or without *boot-jacks*, as it may have suited the emergency of the case — if, indeed, any case was ever before reduced to so deplorable an emergency — an emergency proceeding from the superlative follies of government — of a government notorious for every species of gratuitous infamy — Mr. Burke, I repeat, would have commenced his labors by abridging, in the first place, the above-mentioned extravagance of our Guards; secondly, by applying his cautery to the diseased members of our city institutions — provided at least, that precious body corporate be not already too far advanced in the lowest stages of political putrefaction; and, thirdly, by a radical overthrow of that carnivorous band of corpulence and voracity, the beef eaters, (*a groan from Sir W—C—s*), who, under the present delectable régime, are kept, like hyænas at Brookes's, to eat up the garbage of government. To the members of this house then, individually and collectively, I address myself, earnestly hoping that they will commence a similar task of retrenchment — if indeed retrenchment be not yet too late; too late, I mean, in allusion to the time that has elapsed since it was first found to be necessary; necessary, I would observe, both to the two houses of parliament and the nation in general; general, I would add, in the most extended meaning of the term; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy, (*Hear, hear,*) that the strong arm of government may be palsied, and its late intolerant acts — acts fit only for a Ferdinand or a fiend — be forcibly crammed down the œsophagus of the bungling artisans who framed them!'

Mr. CANNING rejoins, in defence of the 'existing abuses,' and contends that jack-boots, 'anointed with the refreshing dew of Warren's blacking, are found to answer every purpose of a suitable and successful equivalent' to looking-glasses; and he quotes, in ornate phrase, and amid 'loud cheers,' the authority of a colonel in the Guard, that for three uninterrupted weeks he had mown the adhesive thistles of his chin through the enlightened medium of his jack-boots, and the whole mess had put on their black stocks and stays by the same luminous assistance! In allusion to a proposition of 'the gentleman last up,' to employ steam in boot-cleaning, Mr. Canning says: 'Let him apply its undeveloped energies to his own eternal orations, and I will answer that, provided it accelerates their utterance, it will be carried by a triumphant majority.' A succession of similar sharp shocks are administered to the reformer, after which the honorable secretary closes with as fine and prolonged a specimen of parliamentary hyperbole, in praise of the 'scientific Archimedes of the Strand,' as one could find of a summer's day.

MOORE is duly honored, both in the 'Rejected Addresses,' and 'Warreniana.' 'Living Lustres,' in the former, is a fair imitation of his style, when he gives us the lees of his good wine; when he is merely gallant — not lured by voluptuousness, nor enough in earnest to be tender. The reader should keep in mind the theatre, while we annex a few stanzas:

'How well would our actors attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps, if a row of young beauties,
Glanced light from their eyes between us and the pit!

'The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in Theatre, Senate, or College;
I mean the love apples that bloom in the eyes.'

'Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile;
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle.

'For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
Though joyous are sober, though peaceful are brave!

'The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows;
Their sprig of shillelah is nothing but laurel,
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

'Oh! soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles,
Which each panting bosom indiguantly names,
Until not one goose at the capital cackles,
Against the grand question of catholic claims.

'And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffey
Perchance held the helm of some mackerel hoy,
Hold the helm of the state, and dispense in a jiffy
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.'

The pillars alluded to in the third stanza, were green; the color reminds the bard of the Emerald Isle; and this causes him to fly off at a tangent, and Hibernicize the rest of the poem. The 'List of Loves,' in the second-named work, with 'List, list, oh list!' from Hamlet, as a motto, is sufficiently Mooreish:

'Come, fill high the bowl, 't is in vain to repine
That the sun of life's summer is o'er;
Mid the autumn of age this elixir of mine
Shall each moment of freshness restore;
E'en now its bright glow, by acquaintance improved,
Suns o'er each past extacy frozen,
Till fancy recalls the few friends I have loved,
And the girls I have kissed, by the dozen.

'By the dozen? — oh, monstrous mistake of the press!
For dozen, read hundreds, beginning
With Fanny of Timmol, the sylph whose caress
First set my weak spirit a-sinning:
I met her by night in the Liverpool stage,
Ere the stage of my youth was resigned;
Ah, Fan! thy sole guard in that passionate age,
Was the guard on the dickey behind.

'Pretty Sophy stood next on the lists of my love,
Till I found (but it might not be so,) —
That her tenderest transports were tendered above,
While mine were all centered below;
So I left her one midsummer eve, with a kiss,
For I ne'er could from kissing refrain,
But honestly mean, when we next meet in bliss,
To give her the kiss back again.

'Oh, Kate was then all that a lover could seek,
With an eye whose least spark, full of soul,
Would madden a dozen young sparks in a week,
Though like Parry they lived at the pole:
In the fullness of bliss, she would whisper so coy,
'We were born, love, to bill and to coo;'
Oh, Kitty! I ne'er paid a bill with such joy
As I paid my addresses to you!

The allusion to Warren is adroitly kept back until the last, Moore being one of those laureates who think discretion as much the better part of compliment as of valor, and that it is 'better to insinuate praise, than to thrust it under the reader's nose, in broad and palpable panegyric.'

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING'S contribution to 'Warreniana' is inscribed, 'For Warren's Blacking; an Oration in One part.' He denounces the present 'thoughtless, godless generation,' whose 'vile and filthy speculations, engendered in the limbo of vanity, are hatched by the suns of sin upon the quicksands of this ball of earth;' and says farther: 'I can testify, I can testify, that they are crusted all over with leprous iniquities! * * * Men and brethren! is this always to continue, or is it to have an end? If, oblivious of your spiritual interests, ye resolve to brave it out, then look well to yourselves! — for even now I behold you bound, one and all, to the ocean of darkness, the steam-boat of sin awaiteth to carry ye across, the wind sits fair for Tophet, and the pilot, Death, stands

sniggering for very joy upon the deck ! But yet,' continues the great discoverer of the 'gift of tongues,' 'amid the sins, and the snares, and the sneers, of this stiff-necked, shameless generation, there is one man who hath eschewed the cud of iniquity like a cow, and addressing himself to a god-like life of science, hath dwelt alone, amid the crowded chaos of the Strand, like some bashful blossom in the wilderness. And he hath been rewarded with many new scientific discoveries ; for behold he hath made, in the stillness of his retreat, divers tuns of precious jet-black liquid, the which he hath put forth in comely stone bottles. But mark the invidious soul of this degraded age ! They have jeered, and back-bitten, and insulted his pure and poetic advertisements. And for what ? For daring to make them simple and scientific in expression, and grafting thereon sweet and salutary commendation of his blacking ! Had he sent his advertisements forth among courts and palaces, with portraitures by Westall affixed thereto, his musings had been more welcome ; but because the man hath valued modesty and common household truth, therefore he is designated a quack. It is not for me, albeit a devout admirer, to attempt any first-rate advocacy of his cause ; but thus much I may be permitted to add, that before the fame of the man Warren shall expire, the 'heartless Childe' shall take unto himself the editorship of the Evangelical Magazine ; his staves, forgotten and forgiven of all, shall be engulfed in the æstuary of oblivion, and mine own immortal orations be sent to keep them company on the voyage !'

'THE REBUILDING,' by SOUTHEY, one of the best of the 'Addresses,' is too long for insertion entire, and quite unsusceptible of curtailment. It is modelled after 'The Curse of Kehama,' with an opening in imitation of the 'Funeral of Arvalan.' Nothing could be more admirable than the measure and diction. The 'Carmen Triumphale,' of 'Warreniana,' also, by the same, we should be glad to quote ; but the tyranny of space is despotic. COLERIDGE'S 'Dream, a Psychological Curiosity,' elaborately diabolized, is less intractable, or more extractable, in fragments ; we therefore annex the reply of Warren to Satan, in Hades, (whither the poet has accompanied him,) who has boasted that the waters of Styx are blacker than his 'best article,' and capable of giving a handsomer gloss to the infernal shoes and boots :

'Answered the Warren with choleric eye,
 'Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi !
 The sneer of a fiend to your puffs you may fix,
 But if, what is worse, you assert that your Styx
 Surpasses my blacking, ('t was clear he was vexed,)
 By Jove ! you will ne'er stick at any thing next.
 I have dandies who laud me at Paine's and Almack's,
 Despite Day and Martin, those emulous quacks,
 And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
 That my blacking is better than any black sea,
 Which flows through your paltry Avernus, I wis,
 'Pshaw !' Satan replied, 'I'll be d — d if it is !'

'The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful sneer,
 And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
 Of the gathering dæmons, blue, yellow, and pink,
 A bottle of blacking more sable than ink ;

With the waves of the Styx in a jiffey they tried it,
 But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it;
 'You mote as well liken the summer sky,'
 Quoth Warren the bold, 'with an Irish sty;
 The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
 As your lily-white river with me or mine.'

'Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
 At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
 And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
 He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box;
 Then summoned each demon to form a ring,
 And witness his truculent triumphing.
 The ring was formed and the twain set to,
 Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew.
 Satan was seconded in a crack,
 By Molineux, the American black,
 (Who sported an oath as a civil salam,)
 While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.
 Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
 Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
 Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
 As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
 Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
 In shapely pugilistic verse,
 (Albeit my fancy preferreth still
 The quiet of nature,) this desperate *mill*.'

The laughable descriptions of 'the fight,' and 'the rounds,' are they not written in the book? And is not the philosophy of dreams explained, in the most simple and satisfactory manner, in the 'introduction' of the never-to-be-sufficiently-lauded transcendental bard, who always kept a regular stud of night-mares, and could at any time let loose a torrent of images, words, and book-knowledge? He distinctly says: 'Kant, in his Treatise on the Phenomena of Dreams, is of opinion that the lens or focus of intestinal light ascending the œsophagus at right angles, a juxtaposition of properties takes place, so that the nucleus of the diaphragm, reflecting on the cerebellum the prismatic visions of the pilorus, is made to produce that marvellous operation of mind upon matter, better known by the name of dreaming!' What could be more clear!

SCOTT and BYRON are again travestied in 'Warreniana.' The first, in 'The Battle of Brentford-Green, a Poem in two Cantos,' describes a serious affray which, in the autumn of 1818, 'came off' between Warren and his rivals, Day and Martin, wherein, after a 'well-foughten field,' the former was victorious. We have 'The Wassail,' 'The Combat,' and 'L'Envoy'; and in the contribution of the second-named bard, 'The Childe's Pilgrimage,' in which diverse streets and scenes in London are minutely and characteristically described. As we have already given copious imitations of each of these poets, we refrain the more willingly from extracts. MONK LEWIS, whose Stygian imagination, teeming with all monstrous, all prodigious things, is generally pushed into regions of absurdity, is well represented in the 'Addresses,' by a poetical proxy, entitled 'Fire and Ale.' We annex a specimen:

'The fire king one day rather amorous felt;
 He mounted his hot copper filley;
 His breeches and boots were of tin, and the belt
 Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt
 With the heat of the copper colt's belly.'

'Sure never was skin half so scalding as his!
 When an infant, 't was equally horrid,
 For the water when he was baptized gave a fizz,
 And bubbled and simmer'd and started off, whizz!
 As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

'Oh! then there was glitter and fire in each eye,
 For two living coals were the symbols;
 His teeth were calcined, and his tongue was so dry,
 It rattled against them as though you should try
 To play the piano in thimbles.

'When he opened his mouth out there issued a blast,
 (Nota bene, I do not mean swearing,)
 But the noise that it made and the heat that it cast,
 I've heard it from those who have seen it, surpass'd
 A shot manufactory flaring.

'He blaz'd and he blaz'd as he gallop'd to snatch
 His bride, little dreaming of danger;
 His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,
 And over the horse's left eye was a patch,
 To keep it from burning the manger!

THERE is an admirable imitation, in the appendix, of those mystical fabrications which employ a large number of fairy creations, in connexion with sundry of 'us poor humans,' in the oddest juxtaposition. It is entitled 'The Apotheosis of Warren, a Pastoral Mask.' The bard, in his vision, sees Warren lying dead, in the 'Temple of Art and Science,' on Mount Parnassus, and a set of sylphs strewing over him

'Cowslips, butter-cups and roses,
 Thyme with dulcet dew-drops wet,
 Sage and onions, pinks and posies,
 Cauliflower and Mignonette.'

While this is going forward, Oberon, king of the fairies, enters, and desires the pastoral worthies to pay their last respects to the defunct and gifted manufacturer. No sooner said than done. The monarch waves his gossamer spear, and instantly a select abundance of cherubs walk, two by two, like young ladies in a boarding-school, around the body. First come Oberon and Titania, hand in hand, and then, among others, the following *peculiarly appropriate* individuals, all of whom, it must be observed, have got pocket handkerchiefs, 'woven of aspen leaves,' applied to their eyes: Mab and Malibæus; Peasblossom and Theocritus; Pan, Puck, and Priapus; Ruth, Boaz, and Bottom; Gessner and Metastasio; Adonis and Caliban; Spenser and Proserpine; Flora, Faunus, and a Glendoveer in corduroy shorts; Florizel, Perdita, a warlock, two kelpies, and a bogle; Ariel in top-boots; Endymion and John Keats; Acteon and a wood-nymph in short petticoats; Ænone and Leigh Hunt; (this last in yellow breeches,) and lastly, the poet himself, with an ass's head for a hat!

THE reader must remember CANNING's song of the 'Knife-Grinder:'

'Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
 Keen blows the night-wind — your hat's got a hole in 't —
 So have your breeches!'

and so forth. The imitation in 'Warreniana' is equally Sapphic. An apprentice, with a pot of 'Warren's Best,' addresses a 'friend of science':

'We shall be glad to have your honor's custom:
Sixpence a pot we charges for our best jet
Blacking; but if you give us back the pot, we
Makes an allowance'

The pot is purchased, which elicits from the apprentice a laudatory burst of enthusiasm:

'Sing then, oh! sing his praises; and may London,
Hampstead and Highgate echo back the ditty,
While every night-wind whistles to the tune of
'Buy Warren's blacking!'

BUT the notes by the editor are best of all; and we close our long paper with three or four of them. In LEIGH HUNT's 'Nursery Ode' occur these lines:

'And, to love a martyr,
Apollo followed *arter*.

Upon which Mr. Gifford remarks: 'The word *arter* or *a'ter*, as it is sometimes syncopated, with a broad inflexion of the first syllable, I find to be the Doric dialect of Cockaigne; a dialect in frequent use among those enlightened members of society, the washerwomen. In pronunciation, it claims analogy with the broad *αρεταρ απο νεσερ* of Pindar.' After the note has been sent to the press, he adds, that he has discovered, in an obsolete mss. pantomime, 'the production of one Shiels, a Scotchman, the phrase, 'What are you at, what are you *arter*?' He thence deduces the theatrical origin of the term, and expresses intense gratification, that his opinion is backed by the authority of a distinguished dramatist.

In Scott's 'Battle of Brentford Green,' some dimness as to the *time* of the contest at first puzzles the editor; but he says, in a note: 'I am happy to state, that after much laborious investigation, I have ascertained the correct date of this battle. The generous friendship of Mr. D'Israeli has induced him to consult an old barrow-woman, who lives at Brentford, on the subject; and from whom he learns that the skirmish took place a month previous to the demise of her first husband. Now her first husband, as I learn from Mr. Crabbe's 'Parish Register,' died in the autumn of 1818. To this date, then, the point in question must be referred!' In the same poem, is this couplet:

—— 'The red banners formed by hap
Of two old shirts stitched flap to flap.'

In relation to which, it is observed: 'The indefatigable researches of my friend Mr. Francis Douce, have at last enabled him to procure one of these celebrated banners. It is quartered according to the most received military practices, and in the midst appears a portrait, which I at first mistook for the effigy of a goose and trimmings; but now find to compose the head and wig of my friend Robert Warren. On either side, are blazoned two blacking-brushes rampant, armed

and langued gules, with a pair of top-boots argent. The whole forms a striking heraldic curiosity !'

'A note to the 'The Girl of Saint Mary-Axe,' by BARRY CORNWALL, illustrates, with proper ardor, the following lines :

'At times, in sullen silence, she would sit,
And pick a rose to pieces, and, while lay
The ruins on the floor, her pensive fit
Would joy to mark its colors fade away ;
'And thus,' she cried, 'will this here soul decay !'

'The phrase 'here,' says Mr. Gifford, 'possesses great expletive pathos, and appears synonymous with the '*sui ipsius*' of the most approved Latin writers. In circumstances of urgent distress, I know no expression that appeals more simply yet touchingly to the heart ; and the reader who can unmoved peruse the similar lament of the dying robber in Don Juan, 'Oh Jack ! I'm floored by that 'ere bloody Frenchman !' must be more or less than man. The language is truly Virgilian !'

In closing, we would suggest to such of our favored readers as can compass the original works from which we have quoted, to possess themselves of them, at 'the meetest vantage of the time.' We will insure them an excess of participation. Whether laughing at solemn apes, or embodying the peculiarities of acknowledged genius, the authors every where display an admirable artistic manner, and a minute fidelity of detail, the result not less of a searching examination and comparison of the several authors selected, than of entire ability to appreciate their merits, and scan their defects.

c.

STANZAS.

'Lumenque Juvenis Purpureum.'

Eyes that nor tears nor sorrows dim,
The cloudless brow, the elastic limb,
That seemed on air to tread,
With thoughts that made it witchery,
And bliss enough to breathe — and be,
These, these with youth are fled :

Fled, but not mourned : remembrance wakes
No bitter pang for what Time takes ;
I mourn for what he brings !
The dread realities of truth,
Sad substitutes for dreams of youth,
This, this the bosom wrings !

Each generous feeling unsubdued,
As yet by fraud — that Friendship wooed,
Nor asked the costly price !
Alas ! though quell'd, cannot be killed,
But droop, by cold experience chill'd,
Like flowrets locked in ice.

Youth's jocund suns, and seasons blithe,
When Time had wings but ne'er a scythe,
With these I calmly part ;
But, as the wreck that braves the deep,
Oh, let me still, though broken, keep
The fragments of a heart !

c.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES, AT COPENHAGEN.
New-York: WILLIAM JACKSON, 102 Broadway.

WE have derived much pleasure from the examination, and partial perusal, of several valuable works, lately published by the above-named Society. The most important of these is the one entitled '*Antiquitates Americane*,' an imperial quarto volume, with eighteen maps and plates, the typographical execution of which it would be well for our own publishers more frequently to imitate.

In the leading article in the present number, the contents of this volume are given; from which it will be seen, that much light is thrown on the early history and discovery of America. It appears, also, that the knowledge of the previous Scandinavian discovery of America, preserved in Iceland, was probably communicated to Columbus, when he visited that island, in 1477. In his memoirs, written by his son, it is stated that he visited Iceland in that year. And although he may have heard the relations of the voyages of the Northmen to a distant and hitherto unknown country to the South-West, we do not think that the glory due to him for his great discovery is in the least degree impaired. These discoveries no doubt operated as incentives to prosecute still farther what had been made known, and to flatter him with a hope of prosecuting his voyage, uninterrupted, to the East Indies. For it appears that, until the discovery of the Western Ocean was made known, it was believed that the newly discovered lands were in reality the eastern portions of Asia, or some large islands little known to voyagers. The name given to the islands, of *Indies*, and to the natives, of *Indians*, will remain a perpetual memento of this belief. From the large work under review, we learn that the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were well known to, and described by, the Scandinavians. Much pains have been taken to identify the places alluded to in the ancient sagas, the numerous papers relating to which are embraced in the work.

Whether John Cabot, before he undertook his voyage to America, had any knowledge of the Norwegian discoveries, is not known. But he undoubtedly had been informed of the discoveries of Columbus. He however discovered the continent about six weeks before Columbus discovered the main land in South America. In regard to the year of Cabot's discovery, there are different statements, and some mistakes, in modern compilers of American history, which ought to be rectified. The accounts in Holmes' *American Annals*, and in Marshall's *Life of Washington*, which have been copied into the *Historics for Schools*, by Willard, Hale, Goodrich, and Olney, are all, we believe, inaccurate. Fortified corrections of these errors, with important facts in relation to the general subject, are contained in a review of the '*American Annals*,' supposed to be from the pen of the veteran lexicographer, NOAH WEBSTER, which may be found in '*The Panoplist*' for January, 1836.

But to return. We are glad to learn that the Northern Society intend prosecuting their researches in this country, and have instituted a committee, under the title of

the 'Committee of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, on the Ante-Columbian History of America.' They intend following up the traces which have already been discovered; to examine other monuments and inscriptions, known to exist in North America; and to investigate the languages of the Aborigines, their manners, customs, etc. It is to be regretted, that these interesting subjects should not attract more attention in our own country, and that *foreign* societies should step forward to make these researches. They are deserving of great credit for the enterprise thus far manifested, which we trust will not abate; and we hope that our learned men will give them all the aid in their power toward effecting the object in view.

LEILA: OR THE SIEGE OF GRENADA. By the Author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'Rienzi,' etc. In one volume, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. The same, illustrated by fifteen Engravings. pp. 300. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

LIKE every production of Mr. BULWER, 'Leila' will be found to enchain the interest, and excite the imagination, of the reader; yet both, we have reason to believe, in a lesser degree than either of his more recent works. Indeed, the volume has struck us as having been hastily conceived, and as hurriedly executed. There is no lack of spirited dramatic action, and strong contrasts and effects are arranged and 'dashed in' with the hand of a master. Muza, the noble Moorish warrior, is a well-drawn character; and Bobadil, as an outline sketch, for it is nothing more, is another; but Leila, whether from the reason that we expected too much of her, or that the author has failed in making the character all he intended, has disappointed us. The father of the heroine is in the same category. He walks under a mist, and the author takes much pains, and a wide circuit with him, to startle us at last with a single display of his powers of necromance. There is a battle-scene, which will compare with the best efforts of the writer's pen; and throughout the volume, minor points, or collateral incidents, are not wanting, to keep alive the reader's attention. Yet the work has, in some measure, disappointed us. The scene and events chosen have been used before, and to better advantage. Irving's 'Conquest of Grenada,' upon the same ground, will live longer in the recollection, and impress the reader more favorably, than 'Leila.' The engravings of the Philadelphia edition are of a high order of art. They are from the English steel plates, engraved by eminent London artists. The letter-press, also, upon the finest white paper, is of rare excellence. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By HENRY VETHAKE, LL. D., of the University of Pennsylvania. One volume. pp. 400. Philadelphia: NICKLIN AND JOHNSON, Law Booksellers.

WE have examined this work with attention, and are surprised to find the ramified divisions of political economy so clearly expounded. As a popular lecturer, Prof. VETHAKE has ascertained, that 'it needs all we know to make things plain;' and this work seems to have been prepared under a proper appreciation of the adage. We are bound to thank our author, in an especial manner, for comprehending intellectual products under the terms of wealth and capital, and enforcing so ably his incontrovertible positions in this regard. We are left but space to commend the work to our readers, as a succinct exposition of an important science, in its various bearings, whose application to public affairs, and the transactions of private life, together with its moral relations, are clearly defined and set forth.

EDITORS' TABLE.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS, TOMB-STONE WAREHOUSES, ETC. — A subscriber and kind correspondent at Paris, in a recent letter, gives us two or three brief but graphic sketches of scenes in the French metropolis. We subjoin an extract, descriptive of the Parisian catacombs, and a manufactory of 'ready-made' tomb-stones: 'I have to-day, through the kindness of a distinguished French officer, been permitted access to the immense catacombs of Paris. After having reached the spot, I followed my guide, who was provided with flaring tapers, down a long flight of steps. At length, more than a hundred feet from the surface of the ground, we paused, and entered one of the low passages, leading to the catacombs. Passing along, we presently arrived at a small black door, over which was an inscription in Latin, '*This is the entrance to the Cavern of Death.*' How vast is its extent! Here the contents, long collecting, of various cemeteries of the metropolis have been deposited. As the door was closed behind me, a cold shudder crept over me, at the thought that I was shut up with three millions of skulls! They grin in ghastly horror on every side. Here, they repose in conical heaps, laid up like cannon balls in the navy-yard at Brooklyn; and there, stretching in long lines, tier after tier, and one above another, like bottles in an extensive wine-cellar. Mighty congress of the dead! — representatives from that dim and shadowy realm, the Past! Could they but speak — could each tell his 'story of a life' — what romance would compare with the varied recital! How many victims of ambition — how many votaries of pleasure — how many slaves to passion — how many wretched and oppressed! After tarrying for an hour or more in this awful Golgotha, I emerged to the day-light, feeling more intensely than I ever felt before, the common blessing of existence. Time seemed doubly precious to me, when I reflected that the forms I had left, had been wafted on the same tide that was bearing me on to eternity.' * * 'While I am on grave subjects, let me tell you of an incidental visit I paid the other day, with a friend, to a tomb-stone warehouse, in a northern suburb. It was a spacious 'shop,' filled with monuments in every variety of form and material, regularly arranged in order of age and character, and — do n't smile, but consider the gravity of the theme — already lettered with minute inscriptions, leaving blanks only for the name! It was amusing to hear the proprietor point out the various divisions: 'Those on the left, are for the 'men above forty;' the 'fathers of families above forty' are in the recess behind you,' etc. There is a large variety of engraved virtues, which are suited to all classes and professions of society. 'Friends in need,' with a small 'bill of particulars,' were numerous. 'Good husbands' were held at about ten dollars, and 'faithful wives' were equally cheap, there being a good assortment of both. 'Friends to the poor' were a large department, but 'virgins untimely cut off' were very dear. Poetical additions are paid for by the line, and exclamation points are extra! 'He lies like a tomb-stone!' says Pantaloon in the play; and to see such systematic laboratories of standing praise, as the one I have described, shows the comparison a good one. 'All are equal in the dust,' here, in the most literal sense of the phrase.'

As touching monuments and tomb-stones. There is not a little adroit satire in an anecdote of THEODORE HOOK, contained in a late London magazine. It illustrates that

speedy assuagement of grief which sometimes occurs, with the seemingly ultra affectionate, in this very curious world :

'One of our most eminent sculptors was applied to, some years since, by a Mrs. Gingham, the widow of an opulent tradesman, who had died exceedingly rich, to make a design for a monument to his memory. The lady, who was, as the poet has it, cursed with a taste, gave a description of the sort of monument she wished for, which was to consist of a group of figures: Fame was to appear sounding the reputation of the late Mr. Gingham, as an eminent linen-draper; Hibernia, with a piece of Irish cloth under her arm, was to lean on her stringless harp; while Britannia was to be represented embracing Mr. G., as he was seated in his armed chair, with an open piece of cambric muslin in his lap; while Liberty, standing behind him, displayed her *bonnet rouge* on a pole immediately over his head. Above these again were to be two or three naked, plump little boys, with wings, flying about as wild as swallows; and in the fore-ground were to be disposed several bales of goods, an anchor, a pile of cannon-balls, the rudder of a ship, and other suitable objects, calculated to convey a just idea of the extent of his business; while at his feet were to be seen kneeling his mourning widow and three children. On the right hand was to be a view of St. Paul's Cathedral, with palm-trees, pyramids, crocodiles, and cypresses in the distance. Startled by the elaborate description of the exemplary lady, the sculptor hinted that the execution of such a work would cost at least seven thousand pounds.

'A mere trifle to one who loved as I have loved!' said Mrs. G. 'Make the design.'

'The sculptor did make the design, and at the end of three months, the lady called again: she saw the beautiful sketch; and then said, she thought perhaps it might appear somewhat too ostentatious; that every body knew how extensive poor dear G.'s trade had been, and that perhaps the single figure sitting alone would be better, under all the circumstances: the fore-ground might be relieved with certain emblems, etc.; but she wished the sculptor to reduce the design to the cost of about two thousand pounds.

'The artist again did as she desired, and her late husband was represented, G. by himself, G., in the same armed chair; Hibernia had left her stringless harp in one corner; Britannia had posed her shield in the other; Fame had left her trumpet on one side of his seat, and Liberty had placed the pole, with her cap upon it, behind it; the figures had taken their departure, but the emblems remained.

'Three months more elapsed, and the widow came again. Again she admired the design: 'But would it not be better to adopt a little sketch which her friend Mr. Hobkirk had made; merely a tablet—and an inscription—quite plain?'

'Hereabout the sculptor lost all patience, and doing a violence to his naturally kind feelings, entreated the lady to transfer her favors to the first stone-mason she might meet with, who would no doubt be too happy to receive fifty pounds for embodying her young friend's ideas.'

It may perhaps be superfluous to add, that Mrs. Gingham became Mrs. Hobkirk, long before the tablet was begun, and that the lamented linen-draper measures his length in the parish church to this day, unhonored and unrecorded.

IMPROVED ALPHABET.—We have examined, with some attention, the characters for an alphabet, sent us by a correspondent, and perused his remarks. The subject demands a few words in reply. Within two or three hundred years, many attempts have been made to form and introduce a perfect or more complete alphabet than that which is now used. This has been proposed and attempted in England; Dr. Franklin attempted it in this country, as well as in England; and more recently, three or four plans have been suggested in this country. But all schemes of this kind have failed. From the experience we have already had, and from the intrinsic difficulties of the plan, we are of opinion that a new alphabet *cannot* be introduced; and if any improvements in the alphabet *could* be introduced, no scheme that we have yet seen is well adapted to the purpose. Were a perfect philosophical alphabet to be formed, many of the characters now used would be as well adapted to the purpose as any others which can be invented. The Latin characters we now use, are, in our judgment, the best letters which have been formed. They consist of straight lines, or easy curves, with few sharp corners, and no involutions, or irregularities of form. They are more easily made with a pen, and less painful to the eye, than any other characters we have ever seen. No consideration should induce us to lay them aside, and substitute others. Their extensive use is another objection to change.

The introduction of entirely new characters would render useless all the books now printed, and all the types now used. Such a change as this is not practicable; and if

it were practicable, it is doubtful whether it would be expedient. The advantages would scarcely repay the expense, or compensate for the immense trouble which the change would require. Some corrections of English orthography, which would be nothing more than restoring the ancient and true spelling, or rejecting a few superfluous letters, in conformity with analogies, and with the pronunciation, and a few points to note distinctions of sound, would render the acquisition of the English language very easy, without any new characters to offend the eye. Any alteration which gives much offence to the eye, will naturally be rejected.

'ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME.'—Ten to one, reader, that you never pored over the time-honored pages of quaint PHILLIP STUBBS; that you never surveyed his 'Anatomic of Abuses,' wherein he denounces, in a *catalogue raisonné* of the vices and gayeties of his age, the pomps and vanities of the great Babel, in 1585. We therefore consider your hapless case, and will help you to a sample of his matter and manner. After demurring against the 'confuse mingle-mangle of apparell, and the preposterous excess thereof,' which then prevailed, whereby it was difficult to know gentle from simple—'all whiche, he says, 'I coumpt a great confusyon'—he proceeds to particulars, beginning with the hat, the fashion of which seems to have been *rather* more various at that remote period than now:

'Sometymes they use them sharpe on the croune, pearking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standyng up a quarter of a yarde above the croune of their heades, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their inconstante minde. Other some be flat, and broad in the croune, like the battlementes of a house. Another sorte have round crounes, sometymes with one kind of beade, sometimes with another; now blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now grene, now yellow; now this, now that; never content with one colour or fashion two daies to an ende. And thus in vassitie they spend the Lorde his treasure, consumyng their golden yeres and silver daies in wickednesse and sinne. And as the fashions be rare and straunge, so is the stuffe whereof their hattes be made, divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffatie, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and which is more curious, some of a certain kind of fine haire. These they call *beaver hattes*, of twenty, thirty, or forty shillings price, fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a great sorte of other vanities doe come besides: and so common a thing it is, that everie serving man, costrieman, and other, even all indifferently, dooe weare of these hattes: for he is of no account, or estimation amongst men, if he have not a velvet or taffatie hatte; and that must be pincked, and cannyngly carved of the beste fashion. And some are not content, without a greate bunche of feathers, of divers and sundrie colours, peakyng on top of their heades.'

He passes down to the neck, and is kindled to tenfold rage, as he comes in contact with the manifold abominations of the *ruff*, and its diabolical auxiliary, *starch*. Hear him:

'They have great and monstrous ruffles, made either of cambricke, holland, lawne, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yarde deepe; yea, some more, very few lesse; so that they stande a full quarter of a yarde (and more) from their neckes, hanging over their shoulder-points, instead of a vaile. But if *Eolus* with his blasts, or *Neptune* with his storms, chauce to hit upon the crazie barks of their bruised ruffles, then they goeth flip-flap in the winde, like ragges that flow abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dish clothe of a slut. But, wot you what? The devil, as he, in the fullnesse of his malice, first invented these great ruffles, so hath he now found out also two great pillars to beare up and maintaine this his kyngdome of great ruffles, (for the devil is kyng and prince over all the children of pride.) The one arche or pillar, whereby his kyngdome of great ruffles is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *starch*, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dwe their ruffles well; which beyng drie, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. The other pillar is a certaine device made of wiers, created for the purpose, whipped over either with gold, thred, silver, or silke; and this he calleth a supportasse, or underpropper.'

Take this description with you, reader, into some gallery of old portraits—such 'undoubted originals' as are multiplied abroad, (like Goldsmith's petrified lobsters,) for the New-York market—and mark with what ludicrous faithfulness the picture is drawn. But do not sneer with the satirical STUBBS; because thirty years may not elapse, before your own dress shall be looked back upon with scarcely less disfavor and contempt 'The fashion of this world passeth away!'

BYRON. — We have been gratified to perceive the applause which has been bestowed upon Mr. SIMMONS' lecture on the 'Poetry of BYRON,' before a crowded and delighted audience, at the hall of the Mercantile Library Association. It was admirable in every sense; and its delivery, it is unnecessary to add, was perfect. The lecturer regarded Byron as having been, more emphatically than any of his contemporaries, the poet of the age and of the people; more a cosmopolite in his spirit; presenting scenes, images, and contemplations, of a more universal interest; not addressing the sympathies or tastes of any particular class, temperament, or neighborhood, but dealing with the common mind of man. In these respects, the lecturer instituted a comparison between 'Childe Harold' and the poetry of Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Campbell, Moore, and Wordsworth. In the extent and variety of scenes, and the amount of observation on men and manners, he placed Childe Harold side by side with the Odyssey of Homer. The dissimilarity, however, of the ancient and the modern poet, in their descriptions of artificial objects, and of natural scenery, was very strikingly developed, and philosophically accounted for. The principal faults, in the style of Childe Harold, were occasional prolixity, over-statement or exaggeration, and frequent egotism. On these points, especially the last, the lecturer commented with candid severity. He charged, however, a more subtle form of egotism on such poets as Coleridge and Wordsworth, Hunt and Keats, who so completely infuse their own very peculiar idiosyncracies into every fibre of their compositions, that these can be fully appreciated only by readers of their own temperament and tastes; so that much of their poetry must ever be insignificant to the ardent, the energetic, and the occupied.

With Mr. SIMMONS' views of the *spirit* of Byron's poetry, we fully agree. We think them generous and manly. The ultra rigid, howbeit, may have deemed them too indulgent. He traced back the misanthropy, the scepticism, and the voluptuousness, that occasionally sully our poet's page, to certain elements in his temper, which combined to inspire him with 'a perverse spirit of nonconformity, and a delight in defying the frown of a harsh or hypocritical morality, and subduing its professors, in their own despite, by the laughing sweetness of his strain.' 'So far,' said the lecturer, in substance, 'as this spirit may have induced him to represent the gratification of the senses as the highest good, or to encourage a voluptuousness of the heart, by stimulating our sensibility to material beauty, without rousing those energies of the soul which alone can direct that sensibility aright, the fault carries its punishment with it; for such a spirit can be entertained by none but an unhappy man, and embodied on none but a perishing page.' Mr. SIMMONS made it appear, however, that much that had been objected to, among Byron's gayeties, was written with no other view than to expose that *cunt*, which the poet so frequently pronounced to be the besetting sin of the times. After a brief analysis of Byron's poetic genius, intellectually considered, the lecturer closed with a very touching allusion to his zeal and self-sacrifice in the cause of Grecian freedom; and with the quotation of a noble passage from Walter Scott, written on hearing the news of Byron's death.

'LETTERS FROM ROME.' — Our readers, we are sure, will share our gratification, in the perusal of another series of Letters from the popular author of the 'Letters from Palmyra.' They will form, in some sort, a sequel to those well-known papers, and will be found to possess, as they proceed, we have reason to believe, an equal, or if possible a superior interest. They will bring back, we may judge as well from the scene and era chosen as from the ability of the writer, with vivid distinctness, the long-vanished Past. There will be heard 'the voice of Time departing towers;' and the mighty events which are now buried 'in the dark backward and abyss of years,' will be bared, like the splendors of Palmyra, to the eye of the Present. But enough for conjecture. We shall see anon.

'*LA PETITE AUGUSTA*.' — Crowded as we are for space, we yet cannot resist the inclination to devote a few lines to the expression of an opinion, touching the merits of this extraordinary little girl — a mere child of twelve years. Graceful, lithe, and fairy-like, yet firm in her step, and ripe in her execution, she has won at once a high reputation as a finished artiste. With an expressive and handsome countenance, finely-moulded limbs, and such richness of early talent, what may not be expected of her, when she shall have returned from abroad, with the advantages of study, under the best masters and mistresses of her art? The delighted audiences who have attended her recent performances at the Park, can realize what such improvement will effect, in one so preëminently promising.

LITERARY RECORD.

'*THE MOTLEY BOOK*.' — Our deceased friend, '*BEN. SMITH*,' whose funeral obsequies were celebrated in these pages many months since, comes before the public again in '*The Motley Book*' — much to our surprise, of course; since, as *SCOTT* said to his wife, if he was not dead, his friends treated him very wrongfully in burying him. The work will consist of a series of tales and sketches, intended to represent what is humorous and touching in life and character; and its professed object is, to 'while away a dull hour, to cheer a doubting or despondent heart, and to prove that the world is not yet turned into a moping, melancholy pageant.' Mr. *SMITH* has a tolerable eye for the burlesque and the humorous; but generally, in his lighter sketches, his canvass is quite too crowded; and a sense of vagueness — of something sometimes sufficiently droll, it may be, but still always shadowy and in patches — detracts from the merit of his humorous performances. Let him curb his fancy somewhat, when it is most disposed to curvet and rollick, if he desire to gain or retain his reader's remembrance and admiration. '*Pickwick*,' for example, is inimitable in its humor; but that humor is never confused, nor frittered away in elevating trifles, unless they are effectively accessory to the writer's purpose. The '*Potters' Field*' is not ill conceived. It has a touch of the German spirit, with something Radcliffian in language; and it brings collateral satire to bear upon certain abuses of the cold and heartless present. The '*Motley Book*' is illustrated by three engravings on wood, and the whole is creditable in externala. *JAMES TURNER, Jr.*, Gold-street.

'*THE NEW-YORKER*.' — The fifth volume of this widely-circulated weekly journal will commence on the 24th instant. The favorable opinion which we have heretofore expressed of this periodical, has been enhanced by its increasing merit. Its literary articles, original and selected, evince talent and good taste, its editorial department great industry and sound judgment, and its criticisms, discrimination and fearless candor. Its professed political aims are, to exhibit the views of all parties and sects, as set forth by their leaders and oracles. *PARK BENJAMIN, Esq.*, Editor of the '*American Monthly Magazine*,' has recently assumed the supervision of the literary department. There is a city and foreign department, under the charge of Dr. *ELDRIDGE*, a competent co-laborer with Messrs. *GREELEY* and *BENJAMIN*, in the editorial conduct of the work. We cordially wish the '*New-Yorker*' that support, to which it presents undeniable claims, and which it has secured, to an almost unexampled extent.

PORTRAIT OF OSCEOLA. — A full length likeness of *OSCEOLA*, drawn on stone by one of our first artists, will soon be published. The sketch was taken in May last, from life, by Capt. *J. R. VINTON*, of the United States' Army, and includes a view of the *locala*, Lake Monroe and the adjacent scenery. It is a striking portrait of the renowned warrior, while in full health and vigor. It will be executed upon fine India paper, in the first style of the art, and with an appropriate margin for binding. New-York: *WILLIAM W. HOOPER*, engraver, 126 Nassau-street.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, for the February quarter, has just been published. It is a full and varied number. The contents embrace, among other things, the singular story of a lady in New-Hampshire, who, after having beheld an exhibition of the aurora borealis, 'gave out lambent glories' for the space of two months, from the extremities of her person, in the shape of electric sparks; and a report of a well-known trial for murder, in Massachusetts, by means of abortion. There are descriptions, moreover, of some splendid funguses, several admirable tumors, one or two pleasing 'issues,' and a beautiful case of 'infantine monstrosity,' of which we perceive our charming bard, O. W. HOLMES, Esq., with characteristic (professional, not poetical,) enthusiasm, has secured a cast. Delightful reading, especially to the uninitiated, are the 'General Therapeutics;' but, beside these and the other attractive subjects we have mentioned, we were chiefly interested in the treatises on ophthalmology, toxicology, staphylophory, and anchylosis—not forgetting the pleasant miscellaneous matter, (we trust we are understood,) in the 'Quarterly Periscope,' or medical 'Editor's Table,' whereon many subjects are cut up with great coolness and evident discrimination. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

'THE GREAT METROPOLIS.'—A second series of the 'Great Metropolis,' by the author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,' has just been issued, in two volumes, by MESSRS. E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. The first of these volumes is much the most novel and entertaining. 'Almacks,' that tyrannical congress of metropolitan 'society'-dealers, is here laid open, in all its ramified details; there is a chapter upon parties and politics; literature, authors, and publishers, furnish themes for two more divisions; and the Bank of England, with its diversified objects of interest, forms the subject of another. A history of, and scenes at, the Stock and Royal Exchanges, and sketches of the Old bailey and Newgate prisons, with some very hard reading under the caption of 'Penny-a-Liners,' complete the second volume. The wit and pathos of the prison portions of the work are labored and feeble; and both are hacknied, withal. For the rest, there is much of entertaining information embraced, in a book-making way; that is, a large piece of bread is covered with a small piece of butter. The style is loose and gossiping, but perhaps it will not be the less attractive on this account, to the general reader.

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.—We have looked over the sheets of a neat pamphlet, from the pen of a resident Virginian, now passing through the press, entitled 'A Defence of the Character of THOMAS JEFFERSON, against a writer in the 'New-York Review.' After animadverting with much severity upon the character and spirit of the article in the review, as well as upon the precepts and practice of the supposed author, the writer proceeds to notice, *seriatim*, the various charges against Mr. JEFFERSON; as his religious opinions, attempts at proselytism, perversions in his 'Ana,' authorship of the Declaration of Independence, etc. The whole concludes with a summary of Mr. JEFFERSON's public acts, and a few reflections upon his life and character. The pamphlet will soon be published.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—A new volume of this periodical commenced in January last, with increased attractions, both in a literary and external point of view. The editor, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., is the capable pilot at the helm, and under him is a 'branch' adjunct, in the person of Mr. ROBERT WALSH, Jr., of Philadelphia, (son of the sometime editor of the American Quarterly Review, and 'National Gazette' newspaper, now abroad,) of whom report speaks favorably. Imbued with the proper American spirit, in relation to our literary interests and repute, rendered entertaining by good contributors, and valuable from unbiassed critical and competent editorial direction, we cannot choose but solicit for the work the patronage which its merits demand, and should secure, and to wish for it a prosperous and useful longevity.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. — A large and very handsome volume, with numerous illustrations by SAM WELLER, JR., and ALFRED CROWQUILL, recently published by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, contains all the 'papers' connected with the life and times of that renowned old twaddler, 'SAMUEL PICKWICK, Esq., G. C., M. P. C.' But what an incarnation of benevolence was he, and what a very clever servant that was of his — young Mr. WELLER! Oh, quite so! Mr. TURNER, Gold-street, has issued a similar edition, but upon a larger type, and with more numerous, and in some instances better, engravings, fac similes of the London edition. WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq. — We have examined a specimen or 'order' copy of a new London edition of CAMPBELL's poems, admirably illustrated, (after the manner of the English issue of ROGERS' 'Italy,') by numerous engravings in the best style of the art. Two or three poems, never before published, will appear in the work. One of these is given in preceding pages of our present number. We cannot doubt that when the splendid volume in question shall have been published in this country, it will command an extensive sale. How indeed should it be otherwise?

THE 'REJECTED ADDRESSES.' — Why is not this admirable work reprinted, and 'Warreniana' along with it? Both are as rich as they are rare. We have had numerous inquiries for the former, but it is not to be obtained. A friend writes us from Buffalo, in this state: 'I possessed, some eighteen years since, a copy of the 'Rejected Addresses,' and lost it by casualty. I have been ever since seeking it, in vain; nor have I seen, in all that time, an extract made from its pages, until I saw yours. I heard of a copy in a private library in Vermont, and commissioned a friend to procure it for me, but as yet without success.'

NEW WORKS. — The BROTHERS HARPER have published, in one volume, with illustrations by CRUIKSHANK, FIELDING's 'AMELIA.' Good wine needs no bush. The same publishers will issue, in the course of the present month, 'Scenery of the Heavens,' by our correspondent, Dr. DICK, of Scotland; Rev. Dr. FISK's Travels in Europe; 'The Monk of Cimidi,' by Mrs. SHERWOOD, and 'Cromwell,' by the popular author of 'The Brothers.'

THE NEW-YORK DAILY WHIG and '**MORNING CHRONICLE**' are two diurnals, of the smaller class, which deserve mention and praise, for literary and other merits. Mr. DAWES, of the former, is a fine poet, a ripe scholar, and an able prose-writer; and the last named journal, aside from its claims as a literary vehicle, is the most perfect specimen of newspaper typography we have ever seen.

THE ALBION. — This excellent literary journal commenced its sixth volume, of the new series, on the first Saturday in January. The two plates of the 'New Houses of Parliament,' and Miss ELLEN TREE, to which we have heretofore referred, have been re-touched by the artist, and together with a new one, of equal merit, will be included in the numbers forwarded to new subscribers.

'MULTUM IN PARVO.' — Messrs. E. L. CAREY AND A. HART have issued, in two very handsome and corpulent volumes, the COMPLETE WORKS of Captain MARRYAT and LADY BLESSINGTON. Fine portraits of each author embellish the volumes.

THE DRAMA. — The dramatic notices for the last month, with much other matter, prepared for the present number, are bidden, by inexorable Necessity, to bide their time. Mr. WALLACE certainly deserves the praise so liberally bestowed by our correspondent; for better scenery, a better company, and better acting, are not to be found hereabout, than at the National Theatre. And equally just is the critique of 'C.' upon the 'Love Chase,' as performed at the Park; since its involutions, convolutions, inversions, and affectations of quaintness, where plain prose is alone the raw matériel, deserved 'showing up.' Yet are we compelled to omit both these articles, 'and nameless numbers moe.'

*. The poetical favors of three or four valued correspondents, some of which are in type, have prevented accidental barriers to insertion. 'King Christian,' 'Marks of Time,' and 'Our Wedding-Days,' will appear in the April number.

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THE POWER OF MIND.

PART ONE.

AMONG the earliest ideas which we form, is that of power. When its exertion is seen, our interest is always excited, and where there is a possibility that it may be possessed and wielded by us, at our pleasure, its possession is intensely desired. 'The infant,' says Dr. Brown, 'is pleased, when we shake for the first time the bells of his little rattle, before we put it into his possession; but when he has it in his own hands, and makes the noise, which is then such delightful music to his ear, by his own effort, his rapture is more than doubled.' This desire of power grows with our growth, and extends through the whole circle of faculties which we call into successive exercise, and to nearly all the objects with which we find ourselves surrounded. We learn indeed to control its exercise, and we strive to dissimulate, when conscious of its existence, and are unwilling to permit the disclosure of its influence. But this only shows the extent to which its prevalence may be traced.

The simple desire of power is not of itself, not necessarily, wrong. It is not one of those dispositions against which we are bound to wage unceasing war for its extinction. On the contrary, many valuable and important purposes are promoted by it. Its uncontrolled indulgence, or its mere subordination to the principle of self-aggrandizement, is indeed much to be deprecated. And perhaps unfortunately for the good name of this desire of power, its perversion has most frequently attended its successful prosecution.

The mere power of muscular force, which we possess in common with the brute creation, and in an inferior degree to many of them, is surely not that which gives any ennobling distinction to us, or on account of which we have any high cause for self-gratulation. It is very often possessed, to the greatest extent, by those who seem endued with very few estimable qualities of heart or mind. Nor is the power which wealth, or rank, or ancestry gives, though certainly elevated above the level of that which consists in brute force, to be considered as invested with any thing like the same interest, to the noble and ingenuous soul, as the power of mind.

This is the subject, which too tamely, perhaps too presumptuously, we have selected for the present consideration of the reader. What school-boy has not written something upon the power of mind?

and what philosopher has ever fully analyzed it? With no pretensions to have struck out new light on such a topic, our humble purpose shall be, to concentrate, and profitably direct, some rays of the old. We shall endeavor briefly to sketch the appropriate sphere of its exercise; offer some practical suggestions on the means of increasing this power; and then consider the motives by which its exercise, and the desire of its acquisition, ought always to be controlled.

The first thing proposed is, to sketch the appropriate sphere for the exercise, or the development of the power of mind. It has indeed an ample field — from the lowest act, dependant on the will, upward through all the simple and complex arrangement of ingenious mechanism, comprising by far the most interesting of all the relations we sustain to the material universe. The power, too, of adaptation and subserviency; where the ascertainment of nature's laws gives to this power of mind the opportunity of rendering nature's most steadfast course obedient to some useful subordinate purposes to which man desires to direct it; and last of all, and chief of all, the power over mind itself, either our own or the mind of others, in all its faculties, understanding, affections, and will. To give a few of the simplest illustrations in each of these departments, must suffice.

The first and lowest exercise of the power of mind, above noticed, is when the mechanical powers are applied for the accomplishment of some object, to which our physical energy, without this assistance, would be inadequate. Necessity, that prolific mother of useful inventions, must early have led to the discovery and application of the simpler mechanical powers; and perhaps no nation or tribe of men has ever been found so ignorant, as not to have employed some of them, to accomplish that which the hand or the shoulder was found unequal to, without this aid. In the absence of all historical records, of the first invention and application of so simple a contrivance, conjecture may easily and safely suggest the process. When, in erecting their first rude dwellings, or in removing some obstructions from an oft-frequented pathway, man, unaided by his fellows, had found his own strength unequal to the task of raising the mass of stone or wood, which his purpose required him to remove, he casts around him for the means of its accomplishment. Accidental observation may, in many ways, have taught him, for instance, the use of the lever. Accustomed, as he would be, to the observation of the simplest objects and occurrences in nature, we can conceive of no way in which he would more likely discover this power, than by beholding the sturdy trunks or even roots of lofty trees, caused to move, to vibrate by the power of the winds on their tops; when the same power, or a far greater, if applied near to the ground, would produce no effect. The inference and the application would be easy. With some long branch of the tree, of convenient size, he repairs again to the object he had just found too ponderous to be moved by his hand. Placing one end of this rude lever-bar under the mass, and fixing a rest or fulcrum, he applies his hand to the other end, and as he finds the object accomplished with ease, he experiences a satisfaction arising from the same principle, which gives delight, on the other hand, to the infant first shaking his rattle, and on the other to the philosopher of Syracuse, exclaiming with ecstasy, on accomplishing the solution

of a difficult and important problem, 'εὐρεῖν αὐτὴν ! εὐρεῖν αὐτὴν !' From this lowest specimen of the power of mind — so low, indeed, that perhaps it will be contended that there is no mind about it — you may go upward, step by step, through all the simple and combined exercise of mechanical skill, in giving new force, or rather new modifications and useful varieties to the application of force, from the simplest artificer's wedge or wheel, to the astonishing achievements of Archimedes, in the defence of an ancient, or that of Crale, in that of a more modern, city ; where, so confident were a small garrison of the power of mind, that they dared an overwhelming army to the assault, and by the machines of their ingenuity, sent them back discomfited and overwhelmed.

The power of adaptation and subserviency may be variously illustrated. In hydraulics, or the application of water-falls to the moving of machinery, where a knowledge of the principles of gravitation, and the force of fluids, enables man to apply that force, which before expended itself in vain, to any of his purposes ; in the expansive force of rapid combustion, which has led to the discovery and application of gunpowder ; in the power of steam, also, which is now developed in some of the most splendid exhibitions of human skill and ingenuity which have marked the progress of modern discovery. The polarity of the magnet is, in the mariner's compass, made subservient to the most useful and important purposes ; and the transit of a planet, which with mathematical precision is anticipated, furnishes, in its occurrence, the means or the opportunity for still farther and more interesting discovery. So the air and the light, the tides and the winds, the instincts of animals, and most of the properties of matter, man, by the power of mind, investigates, and then, by an adaptation in itself as simple as its results are wonderful, makes them subservient to his purposes. How noble, in this respect, are our endowments, and how gloriously do they illustrate the wisdom of the Author of our being ! Many things which He has placed entirely beyond our control, whose natures we cannot alter, whose course we can neither stop nor change, we are thus permitted, by a knowledge of their properties, and by a confidence in the stability of their course, to make almost as directly, and far more extensively, subservient to our own benefit, than though their natures and movements were entirely under our direction.

But the power of mind over mind, over itself and over others', is the noblest of its achievements. By this, he who has skill to wield the energies within him, may control, to an almost indefinite extent, the noblest of the works of God. By argument, he can carry conviction to the reason, and bend the understanding to his purpose. By sympathy, and all the other inlets to the heart, he wins over its affections, and makes them coöperate in the attainment of his objects. By imagination, and the graphic delineations and vivid coloring of the brilliant images made successively to pass before the contemplation, an ideal presence arrests and enchains the attention. Then, having yielded ourselves up to the entire control of the potent enchantment, by the combined influence of motives which the understanding admits, and the affections and imagination coöperate to strengthen, the will is gained, and whatever of influence and aid is in our power,

becomes subsidiary to the aims of him who thus wields our minds by the powers of his own. Perhaps no more perfect illustration of this influence can be found, than in the finished orator, whose clear philosophy sheds light upon the understandings of his hearers, whose sincere and deep conviction of the truth and importance of what he advances, gains over their sympathies and confidence to his side; and who unites with all the rest the real spirit of impassioned poetry, and into the creations of his fancy knows how to infuse so much of seeming truth, as for the time to make us forget that they are ideal. To all these requisites, we have only to add, that he should be of sound integrity, having principles too stern to yield to any flattering temptations which might prompt him to make the worse appear the better side; and then, if no unfriendly prejudices exist in those who listen to him, his triumph will be complete. With what an exulting consciousness of power may such a man rise up, knowing that the eyes of thousands are eagerly turned upon him, and feeling in himself the full assurance, that the high-wrought expectation which causes every heart to beat with impatience, and every ear of the mute throng to be turned to catch each accent from his lips, he can more than realize. Such examples of mental power we are sometimes permitted to see, in our halls of legislation, and in our courts of justice, and more rarely, perhaps, ministering at the altars of religion. If there be any where a more noble illustration of the power of mind than this, it is only where, with all this consciousness of the strength that can be put forth, at will, upon extraneous objects, the possessor nobly chooses to direct those energies inward, and gain a moral triumph more truly noble, because less pompously dazzling, by self-control, than which nothing seems to the inconsiderate more easy, or is found practically more difficult; which is despised by those who never practice it, and neglected by those who need it most; which increases in difficulty as we increase our power over others, and the want of which is seldom suspected, until that very want has insured the destruction of our best interests. How many, alas! by its habitual neglect, have blasted the hopes of their friends and their country, and when too late to repair the mischief, have sat down to brood in sullen despondency over the perversion of those powers, which, if more discreetly directed, would have secured their own happiness, and sensibly augmented that of their fellow creatures. Had that peerless man of modern times, whose sun of glory went down in clouds and blood at Waterloo, remembered that there was a nobler and more difficult victory to achieve, than those he won over the beleaguering hosts of enemies which he led, in successive triumph, through almost every nation in Europe; had he turned that power inward upon himself, which in its goings forth seemed to set the world on fire, then would not his closing scenes have formed so melancholy, and humbling, and even pitiful a contrast with that splendid pageantry in which he had moved before. Then, too, would not France, beautiful and chivalrous France, after having waded through an ocean of blood in the accomplishment of one revolution, have been forced to sit down for almost a score of years, under the rule of monarchs imposed on her by foreign armies; and when submission to their senseless and un-

blushing attempts at lawless tyranny had ceased to be a virtue, she would not have been constrained to come forth again and put her all at hazard, as we recently beheld it, between the clamors of anarchy on the one hand, and a more grievous despotism on the other.

In considering some of the means by which the power of mind may be increased, it cannot be too constantly remembered, that the laws of matter, and many of the principles and rules applicable to its control, are here entirely irrelevant. To withdraw the attention from the various and enchanting phenomena without, to the more wonderful but generally unnoticed process continually advancing within, is not, to the great mass, found an easy task. But though difficult at the commencement, it is indispensable to our success in self-improvement, and is rendered by repeated efforts, not only less irksome, but even welcome and delightful.

The very first of the means I mention for increasing the power of mind, is possessing ourselves of a deep and permanent conviction of the superior value of mental over other acquisitions. He will never probably make any considerable advances in the cultivation and improvement of a mind, of the possession of which he remains, willingly, almost unconscious. Nor will he greatly profit by any suggestions for its elevation and efficiency, if he is continually disposed to place sensual gratifications, or even the accumulation of wealth, and the dazzling array of equipage and show, in the first rank of desirable acquisitions. The mind and the heart will feel the power of their own natural associations attracting them irresistibly to the objects of their preference. He cannot, with a becoming relish, use the means of mental discipline and improvement, whose face is always mantled with blushes when he meets one who possesses a few hundreds or thousands more of this world's pelf than himself; who, however degraded may be his intellect, is an object of envy for his pecuniary possessions. But to pour forth the most bitter invectives against this absurd but too common preference, would accomplish very little toward its removal. Still, we may be permitted, with deference, to suggest, that in a country proverbially characterized for the eager prosecution of gain, where no object of emulation is more generally cherished than mammon, which, whether obtained or not, has in so many instances proved the object of a most unholy and debasing idolatry, there may be cause to fear lest the contagious influence of example should supplant whatever of preference we may have felt disposed to award to mental culture, and thus carry us away in the surrounding dense crowd of the votaries of wealth. These considerations suggest the propriety of mentioning, as the first means for increasing the power of mind, this necessary conviction of its superior importance. Now, by whatever process this conviction can be most easily and firmly produced, let it be preëminently and broadly laid, at the very threshold.

Another most essential means of increasing mental power, is to have great objects in view. Superior power of mind is the effect, as much as it is the cause, of aiming at elevated attainments. To fix the mind upon trifling objects will produce a trifling mind; and it is not easy to say how much of what is called genius, is the effect

of steadily contemplating and ardently pursuing degrees of excellence worthy of the human understanding.

The object thus selected, may not, in every instance, be such as would commend the wisdom of its choice to universal approbation. It is sufficient that he who chooses it finds a full justification for his present preference, in the peculiar circumstances which surround him, or the specific purpose which he has in view. The eloquent and philosophical John Foster, in his essay on decision of character, defends the philanthropist Howard from the censure of the mere votaries of taste, who have ventured to complain that, on one of his errands of mercy, he could visit Rome, and, impelled by the consciousness of urgent duty, actually refuse himself time to survey the magnificence of its ruins. He closes the paragraph by remarking of this conduct, that it implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had one thing to do; and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, may look like insanity.

It was not without a knowledge of the nature of man, that the astronomer in Rasselas, who imagined that he governed the winds and presided over the powers of nature, is made to be so profound in his science. Even this partial derangement might, and probably would, conduce to a vigorous acquisition of knowledge, by confining his attention to the subject in which he supposed himself to have so important a part, and so great responsibility. It is the ambitious purpose of high attainment in every thing at once, which has frittered away the force of many minds nobly endowed, and which, if judiciously controlled and directed to the attainment of almost any single object, might not only have reached that goal with comparative ease, but would also have acquired a power or a momentum in that progress, which would afterward have enabled them to enter new fields, and attempt new enterprises, with success.

And here let us suggest, whether the lyceums and various literary and scientific associations, which have been so rapidly multiplied of late, can be reasonably expected to accomplish all the benign results for which they have been instituted, and which seem to lie fairly within their sphere, unless such subordinate divisions of labor and of object be marked out by their members for themselves, as their peculiar taste, capacity, necessity, or any other circumstance, seem to indicate as their appropriate pursuit. That the general institution is, in each case, easily susceptible of such a modification as should allow and facilitate the subordinate organization of classes, for the prosecution of any specific branch of natural or moral science — of forensic exercise, or of combined wisdom and discussion in the great and too long neglected science of instruction — cannot admit of doubt. The results of these investigations would, in many instances, furnish the most appropriate and interesting exercises of the whole association. While the general combination would facilitate and not retard, the several subordinate classes, the parent stock would thus engraft these thrifty branches upon itself, not only for their support, but would also, by their agency, secure its own vigor, and greatly extend its usefulness.

If to have noble and definite objects in view, be an important means of improving and strengthening the mind, then obviously it is an advantage where these objects are proposed in early life. Then the mind will feed upon its most nourishing aliment, and grow great and powerful by the animation, the industry, the fortitude, and hope, which its object produces. Were we furnished with a biography sufficiently minute of those whose intellectual achievements have made their names immortal, we should probably discover, that their minds were early filled with such objects as best fitted them for that specific success which has given them celebrity. Newton, at the age of twenty-two, had sketched the plan of his greatest productions, his *Optics* and *Principia*, and the Roman conqueror, who destroyed the liberties of his country, determined, at the age of sixteen, to be made perpetual dictator. We know, too, at what an early age our own Franklin fixed in his mind the honorable purpose of reaching an elevation to which the thoughts and aspirations of those around him seem never to have been directed. Facts, therefore, confirm the position, that an early proposal of great objects is an effectual aid to the attainment of mental power.

Another means of great importance, is exercise ; such as is best adapted to give exact, various, and thorough discipline to the mind. Any one who has not subjected his mental powers to such discipline, though he may have what is called great native strength of mind, will not be able to bring it to bear upon any proposed object, in such a manner as to insure his success. His efforts, when compared with one who had profited by previous discipline, would be like the untrained elephant in battle, equally perilous to friends and foes, rather than like the same noble animal, when properly prepared by preceding exercise, the great means of terror and triumph in ancient war. It would lead us too far into detail, to consider minutely the best plans of mental discipline. The exercise of the different powers of the human mind, with direct reference to some definite object, will undoubtedly secure this discipline most effectually. Whether in so short a life, and with such a variety of objects for our pursuit, which may directly minister to pleasure and utility, it be worth while to spend either time or energy on any which cannot promote these, but are only useful indirectly, by the discipline which they induce, may certainly be questioned, though we by no means hazard an absolute decision. It should not be forgotten, that the best exercise of the judgment is found in those studies which, while they afford sufficient action for the mind, are divested of those considerations which may bias us against, or in favor of, the truths they convey. Such are the mathematics, and several branches of philosophy, and indeed almost all the natural sciences. They are waters deep, clear, and invigorating to the mind. While successfully exploring them, it gains that consciousness of its powers which is indispensable to any noble attempts. It is a mistake which has often proved fatal to such as have enjoyed and profited by the means of early improvement, that the discipline of the mind by those studies which are employed in the first stages of mental culture, may be laid aside when the period has arrived that knowledge is to be applied to use, and the talents exercised in the active pursuits of life. It seems strange, when the

principle is so well established, that the mind must be disciplined by the study of polite literature to cultivate the taste, and by application to mathematics, to strengthen the reasoning powers, and to form habits of close attention, that it should be concluded these studies have no farther use when a collegiate or academic course is finished, and they are no longer forced upon us by the authority of a master. In military life, the success of an actual engagement is deemed dependant on the continuance of frequent discipline in the camp; and for a similar reason, the mind requires the frequent application to its early pursuits. It was the discernment of this which led Tully to exercise himself by declamation after he had become the first orator of Rome, and a former distinguished Chief Justice, of Massachusetts, to begin the day with a diagram, and frequently to preside on the bench, it is said, with Homer by his side. It is a neglect of such auxiliary studies as should sustain and give a persevering tone of high exertion to their minds, which had caused many who were scholars of high promise, and reckoned giants of intellect, to prove mere pigmies in their professions. One who had well considered this perversion, thus exclaims: 'No wonder that lawyers, laying aside their rhetoric, become loquacious; or clergymen, forgetting their logic, turn enthusiasts.'

We shall consider, among other things, in another and concluding number, how far the increase of mental power is favored by attempts at originality; the beneficial influence of religion upon the mind; how its capabilities are strengthened by impediments; why we should desire an increase of its power, and to what end direct it.

COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EUGENE ARAM,' 'ERNEST MALTEAVERS,' ETC.

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill,
We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets:

And though we lay in a lowly bower,
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower,
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride, to woo
The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell; and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sister's hearts, but not,
Oh, not to ours!

TO AN APRIL FLOWER.

DEAR little flower!
 My heart swells strangely, as I look on thee,
 When April shower
 And scanty sunbeams let thy blossoms free,
 And thy young trusting eye looks up to me!

But, fragile thing!
 Hast thou the power of the wind-tempest tried?
 Where wilt thou cling,
 Or where from danger canst thou hope to hide,
 When the storm-spirit o'er the earth shall ride!

And if the storm
 Haply should spare thee, one may wander nigh,
 And thy fair form,
 Admired a moment, then cast idly by,
 Alone, neglected on the ground to die.

And thus ye fade,
 Bright band of flowers! a day, an hour ye smile,
 In joy arrayed,
 And then death comes, and where, fair things! are ye?
 Beautiful as ye are, oh! who a flower would be!

EFFECTS OF FAMILIARITY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN JENKINS,' 'EDITING AND OTHER MATTERS,' ETC.

As I begin this article, I feel the vast difference between conceiving and executing an intellectual project. Who can do justice to his first vivid impressions of a subject? Whose pen can flee like the courser before the wind, and keep pace with the rapid evolutions of thought? When some time has transpired since we experienced those impressions, the effort to recall them seems like bidding the bloom back to the faded rose. Can you revive the lustre of the meteor's track? Neither can you call back the brilliancy with which a novel thought streamed across your intellectual horizon. The mind's delirious whirl, in the moment of conception, is intensely exciting; but we sit down to write with a placid brow and blood, the demeanor of which would be pronounced exemplary by a jury of ascetics. The difference between the freshness of conception and the coolness of execution, is like the difference between the gay and beautiful coquette of eighteen, and the superannuated miss who has just arrived at the knowledge of the solemn truth that she is marketless. The other night

'As I lay on my bed,
 Lay dreaming at my ease,'

my mind 'took hold of the subject' on which I am about writing, and in a very few minutes, I had compassed all the mysteries of the topic with an ease, and grace, and truth, which I feel I may not hope to

recall as I write. But with Dr. Johnson for my mentor, (the Doctor told Boswell a man could write at any time, provided he went at it doggedly,) I will essay the task.

There is an old proverb, which teacheth that familiarity breeds contempt. This, like many other 'fragments of former wisdom,' as D'Israeli denominates these sayings, contains scarcely enough truth to leaven it. Indeed, like many of the same family which Charles Lamb has shown up, in most cases to which it would seem applicable, it is a profound fib. Familiarity with the doings of many of our species may, with great propriety, inspire us with contempt for them; but it is also an indispensable preliminary to friendship, love, admiration, and a host of other feelings. But let us have done with general remarks, and come at once to individual instances.

Lying in bed of a boisterous, windy night, within ear-shot of the roar of the sea-gods, one's imagination is very apt to take advantage of the occasion, to fancy how the night fares with those who, like Lear, are exposed to the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.'* The angry sea, with its wild garniture of foam and billows, heaves and tosses before the mind, and we see a ship reeling dreadfully to and fro, while the waters make a complete breach over her decks, and the tempest strains and splits the bellying canvass into tatters. One is quite apt, just then, to conclude that 'brave mariners' have a hard time of it, and to expend a very large and very useless amount of sympathy in their behalf. But what care they for the demons who are shrieking above and beneath them? They are accustomed to such scenes, and familiarity contemns the dangers of sky and sea. Our imaginations cause us lubbers, who are blanketed and wrapped up to the chin, more shuddering than the storm awakens in the breasts of the honest tars, who, 'high upon the giddy mast,' sway as securely as doth the young bird in its leafy nest, when the winds shiver its native bough. So also may the same hardihood be affirmed of the soldier. We are not given to fancy much fun on a field of battle, when the bullets are whizzing like hail, smiting to the earth the form of many a good fellow. But how is it with your old campaigner? Does he quake, and is his step unsteady? No! It is his vocation, and after the first round, the blood courseth merrily on its 'winding way' through his veins. He hath no dread of grim carnage; and it seemeth to him more fitting to die of a bullet than a doctor, and to send the soul to its long home to the music of artillery, a better way of 'shuffling off its mortal coil,' than to have it forced out of its fleshy tabernacle by a fever, while surrounded by the dolorous faces of one's kindred. Habit blunts the sense of danger, as well as the sensibility which hath controversy with mint-juleps, and of the sailor, the seaman, and the toper, it may be said, that familiarity hath bred contempt for what appears to us lookers on to be most imminent peril.

Who that has been entranced when hanging over the pages of an admired author, does not feel a sense of awe, similar to that felt by Boswell, when he first met Johnson, when he has been presented to him for the first time? In imagination, the form of a distinguished and as yet unseen writer looms before us like a demi-god. We fancy him a being of marvellous dignity, endowed with wit and intellec-

tual powers, which would cause us to shrink to very pigmies in his presence. It would be pleasant, we think, to look on the god-like brow, and to drink in some of the heavenly eloquence which proceeds from the lips of the oracle. But then how awful to lift up one's own tiny voice, and to speak of one's own accord in such an inspired atmosphere! If Plato would befriend us, as he did Perseus by the loan of his helmet, which would confer invisibility on us, the meeting with such a superior being would be truly edifying. But voluntarily to assume the responsibility of placing our own dwarfish proportions where the sun-like eye of genius can look us through and through, is too dreadful to think of. After various conflicts, and shifting of purposes, however, curiosity gets the whip-end of our timidity, and with a palpitating heart and tremulous knee, we approach the great man. Our bewilderment, for a while, is overwhelmingly great, and would utterly overpower us, but for some resemblance to humanity which the illustrious individual kindly condescends to put forth. We take courage, and look up, and are speedily disenchanted. Then how quickly do our dreams of supernatural gifts vanish! What gay somersets do our expectations throw! We look upon the great man's brow, and it resembleth our own; his voice hath no peculiar music in its tones; and he even deigns to eat and blow his nose, much like other bipeds! We grow bold; we breathe more freely; we open our eyes wide, not fearing immediate blindness, for our temerity, in looking at the intellectual luminary. Our ears are not ravished with notes sweeter than the false syren's. Our minds are not left gazing into the dim distance, at the superior eagle-like thoughts of the genius. The scales fall from the eye; we behold but a man, a compound of strength and weaknesses like ourselves; and we begin to converse with him, without any dread of annihilation. Thus doth familiarity with one whose fame has filled the land, and whose praises are on every lip, convince us that our awful conceptions relative to human greatness are romantic, and that a man of genius is but a modified combination of the very commonest materials that enter into the composition of mortal men.

With what quaking of heart and trembling of nerves do we, for the first time, in fresh-lipped youth, make our obeisance at the shrine of beauty? A beautiful woman is the *ne plus ultra* of all spectacles, to the young and fervid heart. We invest such a being with all the winning attributes of soul and sense. In our visions, we hang entranced on each blue vein that is seen on her transparent brow; her eye is a world of wonder; her cheek and its quick transitions form a visible, though unintelligible, mystery to our speculations; the lips of the enchantress are all that symmetry and music can fashion and fill; and her form is a combination of grace and loveliness. Such an one's mind we deem of too elevated a caste to harbor a thought akin to impurity; and her heart, like some of those blissful regions in South America, is never visited by storms, but is a spot where spring ever smiles, and flowers ever bloom. How incompatible the dross and defilement of common natures seem with such splendors! Our romantic visions reject the suspicion that dirt can defile such deity. We fancy her perfect. We think her heart

is the home of nothing but gentle affections, heavenly hopes, and bland sympathies. Alas, that experience should throw a shadow over the young heart's gorgeous dream of lovely woman ! Well, we meet with one in whom are blended all the brilliant hues of our imaginings. It is not surprising that with the recollections of our dreams clinging to us, we should hesitate and falter, when for the first time we approach one who is about to realize in substance all that has been bright and beautiful in our visions. We address her in tremulous tones, and she answers us with kindness. How we hate, just then, that misanthropy which can discover nothing celestial in man nor woman ! But anon, ' a change comes over the spirit of our dreams.' We have seen the brow of the beauty clouded, and heard, it may be silliness, it may be scorn, emanate from her lips. We investigate the reasons of her changed aspect. Our conclusion is, that she is not made altogether as the angels are. Gradually the imagined perfections fall from the idol of our hearts, and she appears to us beautiful, it is true, but given to associations which would deepen the deformity of ugliness. We withdraw our worship. We feel that we have been victims of a sweet delusion. We give our adoration to the stars, to flowers ; to songs of birds, the glorious ocean, the everlasting mountains ; or we concentrate it on some beau ideal of the mind, which leads us afar from the world and its ways. Thus does the magic which, as we stood afar off, appeared the inalienable property of beauty, give way before acquaintance. Familiarity strips romance from what we idolized, and when truth has fully dawned upon our perceptions, we either laugh at our delusions, or mourn to think that we have been deceived.

It is almost invariably the case, that when our expectations have been high, we meet with disappointments. Truth laughs at our imaginings of human perfection. When romance seizes the pencil and draws with rainbow tints the picture of life, it bears but slight resemblance to the canvass which glows with the colors applied by that master artist, Experience. Genius and beauty appear to the dreamer in false lights : the one is hallowed by all that is glorious in thought, and the other wears all that is divine to the fancy. Of course when we meet with their possessors in society, they fail to sustain our expectation. There are unexpected weaknesses connected with the one, and the other is not without blemish. The real conflicts with the shadowy. The man may be greater, and the woman more beautiful, than we imagined, but as they are not as we dreamed them, we turn away unsatisfied. Familiarity lowers our estimate. We stand corrected by truth, and become philosophical, or cling to the starry forms which haunt our visions and become romantic. The effect is to rationalize or to idealize our natures.

Indeed, familiarity is fatal to romance. How many of the splendid imaginings and wild superstitions which poetized the human mind in the morning twilight of knowledge, have been banished from the earth ! Science, like a Vandal conqueror, strides on in his career, and strews his path with the wrecks of an elder world. Romance and superstition, those nymphs of the world's morning, seek their caves, and call in their broods, as the sun of knowledge ascends in the heavens. The age of magicians, oracles, and soothsayers is num-

bered with the distant past. Mythology has yielded up its empire ; Olympus and Ida are no longer sacred ; Naiads have forsaken Illysus, and there are no nymphs in the Delphian vale. The horoscope has been falsified by astronomy. The telescope has banished fiction from the stars. Astrology, and its profound professors, the Rosicrucians, Paracelsus and his sidereal influences, are only summoned from their misty tombs to be laughed at. Alchemy is superseded ; for we find the philosopher's stone in commerce, and an *elixir vita* in Hygeian pills ! Our rejuvenating fountain floweth from Burgundy. Lapland hags no longer cut up their pranks in the face of the stars, and pretty girls are our only dealers in witchcraft. Instead of seeing sylphs sailing on moonbeams, we see them, robed in satin, dancing in the garish light of ball-rooms. The moon has been proved to be — not green cheese. It is strongly suspected that the milky-way, instead of being the path by which the gods go to their homes, is nothing but an infinite assemblage of suns and systems of worlds. Neptune and the Nereids have been drowned. The Hyperborean regions, instead of being wrapped for ever in the thick folds of darkness, are found to be the homes of eternal light, as the sun and moon and aurora very kindly attend alternately to their illumination. The pillars of Hercules are nothing but heaps of stone and dirt. The garden of the Hesperides is out here in glorious old Kentucky. These are but specimens of the changes which our familiarity with earth, sea, and sky has achieved. Hills and valleys, rivers and forests have been invaded by the votaries of science, and disenchanted and depopulated. Romance is adjusting her pinions on the mountain top, preparing to take her flight from earth for ever.

And whither shall the dreamy-eyed nymph flee ? To the stars ; for while familiarity with the heavens has banished much of the fiction which rapt star-gazers used to dwell on and shudder at, yet it has made us ample recompense in affluent resources for speculation and thought. If the haunts of the human imagination are devastated on earth — if romance is homeless below — they may revel for ever in realms which the telescope has made visible to man. And in this way does science compensate us for all that he destroys. He tears down some of the temples in which men worshipped when the world was young, but for every one which crumbles before his power, ten others, a thousand fold more magnificent, spring up, as by enchantment, on its ruins. If Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars have been rendered useless in foretelling human destinies, the loss is abundantly made up to us by the rings of the first, the satellites of the second, and the belts of the third.

Does familiarity with the heavens breed contempt for their all-engrossing grandeur ? To the uninstructed eye, the stars seem but sparks of fire, glittering in the blue immensity above ; while to the enlightened vision they are suns, surrounded by worlds, which are the homes of the heirs of immortality. Familiarity with them gives a boundless expanse to the regions of imagination, and imparts the quality of the fabled Phoenix to our enthusiasm. Gaze upon Sirius, contemplate his distance and his magnitude, and then say if he has lost any thing in glorious associations since it has been discovered that he is not merely an index to the rising of the Nile ! There is

something touching and poetical in the old idea of the lost Pleiad ; but say, have the 'seven sisters,' has that remarkable cluster, suffered aught in 'sweet influences' since, instead of six, the Pleiades have been found to number two hundred stars ? The 'bands of Orion' are still beautiful and bright as when they were seen by Job, and as I now gaze at them through my casement, I feel that the telescope is a true friend to poetry. Who would not be familiar with the stars ? Who would wish to gaze upon them with the weird faith of the astrologer, or watch their courses in the ignorance which shrouded the speculations of the shepherds on the plains of Shinar ? Who would not rather, as he watches them, trace out suns and systems, than, with unanointed eyes, see nothing but spangles on the imperial robe of night ? Hazlitt was wrong in saying we should never have another Jacob's dream, because the heavens had gone farther off, and grown astronomical.

Our first impressions of character are stubborn. We are prone to preserve them, as change involves a sacrifice of vanity. Notwithstanding they frequently attain to the strength of prejudices, yet familiarity may banish them. We meet a person casually. There is that about him which excites our dislike — some awkwardness of manner, or ugliness of feature, or rudeness of speech — some word, look or action, which thoroughly disgusts us, and we turn from him with loathing. On some succeeding occasion we are again thrown into his company, and the laws of society compel us to pay him some attention. We approach him, as we approach a dentist when we have the tooth-ache, not from inclination but overruling necessity. He appears under a changed aspect. Our preconceived opinions of his powers of pleasing us give way. Gradually he wins on our admiration. He gains our confidence. We form an attachment for him. He becomes a welcome visitor at our hearth. Familiarity changes our opinions ; and we hail a friend in one to whom our feelings were at first decidedly inimical. This is one of the influences of familiarity over our judgments. It also frequently confirms and deepens our first dislikes, particularly if the fellow happens to be brute-like at heart, and Bæotian in the caste of his intellect.

You have had a very dear friend — one who became a sharer of your most sacred confidence. He was indispensable to your happiness. You consulted him on the most important of your interests. With him you roved through the forests, or climbed the hill that overlooks the river which you love. To him you breathed your unexecuted projects of love, literature, or business. Your affections clung to every thing which was part of him. You would have been displeased, if he had changed the swing of his arm. Your attachment extended to his seedy coat. You would have resented an indignity shown his old hat. Indeed you felt that your affection for his good qualities branched out kindly even toward his foibles and his wardrobe. Familiarity had endeared all that was associated with him to your heart. If he changed his residence, you continued to love the house in which you formerly visited him. And thus does familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, fill us with affections for persons and objects. How we love to read 'old familiar faces,' as Lamb terms them. The eye can never be satisfied,

though it has dwelt thousands of times on every lineament. In the same manner we love to look on objects which are most familiar to our sight. Like Goldsmith, we think the horizon which embraces old familiar objects, the most charming the world contains. We love to walk in our old accustomed paths. We think the tree in whose grateful shade we have oftenest reposed, the most beautiful of all that throw their stalwart branches heavenward. The birds sing most sweetly in the groves with which we are best acquainted. The skies are brightest, and the clouds are thickest thronged with gathering and dissolving pictures, which overhang our abiding places. Our slumbers are lightest, and our dreams rosiest, when our heads repose on pillows we have pressed a thousand times. The moonbeams are softest on the island whose every shrub has met our gaze. The flowers are brightest which bloom in the garden beneath our window, and the breezes which wanton over them have a peculiarly delicate way of wafting their rifled sweets to our nostrils. The coquettish little stream that babbles and flirts through well-known woodlands, like a beauty at a ball, has graces that are singularly winning. Streams oftenest seen, murmur the softest melody in our ears. Even as Boreas and his ruthless myrmidons sweep through our accustomed forests, their roar has peculiar intonations, and we fancy 'something exquisite in it.' Such are some of the charms which cluster around our abode, hallowed as it is by familiarity.

Does familiarity with the beauties of nature dull your admiration? Is the hue of the rose, or the fragrance of the sweet briar undervalued by acquaintance? Old ocean's billows never sound listlessly on the ear. Nor do we ever look indifferently on the twilight which lingers in the western heaven. The purple flush on the cheek of morning never grows wearisome to the eye. Mountains around our homes are always majestic. We love the flowers, and the birds, and the 'voices of streams,' more dearly as acquaintance with them lengthens. Stars never grow dim to the astronomer's, or the poet's, or the lover's vision. Moonbeams always dance on rippling waters. The breath of spring is invariably sweet. The Sabbath bells never part with their melody; the oftener we hear them, the more we thank Ben Jonson for having called their sounds the 'poetry of steeples.' And why these effects? Because the objects are all familiar, and familiarity has thrown a thousand hallowed associations around them, and the heart clings to them as portions of its own history.

Music, like wine, improves its flavor by age. One never tires of his sweet-heart's voice. 'Bonnie Doon,' 'John Anderson, my Joe,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Home,' and the like, are sweeter to the sense than any songs of more modern origin, because of our familiarity and long associations with them. As we become familiar with an old author, how we reverence him! How close is the tie which binds old Burton and phlegmatic though he was, to our bosoms! When you have read Hamlet for the hundredth time, has he lost the power of interesting you? What a touching feeling is that with which we regard a book over which we have wept or laughed! How a Christian in Catholic countries loves his cross!

how the stricken pilgrim cherishes his Bible, and how the Persian devotee loves the evening star!

Of all the loves which exercise a tyranny over that restless organ which beats in every bosom, that which looks to novelty for its aliment, we consider most pitiful. We are thankful that we have a love for what is old and familiar to us, from an old friend down to the old shoe which hath kindly accommodated itself to our pedal developments. We hate fashion, because it is ceaselessly innovating forms and styles which have become familiar to our eyes. We love the dress of the Quakers, because it changeth not; and we have a peculiar fondness for the smiles and glances which flash on one from beneath the bonnets which adorn the heads of the female members. We cling to an old hat or coat, which is the relic of a bye-gone fashion, with a most sacred tenacity. We have no wife, and scarcely an old sweet-heart, but certainly the love which man cherishes for these heaven-sent blessings, waxeth stronger as years roll over it, if there is any truth in one's observation. We have an undeclared affection for the venerable spiders that have gracefully festooned the rafters of our attic, and we would cordially resent the impiety which would sweep them down. We are fond of yonder long-legged fellow, whom we discover, by the light of our lamp, twitching his fore foot as if he were nervous, for he is an acquaintance of some standing. It may be that it was his grandfather, of whom our memory taketh cognizance, but he evidently hath a familiar look about him, and that is enough to insure our regard. Yes, yes — we are thankful that the love of novelty is not our curse. We go for the old and the familiar, in preference to what is new; for whatever is well understood, takes hold of one's love, if it be lovely in its nature, in proportion to our familiarity with it. Finally, we are familiar with this rude apartment, in which we have dodged rain-drops, and weathered other storms; and nothing but fire, intense poverty, matrimony, or some other equally grievous calamity, shall ever drive us from the shelter of the roof under which we now subscribe ourself, dear reader, your friend and well-wisher.

Louisville, (Ky.), 1838.

T. H. S.

SONNET.

TO ELIZABETH ———, WHOM I MET WITH A FLOWER-POT IN HER HAND.

I SAW a maiden carrying a flower —
 'T was bright and lovely in its virgin bloom,
 And had an inward incense-breathing power,
 That filled the air with a most rich perfume.
 It smiled on every one that passed, and so
 Did the sweet maiden, bearing it along;
 They were so like in beauty's modest glow,
 I knew that to one race they must belong:
 But oh, the maiden was the fairest far!
 In woman's angel purity enshrined,
 Blending the rose-bud with the beaming star,
 Sweetness of heart with purity of mind:
 I will not say who that sweet girl might be —
 I'll only whisper she was much like thee!

c.

'I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.'

'It is true there are shadows as well as lights, clouds as well as sunshine, thorns as well as roses; but it is a happy world after all.'

I.

'I would not live *always*!' — yet 't is not that here
 There's nothing to live for, and nothing to love;
 The cup of life's blessings, though mingled with tears,
 Is crowned with rich tokens of good from above:
 And dark though the storms of adversity rise,
 Though changes dishearten, and dangers appal,
 Each hath its high purpose, both gracious and wise,
 And a FATHER's kind providence rules over all.

II.

'I would not live *always*!' and yet oh, to die!
 With a shuddering thrill how it palsies the heart!
 We may love, we may pant for, the glory on high,
 Yet tremble and grieve from earth's kindred to part.
 There are ties of deep tenderness drawing us down,
 Which warm round the heart-strings their tendrils will weave;
 And Faith, reaching forth for her heavenly crown,
 Still lingers, embracing the friends she must leave.

III.

'I would not live *always*!' because I am sure
 There's a better, a holier rest in the sky;
 And the hope that looks forth to that heavenly shore,
 Overcomes timid nature's reluctance to die.
 O visions of glory, of bliss, and of love,
 Where sin cannot enter, nor passion enslave,
 Ye have power o'er the heart, to subdue or remove
 The sharpness of death, and the gloom of the grave!

IV.

'I would not live *always*!' yet 't is not that time,
 Its loves, hopes, and friendships, cares, duties, and joys,
 Yield nothing exalted, nor pure, nor sublime,
 The heart to delight, or the soul to employ;
 No! an angel might oftentimes sinlessly dwell
 Mid the innocent scenes to life's pilgrimage given;
 And though passion and folly can make earth a hell,
 To the pure 't is the emblem and gate-way of heaven.

V.

'I would not live *always*!' and yet, while I stay
 In this Eden of time, 'mid these gardens of earth,
 I'd enjoy the sweet flowers and fruits as I may,
 And gain with their treasures whate'er they are worth;
 I would live, as if life were a part of my heaven,
 I would love, as if love were a part of its bliss,
 And I'd take the sweet comforts, so lavishly given,
 As foretastes of that world, in portions, in this.

VI.

'I would not live *always*!' yet willingly wait,
 Be it longer or shorter, life's journey to roam,
 Ever ready and girded, with spirits elate,
 To obey the first call that shall summon me home.
 O yes! it is better, far better, to go
 Where pain, sin, and sorrow can never intrude;
 And yet I would cheerfully tarry below,
 And expecting the BETTER, rejoice in the good.

New-York, March, 1838.

WILLIAM CUTLER.

MY TABLETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTHING ELSE IN PARTICULAR.

WHY, at those times when a serious aspect would best become us — when the spirit of sadness is on all around, and we would fain conform to the pervading influence — arises ever before us some merry thought, like a grinning ape, to mock our lengthened visage? Why, if we are indeed sentient, recognisable beings, having power over ourselves, for good or for evil, are we thus subservient to the elements within? Philosophers, in seeking a cause for this out-of-time perception of the ludicrous, have termed it 'hysteria!' Well, if an uncontrollable disposition to a hearty laugh in the wrong place be indeed a disease, and to be overcome by aught within the range of *materia medica*, commend me to a doctor!

'Oh! thou who art greatly mad, deign to spare me the lesser mad-man!' — would doubtless have been the response of her for whom, last night, my heart so overflowed with sympathy. And then too, when prompted by the spirit of pity, I flung aside cap and bauble, to don the friar's hood, and mutter '*Pax vobiscum!*' brief time did Folly grant for the perpetration of a seriousness, ere she again shook her bells in my ear, and brushed the hood from my face with her coxcomb.

There, beneath the silken draperies, amid the blaze of light, the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, the bright and beautiful around, she stood, like a being of eld. Dwarfish in stature, and monstrously hump-backed; with a head of immense size, ill set upon a neck not larger than the arm of a child. Her years might have been fifteen or fifty! You could not read their record in her face, for there were united the hue of youth, and the wrinkles of age! Robed in black, and without ornament, save a dazzling gem upon her forehead, she seemed the embodied remembrance of a fairy tale.

'Ah!' thought I, 'poor unfortunate! why are you here? Your home may be a sunny place; kind sisters may minister unto you, and your couch be smoothed by the soft hand of maternal affection; the path of your passing hours may be strewn with roses; but here, here you can feel nought but their thorns! In that breast are garnered up all a woman's hopes, and sweet affections. Love! — great God! never, never to be returned! A blighted, cankered, wasting heart must you bear within you to the grave! Silent and alone, will it beat itself to rest, and none will heed its countless, countless throbbings!'

In short, I had by regular gyrations wound myself to the very apex of sentiment, and was ready upon the summit to deluge all around with my tears.

Still silent and abstracted, she stood gazing on the dancers; and crossing the room, I paused beside her. 'Ah!' thought I, 'the brightest flowers have not always the sweetest perfume, and the true gem lies oftentimes in the leaden casket.'

What could she be thinking of? — her gaze so intently following

the mazes of the dance? The waltz! How her eyes sparkled! She turned to me suddenly, and said: 'Do you dance?' 'Yes,' gasped I, feeling at the moment something like a shock of electricity. 'I think of employing a master of the art, to give me some instruction,' rejoined she. 'See! see! how graceful! Oh, I know I should dance well, I'm *so* fond of it!' What a climax! Here was one for whom I had made myself miserable, for a mortal half hour, because she possessed not the beauty of those around her, quite content with the world and herself, and thinking of learning to dance! The sudden transit of feeling from the sublime to the ridiculous, was irresistible, and — heaven forgive me! — I laughed outright.

'*Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior.*'

How incomprehensibly is the love of country interwoven with our natures, and what a power does it exercise over our hearts! Home! It is the exile's hope, though he dwell in lands gorgeous as the fabled East! It is the weary traveller's guiding-star — the goal to which the mariner speeds o'er the bounding wave his dashing prow.

I reside in the house with an elderly English lady — 'a half French, better half English woman,' as 'Elia' says — whose *amor patriæ* a childhood passed in 'la belle France,' and a forty years' residence in America, has not in the least degree diminished, and with whose Saint-George-and-the-Dragon notions I am inclined to quarrel a dozen times a day, while she, I believe, looks upon my independent ideas — my disregard of rank, and refusal to bow to any but the aristocracy of mind — with utter astonishment. Boasting a descent from the nobility of England, and on the maternal side, even from royalty itself — reared in the very precincts of the court of Louis the Sixteenth — still remembering the land of her birth, and abhorring every thing un-English, as foreign — she has from infancy looked upon 'that gilded toy a king,' and upon the pomps and vanities attendant on that state, with almost religious reverence; the greater, perhaps, from the recollection, that on coming to the 'land of liberty,' she was led by the republican arguments of love, to cast off the bonds of maternal restraint, and the rank she did inherit, and to a lowly fortune link her high estate; that estate to which, like the saline wife of the patriarch, she is ever looking longingly back. In our frequent conversations, my reasonings, I am convinced, seem to her to savor of that revolution, of whose horrors she retains a vivid remembrance.

SPEAKING of *amor patriæ*. Some years since, journeying, in the intense month of July, through a part of New-England, our driver stopped before a country inn, for the purpose of watering his horses. It was on the anniversary of the 'glorious Fourth,' and the whole village wore a true holiday aspect. Upon a large green fronting the inn, was erected an arbor of boughs, beneath which was spread a table, whereon traces of feasting yet remained, and where sat men, in that extreme 'o-be-joyful' state, so well befitting the occasion. As the

coach drove up, one arose, and making a great effort to maintain a sober face, and his equilibrium, gave a toast, 'The Fair Sex!' in compliment probably to the ladies of our party, which was received with astounding acclamations; and as a 'gentleman' rolled from his seat, another, in regimentals of the cut of 'seventy-six,' arose, and swaying now this way, now that, held out a brimming bumper, and exclaimed: 'Fel' citizens! I give you JOHN BULL! If ever ag'in he dares to set his foot in this land, to invade it, may Uncle Sam beat him, till he beats his head off!'

I HAVE had a few thoughts on ambition, and some of its varieties. 'He fills his space with deeds, and not with lingering years,' who, like the Spartan Lyncurgus, lives but for the glory, and dies for the welfare, of his country. His was a noble, a self-sacrificing ambition.

The ambition of Brutus was wicked and selfish. 'Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more,' he says in his address to the people. No such thing! 'As he was *ambitious*, I slew him!' Even so! '*Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est*;' and o'er the fallen Cæsar hoped the patriot Brutus to rear the column of his own imperious desires. The disposition has not perished with the Roman. The world hath yet many a Brutus.

The weak yet aspiring ambition of one who overrates himself, was his, who, at the Natural Bridge, climbed nearly up its two hundred feet of rocky side, and there, hanging between the parapet and the abyss — the earth and loose stones crumbling from beneath his feet — sought far, far above all others, to write his name upon the enduring height. Unable, from terror, to accomplish his object, he had inevitably fallen from his lofty perch, but for the kindly aid of a rope, and a helping hand tendered him from above, by which, almost paralyzed with affright, he was drawn to the top in safety.

That of the clown, in Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' who was desirous of enacting the whole play himself, from the 'Lion,' even to 'Wall,' or 'Moonshine,' was a grasping and all-conquering ambition. Had he been born to empire, he had doubtless been an Alexander.

A laudable ambition was his, whose adventure is recorded in an interesting little work, entitled 'Mother Goose's Melodies.' He was evidently, from the tenor of the story, a fisherman. None of your Isaac Walton sort of person, sitting all the day long beside a brook, and angling with flies for trout. No! He disdained even a cod, or a halibut, or any such small fry, as all too mean for his vast purpose. He went boldly down to the sea-side, and there, with a surpassing grandeur of imagination, he

'Baited his hook with a dragon's tail,
And sat on a rock and bobbed for whale!'

This was true ambition. Commend me to the man whose aim is to excel in his vocation.

And he too was ambitious, in a kindred way, who, in an extreme western state, replied to one who asked him, far in the old solemn

wilderness, where his house was: 'Umph!' said he, 'house, eh? I a'n't one o' *them* kind. No, no! I sleep o' nights in the big government purchase, eat raw bear and buffalo, and drink out o' the Mississippi!' Like Daniel Boon, he was ambitious of 'elbow-room,' and heartily detested those losel scouts, who were crowding round him, some not more than a hundred miles off!

TIME was, ere Babel was my habitation, and unbounded leisure my heritage; ere the green and palmy days of youth had ripened into womanhood, or ere I, athirst, bent for a draught at Helicon, and the sweet face of Poësy gleamed up to me through the bright waters; when Broadway to me was not, and this proud city was the Utopia of mine imagination; when I, an untravelled, unsophisticated villager, ambitious of a character for notability, like the little busy bee, 'improved each shining hour.'

When I, a lesser orb, under the tutelage of my maternal planet, shone in the household as 'cook's oracle, and house-keeper's assistant,' and an infallible regenerator of superannuated indescribables. What time I, emulous of Atlas, the great globe-bearer himself, took my world of duties lightly upon my back, and in my circumscribed sphere, sped on through time and space, with a velocity comparable to his — the worthy sometime proprietor and wearer of the famous seven-league boots — shadowless Master Peter Schemil! Ah, me! and have I then shot from my sphere of usefulness, to become here 'a voice, and nothing more?'

Our life! Is it not as the banquet of the ancient Egyptians, where the skeleton PRESENT is ever before us? And from that hidden Isis, the FUTURE, who hath ever raised the veil? But '*Vive la Bagatelle!*'

I am not sad — the world for me
Twirls on its axis merrily:
No grave M. D. prescribes my diet,
My couch yields rest — sweet dreams and quiet:
My heart feels not its weight of years,
It hath high hopes — it hath no fears;
But this deep impress it doth bear,
The names of dear friends graven there.

Music! To the sound of a barrel-organ, my heart bounds with the monkey, its usual accompaniment, or swells with a jews-harp, or one of the thousand strings. But wo is me! Would that mine habitation were in the skirts of Jericho, rather than thus, next door to, and separated from, by a very thin partition, that of a family of musical young ladies, whose ear-torturing 'executions' I am doomed to suffer, from morning to night! There they go! '*U-na vo-ce po-ca fa!*' — piano and voice each in its own independent half dozen keys, with flats and sharps, *ad libitum*. Surely they were taught in chaos, ere time was — or ere the spheres were *tuned* to harmony — or ere 'the morning stars *sang* together!' M. E. H.

MARKS OF TIME.

AN infant boy was playing among flowers ;
 Old TIME, that unbribed register of hours,
 Came hobbling on, but smoothed his wrinkled face,
 To mark the artless joy and blooming grace
 Of the young cherub, on whose cheek so fair
 TIME smiled, and pressed a rosy dimple there.

Next Boyhood followed, with his shout of glee,
 Elastic step, and spirit wild and free
 As the young fawn, that scales the mountain height,
 Or new-fledged eaglet in his sunward flight ;
 TIME cast a glance upon the careless boy,
 Who frolicked onward with a bound of joy !

Then Youth came forward ; his bright glancing eye
 Seemed a reflection of the cloudless sky !
 The dawn of passion, in its purest glow,
 Crimsoned his cheek, and beamed upon his brow,
 Giving expression to his blooming face,
 And to his fragile form a manly grace ;
 His voice was harmony, his speech was truth —
 TIME lightly laid his hand upon the youth.

Manhood next followed, in the sunny prime
 Of life's meridian bloom ; all the sublime
 And beautiful of nature met his view,
 Brightened by Hope, whose radiant pencil drew
 The rich perspective of a scene as fair
 As that which smiled on Eden's sinless pair ;
 Love, fame, and glory, with alternate sway,
 Thrilled his warm heart, and with electric ray
 Illumed his eye, yet still a shade of care,
 Like a light cloud that floats in summer air,
 Would shed at times a transitory gloom,
 But shadowed not one grace of manly bloom.
 TIME sighed, as on his polished brow he wrought
 The first impressive line of care and thought.

Man in his proud maturity came next ;
 A bold review of life, from the broad text
 Of Nature's ample volume ! He had scanned
 Her varied page, and a high course had planned ;
 Humbled ambition, wealth's deceitful smile,
 The loss of friends, disease, and mental toil,
 Had blanched his cheek, and dimmed his ardent eye,
 But spared his noble spirit's energy !
 God's proudest stamp of intellectual grace
 Still shone unclouded on his care-worn face !
 On his high brow still sat the firm resolve
 Of judgment deep, whose issue might involve
 A nation's fate. Yet thoughts of milder glow
 Would oft, like sunbeams o'er a mound of snow,
 Upon his cheek their genial influence cast,
 While musing o'er the bright or shadowy past :
 TIME, as he marked his noblest victim, shed
 The frost of years upon his honored head.

Last came, with trembling limbs and bending form,
 Like the old oak scathed by the wintry storm,
 Man, in the last frail stage of human life ;
 Reason's proud triumph, passion's wild control,
 No more dispute their mastery o'er his soul !
 As rest the billows on the sea-beat shore,
 The war of rivalry is heard no more ;
 Faith's steady light alone illumines his eye,
 For TIME is pointing to ETERNITY !

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE THIRD.

‘And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eye-brow.’

THE youth that but yesterday was an infant, and just now a school-boy, is already before us as a lover. Our life is a shadow. Our ‘seven ages’ are soon told. They pass as rapidly as the incidents in the story of the bean, which little Jack planted, and saw grow, in a few nights, quite out of sight. Our life, too, like this famous bean, bears events, and concludes histories, not second in strangeness and importance to the castles and giants which the latter supported on its slender stalk; for, though fragile and fleeting, our life is the beginning of an eternity: the ‘ages’ all tend to this, and the ‘history’ proceeds.

Adieu, ye innocent pastimes of boyhood! — the ball, the kite, the skate, the top, the hoop, two-ole cat, leap-frog, and going-in-a-swimming! Welcome to your duties, moonlight, night damps, corrosive thought, attempts to shave, a stiff stock, and tight boots! The youth ‘now brushes his hat o’ mornings; what should that bode?’ ‘He rubs himself with civet, and is melancholy;’ in short, he is in love. Who has done this? What spell is cast upon his open spirit? What power bends his head, and why muses he by streams? His horse, his gun, are neglected. He joins not the chorus at the dinner; he remembers not the text at church; he looks not at the parson. Ah! those bright eyes in the gallery have done his business! — those eyes, so soft that but for the eye-brows that arch so gracefully above them, and give them character and force, could never strike so deep a wound. Henceforth, our school-boy is a man.

In considering this chapter of man, we would prepare the reader for serious conclusions. We have not here to deal with love-letters and Cupid’s darts, pretty feet and ankles, nor any of the common flirtations which, as to any effect upon the character, are mere froth and wind. No. Poor fellow! look at him; he ‘sighs like furnace,’ and suffers enough without our ridicule. A vast change is going on within him — a chemical change; and latent heat is evolved, and rolled up through his breast, and out at his mouth and nose, drawing tears from his eyes, and almost blood from his heart. He is suffering an eruption of certain newly-formed combinations, and presents to the by-standers a volcanic appearance. In the passage from boy to man, none escape this trial. Bachelor or husband, all are destined once to ‘sigh like furnace.’

Ordinarily, some token of the coming change is evinced. Large boys and collegians have sweet-hearts, openly and proclaimedly, and begin ‘to brush their hats o’ mornings,’ and to perfume. As the mountain warns the inhabitants upon its sides, by bellowing, and noise, and smoke, of the approaching crisis of melted stones and earths, about to devastate its surface, so these fopperies and fool-

eries are tokens of a no less fiery eruption; and as the one changes the whole face of a country, so the other discovers new features in the character. Sometimes, in the male youth, a passionate love for dogs and horses is the smoke that portends a fire, while in the female, quick tears, sudden resolutions to walk in the street, and to be less regardful of dress than is usual — smiles and sadness, unaccountable and mysterious — show that a change is at hand. The future poetic lover will often show it, in regard for inanimate objects, a favorite spot, a plant, a book. Great amativeness of temperament will, at this time, be apt to fix itself to things, with life and warmth. In the first, love will be a genial glow, that shall ripen his nature, and fertilize his mind. In the latter, it will be a tornado of passion, full of gusts, and squalls, and shipwreck, hurrying him to unripe enjoyments, and forbidden scenes.

Bulwer says finely, in Ernest Maltravers: 'Nine times out of ten, it is over the bridge of sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.' This is the notion of Shakspeare, modernized.

Now it often happens in these affairs — yes, nine times out of ten — that our 'lover' fixes himself as a worshipper at the shrine of some one older than himself. The youth at eighteen or twenty loves the full-blossomed rose of twenty-two or twenty-four. School-misses are too fond of laughing, to appear to have any serious feelings, and young lovers are very solemn. He loves with the devotion of an idolater. He loves the richness, the fulness, the ripeness, of his mistress. Her careless laughter has become tempered to winning smiles, and her sweet seriousness feeds his sad passion. He thinks it is a melancholy sympathy with his fate; for having read that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' he is already preparing himself for a catastrophe. Reason, too, tells him that it all must come to nought. Passion, love of love, urges him on. 'He sucks in melancholy as a weasel sucks eggs.' It nourishes him. He hopes against hope, and conforms to his fate.

Happy may he consider himself, who gives his early romance of feeling, (we will not call it love, in the apostolic sense,) to a worthy object; one who can appreciate the part she has to act toward these young enthusiasts. Woman is never so worshipped, as by those younger than herself. No influence is so powerful as that she may exert over her admirer — none so salutary to him. None can so ripen his taste, his love of elegance and refinement. None can so shield him from the corrupting examples of the world. She will give a meaning to his studies, and the idea of beauty in his mind will call up in him a respect for the beautiful in nature and morals. He will revolt at vice, and recoil from the suggestions of sense. Wherever he is, his divinity is present with him. She is veiled in the cloud, and whispers to him in the breeze. He dreams of her by night, and the thought of her by day gives a tinge of romance to the most common and laborious pursuit. He writes a 'ballad' to her

eye-brow, or to her glossy hair; he paints the rose on her cheek, (for ourselves we do not like red cheeks,) or dwells upon the sweetness of her lips; but it is a 'woful ballad,' for his instinct tells him that she will love another. He knows she ought not to love him; he never expected she would. If she could condescend to that — to love him — to bend from the throne of her peerless beauty, to give to him those harvest charms! Ah, no! He only pleads to admire, to worship, to adore. Man never really loves his superior, nor woman her inferior. When the former occurs, it is idolatry, which never thinks of matrimony, not love.

'And now the day, the hour has come,' when our 'lover' must wake from this trance of youth, and wake he will, like Rip Van Winkle on the mountains, to find all changed. The lady may meet her 'true love,' or he may force open the secret by a hasty avowal, in some hour of mad passion, or may wake naturally, as one wakes from sleep, when he has got enough. There are ways enough to break our youthful dreams. Then despair and thoughts of suicide may be in his mind, while one might count an hundred, and then a flood of tears, long or short, according to the secretions. He already feels better. For the succeeding three months, he will be much by himself, and spend his hours in reading, walking, thinking. Our 'lover' is rather shy of women, and he is become reserved. He has something he does not tell to any. Still he is sorrowful in his cheerfulness, and his smiles are efforts to conceal tears. He grows apace. How ripe his thoughts! How manly his deportment! How respectful to women! In a year or so, our 'lover' will make a capital husband.

We commiserate those who mistake passion for love, and who hurry into matrimony with those whom nature only intended as instruments to fit them for marrying somebody else. This is no injustice to women; for the benefit is often mutual. Women have as much need to undergo this discipline, as men. Very false, then, is the course of those parents who immure their daughters within walls, and teach them to regard a man, unless the one chosen by themselves for a husband, as a kind of dangerous animal. How can a woman be likely to select a proper mate for herself, when any male person whom she may chance to meet, immediately, from her ignorance, becomes invested with a mystery which may easily be nourished into passion by a warm imagination? Perhaps it is not saying too much to affirm, that most unhappy connections in marriage are the result of passion, falsely denominated love. The less of passion in matrimony, the better. Life then, if not wedded bliss, is serene confidence, and respectful affection. Passion, from its very nature, must subside; and it is better that it be experienced in a harmless love affair, and be suffered to evaporate, like a tight-corked soda bottle, drawn forcibly, in foam and sparklings, than to ooze away gradually in wedded bonds, like the same beverage, with a leaky cork, which soon becomes a stale and insipid dose, even for the thirsty.

There is hardly to be found a common saying, which has not some sense at the bottom of it; and though the one we are about to quote contains abhorrent associations, yet for the reasons above noted, it is, in a sense, true. It is said, that 'a reformed rake makes the best

husband.' Why, except that, if he marry at all, he commits the act without passion? Very imaginative men make poor marriages, generally, because they wed upon the spur of the occasion. If we had by us D'Israeli's '*Curiosities of Literature*,' we might fill pages with sorry anecdotes to this point. Patterns for good wives are found, oftener than any where else, at the tables of those who have married some years after the 'age' of writing 'woeful ballads to their mistress' eye brow,' in a calculating spirit, and with a fair balance of profit and loss. This may be a revolting doctrine to those who are yet in the swaddling clothes of inexperience; but as matrimony is to be judged a benefit or disadvantage, according as it produces happiness or misery, we prefer to offend romance rather than fact.

There is great choice in the circumstances under which the lover must be educated for the husband. He must not learn disgust and hate for women; for, take them all in all, they are potent sweeteners of life. He must not learn *his* early sorrow at the hands of a coquette, who will joy in her conquest, and perhaps excite revenge in his bosom. A young man may learn a great deal about his social nature, and arrive at very considerable knowledge of the sex, by an engagement brought about by friends and aunts, under the approbation of parents. This is the hot-house culture of love. In this case, he may be entitled to privileges. He may take the lady's arm under his own, in coming from church, and in walking Broadway. He may visit her at any hour between eleven A. M., and ten P. M.; lounge upon her sofa, wear a silk pocket-handkerchief, and go unperfumed. He may give advice about walking-shoes, insist upon a shawl, help on with India-rubbers, and other occasional gear. A young man of sober blood, (none but second-rate men ever submit to this training,) will grow amazingly in this course. Such an one will soon be cured of smoking, ultra whiskers, or any other extravagance. He will be considered a 'safe man,' and the old merchants, if his father-in-law-to-be is rich, will notice him not a little. The prudent and cold will say he 'is a nice young man,' and every body will pretend to take a deep interest in him, and at the same time feel for him — nothing. A sober serenity shall indeed crown his days, for a season, but he may not thus know the sweetness of the poet's love. Dear is the secret treasure of the heart; and how like heavenly music does that voice sound, that we have run risks to hear! What ecstasy like that short stolen interview, the work of months, the precursor of years of separation — a meeting and a parting in a breath; when tears and smiles are commingled on the cheek, like summer sunshine cooled by summer showers? No; he may not even have the excitement of a quarrel, or the stimulus of a jealous pang; and when the explanation comes, if happily it does come at all, it will be a very orderly affair, and the breaking such feeble bonds will not strain a muscle.

But let it not be thought there is no romance in life, because we contend for the wearing away of this early enthusiasm of passion. The romance of reality, the romance of good sense, is the deepest, the fullest, the highest of all. That is not romance which hurries a young man into the arms of his mistress, and brings both to disappointment and poverty. It is merely nonsense and folly — short-

sightedness and rashness. It is thought that we must be uncommon, to be romantic, no matter how false and unnatural our position. Novelty of circumstance is often mistaken for romance. In love affairs, some, therefore, run away; a lady marries her footman; a master his maid-servant. The mistake in these people is, that though they make the world stare, and sometimes laugh, the actors are aware of their true relation all the time; and the end of the play having come, the curtain, whether of green or dimity, having fallen, the trial begins. Goldsmith never said a wiser thing than his remark, 'that he is a great fool who measures his happiness by what the world thinks of it;' and we complain that there is so much got-up-romance in love and matrimony, so much acting, so much regard to what the world will say, in a matter so entirely private in its nature. It is not infrequent to find the characters in the latest novels and poems being acted out, with much straining and effort, in the very world we walk in. We go to the theatre, and shed tears with the fictitious characters before us; but our eyes are not blinded with grief, because we know it is 'all in fun.' The very next day we have a real *fac simile* of this unreal distress, in which the actors are only kept from crying themselves, because they have the excitement of playing a part. The pageant of the funeral keeps the mourners' eyes dry. It is only at home that we feel sorry.

When a woman of sense — let her have beauty too, (and she will, of some sort, if she be sensible and amiable,) gives her heart to a man of established character, who perhaps has 'sighed like furnace' and got over his fever, and been out in the world to struggle for his place and his reputation; one who has kept his feelings for woman pure by his chasteness, and not mingling too much with them, there is a romance acted; but it is all inside, in the heart. The arrangements for the wedding are made without flutter, and our gentleman, about the right time, walks with composed and dignified step to the house of his betrothed, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. There is no giggling to hide tears, but some honest laughter; there are no melancholy faces, for it is a contract reason approves. There is something natural about it. He takes his wife like a man who walks by day-light. There are no glorious uncertainties here; this is no love-in-a-cottage business. The romance, the delight, we feel in thinking of such a case is, that a man has had the force of character to work his way to deserve the respect of a sensible woman, and to put himself in a situation to repay her affection; that he has subdued his passions to his reason; that he is the oak around which woman, the ivy, may bind its caressing tendrils, and be lifted by it into sunshine. How can you associate that beautiful idea of Irving's with one of the very romantic, dapper little matches of the season? Year goes on after year; still husband and wife are always together, an union of heart and mind. *Now* it is, that the world wonders; *now* they are called 'the romantic couple' — 'love each other so' — 'nothing like it.'

Probably the romance Shakspeare meant to satirize, cannot and ought not to be found in present civilized life, where his language is spoken. That romance of passion the poets love, where life is valueless without woman's smile; that admiration of beauty, which

nerved the arm of the young knight, who gloried to do battle for any petticoat, is extinct; partly because woman is capable of taking some care of herself, and castles are left unguarded. Indeed, our present state of civilization is founded upon a surrender of our tastes and passions to reason and law, no less than the giving up certain privileges for certain protection in life and property. We tacitly agree to conform to general rules in courtship and marriage. Hence the poet and novelist are driven to tell what people think and feel in love, rather than what they do and say; so that romance is the 'history of mind' more truly now, than when it was said to be so, by some great man.

The manner of wooing among the aborigines of our country is delicate and respectful, and what is meant by the term romantic. The lover seats himself near the wigwam of his mistress, and during the long night, pours out the constancy and sincerity of his passion through the reed. The air is monotonous, and plaintive, and full of devotion. We all know how long this devotion lasts. They trap their squaws with music and promises, and make them slaves. The most ardent lovers do not always make the best husbands; and though one may 'sigh like furnace,' and write sonnets to his mistress' eye-brow,' still such eruptions of passion are safest at a distance; and the volcano can only be approached with pleasure and success, when the fire is well smothered.

The age we have endeavored to illustrate, is deeply interesting to the old and the young. The former love to look back upon its fervid interests and wild excitements; perhaps to philosophize upon the passions, and perhaps to find their present safety the result of some sad experience. The latter grow strong in hope, as they feel swelling in their bosoms the energies that begin to pant for action. With the world all before them where to choose, and a self reliance worthy of chivalrous days, no period of life awakens warmer sympathies than that of youth, full of ardor, of generosity, and devotion. But the young man must take care, lest like him who left the caravanserai early in the morning, and was lured from his path by the flowers and syren songs about him, until night set in, and despair took possession of his soul, he also shall sit down and weep bitterly over a too improvident haste, and rash yielding to his impulses.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL EPIDEMICS.

THE faults, alas! or follies of a friend,
We catch and copy, though we can't commend;
As to his virtues, if these e'er create
A rival effort, 't is constrained or late;
These we commend, indeed, but seldom imitate.

Too closely here the body apes the mind;
Ills, ailments, maladies of every kind,
From all around us, we contract with ease:
But, sons of Galen! who shall count your fees,
Could ye but render health as catching as disease!

L I N E S .

'Quisque sum fortune faber est.'

BLAME not the stars nor destinies —
 In thine own hand thy prowess lies;
 Thy map of life review!
 The march was plain, but thou, beguiled
 By some short cut, or prospect wild,
 Hast wandered from the true.

Self-pride, of good and ill the source,
 Still prompts again the tortuous course
 Of error to begin;
 Blames, for the ruin and the rout
 Of all our hopes, the foe without,
 Not the false friend within.

What wonder if thy bark, the sport
 Of winds and waves, outrun the port,
 And havoc all o'erwhelm,
 If passions, sent to swell the gale,
 But not to steer, or trim the sail,
 Drive reason from the helm.

c.

ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF A TRAVELLER IN THE EAST: BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

NUMBER THREE.

ENTRY INTO CULTIVATED EGYPT. — FEBRUARY 25. — The narrow strip of land by which we again entered Egypt, imperfect as its state of cultivation was, possessed a thousand charms, after the dreary solitudes of the deserts we had been traversing, when passing through the villages of Fishkel, Ertabi, Toll, Sheick-Abou-Nashaba, Toll-Kebeer, and Toll-Souheer—none of which are marked in the latest and fullest maps—we halted at Gouraim, to refresh, and were, as usual, soon surrounded by the villagers.

These people formed a link of union between the Bedouins and Fellahs, being neither absolutely wanderers or cultivators, though occasionally participating in the habits of both. Their villages or camps, for they might be called either, with the same propriety, were merely enclosures of dourra canes, without roofs, and afforded even less shelter from the sun and wind than the goat's hair tent of the inhabitants of the desert, their possessors being no longer stationary than during the season of cultivation, and changing their places of abode with the mode of their employment.

The Nile reaches this narrow valley during the height of the inundation only, and for the remainder of the year, their supplies of water are obtained from wells; the water, however, is of an inferior quality, for the purposes of agriculture, to the fertilizing waters of

the river, and as it often fails altogether during the heats of summer, they have only a single harvest in the year. Their implements of husbandry are of the most simple kind; ploughs are not in use among them, and the ground is both opened for seed by a rudely-formed hoe, and harrowed by the same instrument, when the seed is sown. Poor as those villagers are, however, they pay to the pacha's agents about eight-tenths of their gain; and suffer, in addition, the tyrannizing extortion of the soldiery who are sent among them to collect it.

During the frugal meal which we made before the openings of their cane huts, a number of diseased children were brought to us covered with scrofulous eruptions, as our guide and companions now made no scruple of saying that we were strangers and learned men; and as I had invariably found it on all similar occasions, it was so impossible to persuade these people of our not being physicians, that a recommendation of some simple remedy was necessary, to release ourselves from their importunity.

On resuming our journey, we passed through villages to which no other name was attached than that of the Sheik who presided over each, and which consequently changed its appellation with every successive head, or ruling elder. In several of them were corn-pits for the laying up their harvests of grain, the poverty of the people not enabling them to build either barns or sheds; and along our whole route, the very ground, now covered with huts of misery, was strewn with granite fragments of those days of magnificence when opulent cities held the place of villages; when splendid temples were more abundant than well-built dwellings in the present day.

It was nearly sunset when we reached the village of El Abassa, and as it was the residence of a Turkish commandant, we repaired thither, and were well received. This soldier, being himself an invalid, from the diseases of dissipation, was assisted in the exercise of his professional extorting duties, by a more active companion; and, happily for themselves, no two brethren in arms could be better matched in disposition, if their expressed sentiments and opinions could be admitted as a fair criterion.

EL ABASSA TO BALBEIS.—FEBRUARY 26.—It was with great difficulty we could obtain a release from the pressing solicitations of those brother soldiers to remain with them another night, and nothing but the most determined perseverance, with many grave reasons to prove the importance of our proceeding on, would have succeeded in carrying our point. We breakfasted with them, however, after morning prayers and ablutions, and, accompanied by one of them on horseback, we made together the circuit of the village.

As the site of the ancient Thaubastus, it possesses no remains of its former greatness, excepting a few scattered shafts of marble columns, some blocks of granite, and heaps of loose rubbish. The Nile extends itself here during the height of the inundation only, and the grounds are watered during the other portion of the year from wells, which yield a pure and limpid water, little inferior to that

of the river itself. The population of the village exceeded five thousand, and the sole employment of all classes was husbandry.

On departing from El Abassa, we entered on a fine road running through palm-groves and gardens, and enclosed on each side by a mud wall, opening occasionally into beautiful and extensive views of the country, which were delightful in themselves, independent of the additional charm they derived from the contrast with the scenery of our desert route. Among the novelties were brick-kilns, said to have been formerly worked, but now in ruins, being deserted for the want of fuel, and from finding the unburnt earth formed into bricks and dried in the sun, to answer all the purposes of building, as well as possessing a durability equal to the life of the builder, beyond which there are few encouragements to provide. Fields and gardens were also here enclosed, contrary to the general practice throughout Egypt, on account of the portions of sand which are here, on the edge of the desert, interspersed over the face of the ground, and which, if not shut out by walls, would cover the cultivated surface, and destroy the verdure, upon the slightest agitation of the wind.

Among the villages lying in our road, and not enumerated in Arrowsmith's latest and best map, were El-Khirbi-Hassenat, El-Karachisa, and El-Mishat. We passed, also, over the spot marked by that geographer as the site of Heroöpolis, on the very edge of the plain, which, it is true, displays all the usual characteristics of an ancient settlement in ruins, but, from a variety of considerations, there appears greater reason to fix on the remains of the city at Abou-Keshabe, in the midst of the desert, as those of Heroöpolis, because it agrees more consistently with the situation assigned to it by Strabo and Ptolemy, and renders the history of the Israelites' departure from Egypt, and journey to the Red Sea, more reconcilable in the material facts of time and distance, as well as corresponding with the local situation mentioned as the point of their departure, by the writer of that history himself, Moses. The whole of the country through which our road lay, offered a succession of agreeable prospects, and soon after noon, having ridden at a quickened pace, we reached Balbeis.

The reputation of this town, as the provincial capital of the Shar-kieh, or eastern province of Lower Egypt, and the station of the Syrian caravans, was sufficient to induce the expectation of a large and populous settlement, containing public accommodations for such passengers as business or pleasure might induce to halt within its walls. I had entered it with such an impression, and our disappointment was consequently the greater, in finding not even a single *okella*, though we traversed the bazaars, leading our camels by hand, and inquiring at every little bench along the range. Phanoose, though an old caravan-driver between Cairo and Mount Sinai, had never before been at Balbeis, and was loudly indignant at the seeming indifference of those we occasionally questioned, whose duty he thought it was to have voluntarily directed us to some house of accommodation.

As I possessed letters, however, from Hassan Aga at Suez, to Mahommed Bey, the commandant of the district, as well as to his Hasnadar, or Treasurer, who becomes his representative in his ab-

sence, we no longer delayed to present them to the Aga of the town, from whom we learnt that both Mahommed Bey and all his officers were at Cairo. The Aga being an Arab by birth, was somewhat more free from the haughty tone of office than the Turks who generally fill those situations; though it must be acknowledged, that to a pride of petty superiority above his fellows, was added, if possible, a grosser ignorance. We remained some time in waiting, before the letters could be read, when a dealer in the bazaars explained their contents, and our reception was as favorable as we could wish.

A small room of about eight feet square was given us for our accommodation, and though there was nothing beyond the bare mud walls and floor, not even a window, or a mat, yet its being covered with a loose flat roof was a luxury, after the burning days and chilling nights of the desert, and rendered it a comfortable lodging. The door of this apartment opening into the court of public justice, when we had got through the task of supplying the necessary provisions to our camels, and stretched ourselves along upon the floor to repose, I indulged myself in observing the divan, or place of audience, on the outside, and watching the bustling changes of its crowded assembly.

The Aga, seated like a king amid his courtiers, was distinguished from the others by the length of his beard, the whiteness of his turban, his red benishe, and gay-colored carpet. On each side of him were ranged the officers who assisted in the duties of the day, apparently traders belonging to the town. And in front were two Arabs, with long staves, for bringing the culprits before him, and for preserving the peace of the court. A number of cases were examined and gone through, with an extraordinary rapidity. There could be no complaint of legal delay; the matter in dispute was simply stated by the accusing party, and the witnesses called, when the prisoner was heard in his defence, and sentence given on the spot, the Aga being himself the sole judge, and that according to the dictates of his own discretion, without allusion or reference either to the opinion of others, to the written law, or even to common usage.

In exchanging civilities with a grave old father, who sat before our door to sun himself, being blind of ophthalmia, I ventured to remark to him the temptation to injustice which such a system of unlimited authority was calculated to offer; when he replied, that as, since his blindness, he lived by the benevolence of the charitable, and was without occupation, it formed one of his most agreeable pleasures to attend the Aga's court, in order to hear the causes, and the decisions given on them. The experience he had thus obtained, he said, induced him to accord with me; for though in matters of importance, a show of equity was necessary to be observed, yet the bribes paid for favorable judgment in petty cases, afforded to the Aga himself a handsome revenue, beside leaving a large residue which he paid to the Pasha yearly, for the free exercise of those privileges of extortion and injustice which are attached to his office by purchase.

The last affair, before the sittings of the court closed, was the ex-

amination of a young lad, who had been surprised in acts of improper familiarity with a still younger one than himself, and who was brought before the judge with crying and lamentation. It was to me a matter of some surprise, to find a custom cognizable by public justice, which I had so universally been given to understand was in common practice among the Egyptians; yet nothing could exceed the general feeling of repugnance to such a vice evinced by all the auditors. The culprit was threatened with much severity by the judge, pointed at as an object of scorn by the crowd, and being saved from heavier punishment in consideration only of his extreme youth was condemned to receive the bastinado, on the soles of his feet, which was given him on the spot, without delay or abatement, for the brawny arm of the executioner strained every nerve to give his strokes their proper weight. In a conversation resulting from this circumstance, the Aga undeceived me in the opinion I had previously entertained, by an assurance that the practice alluded to was purely a Turkish or Osmanlian vice, and was unknown to the mass of the Arab people. He added, also, that it was despised even by the greatest libertines among them, and was seldom ever mentioned but with execration and disgust.

As evening drew near, a large party had assembled around our door, and the most respectable among them entering to partake of our evening meal, we were scarcely left breathing-room for ourselves. The setting sun soon afterward summoning the most pious to prayers, we listened to the mingled tones of eleven worshippers at once. Having performed their ablutions, from a bowl handed round among them, the Aga preceded, in his station, and the others were ranged in triple rows behind him, all however making their prostrations with a regularity that seemed the effect of drilling, and uttering their 'Salams' and 'Allahs' with uniform solemnity. We sat up until long past midnight, engaged in conversation as curious as it was new, and which I deeply regretted my want of time and opportunity to transcribe, as it embraced subjects of such extensive variety, and was to me so full of interest.

Our old Bedouin guide, Phanoose, having now ended his engagement with us, by conducting us safely through the desert, and bringing us again into the cultivated land of Egypt, proposed departing for Cairo before day-light in the morning, and we exchanged turbans as a memento of regard, a favor I could not refuse him, it was urged by him with such importunity, though there was no great difference in their actual or relative value. I should depart from the invariable candor which influences the recording of my feelings, were I not to say, that I parted from this old man with that sort of regret which is the offspring of complete satisfaction. I had been happy in reposing perfect faith in his integrity, and in placing my life in his hands; and the result had proved him worthy of my confidence. In speculating upon the probable diversity of routes we should both be pursuing in future life, just as we had risen to join our hands at parting, the old man absolutely wept, exclaiming at the same moment in Arabic: 'Phanoose! to-day he is here; to-morrow he will be gone! — but, oh! to-morrow — where will be his friend Mustapha?'

BALBEIS, FEBRUARY 27. — Tormented as we had often been by the millions of fleas which swarm in Egyptian habitations, we had met with nothing equal to the hosts which assailed us through the last night. It was almost impossible to open either the eyes or mouth, without getting them filled, and my ears and nostrils were both literally obstructed by them. In short, their numbers so surpassed all belief or conception, that the most scrupulous observance of truth in computation would not exempt one from the charge of romancing. It was of course impossible to sleep, and I know not that I was ever more weary and impatient for the dawn.

With the first glimpse of day, we repaired to the bath, and although this was inferior to any we had yet seen in Egypt, in cleanliness and accommodation, the cause which hastened us there rendered its defects less objectionable. It was a luxury of the highest kind to strip, and such was my impatience to enjoy the certainty of being free from these innumerable tormentors, that I plunged at once into the cistern, before the operation of rubbing the body had been performed by the attendants. As our clean linen was in the same condition in this respect, as that which we had just taken off, I had ordered the whole of it, with every part of our dresses, even to the scull-cap, to be washed in boiling water; and as their being dried and made ready again to put on, would necessarily occupy some time, I profited by that opportunity to enjoy the whole process of the bath at leisure, and to follow it by a few hours' sweet and profound repose.

It was past noon, when we left the bath, like persons awakened to a new existence; and the Aga's son having attended me for that purpose, I accepted his offer of accompanying me through the town and its environs.

As the site of the ancient Pharbæthus, its ruins are extensive, though not a remnant of them are in a state of high preservation. Blocks of granite, and marble columns, as usual, mark the situation of temples and public edifices, and the walls of private dwellings are also discernible at some distance from the gate of entrance. In the bath and mosques are also marble pillars, surmounted with Grecian capitals, dug from the surrounding ruins, and broken shafts are used as thresholds and supporters to the doors of the meanest huts.

The present town is almost entirely built of bricks, taken from the destroyed buildings of the ancient city. It contains only two mosques, and these possessing no beauty, though the population is estimated at eight thousand. One great source of maintenance to its inhabitants, is the supply of the Syrian caravans, which arrive here from Damascus, and frequently make some stay, until merchandise is collected for their transportation of it to that country from Egypt. It has also a manufactory of coarse linen and thread, which are sold at Cairo, and the few Christians of the town employ themselves, much like the inferior Jews in England, in the working of ear-rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments of female dress, which they carry round to families in pedlar's boxes—exactly in the same way—and send the more expensive to the capital.

The inhabitants attribute their general healthiness to their vicinity to the desert, and the consequent dryness and purity of the air. It would be difficult to pronounce whether that be the only cause; yet

nothing is more visible than the effect itself. Diseases of the eye are by no means so general here as in many parts of Egypt; and in addition to these blessings, they were exempted from the plague during the last year, in which it made such dreadful ravages through Egypt, nor has it existed among them since the period of the French expedition.

It was during that period, which, from its importance in the history of their recollections, is now become an epoch of reference with them, that the town was walled in with materials hastily collected, and loosely put together. Their invaders also levelled the whole of the ruins that were without, in order to render the approach of an army more open to the range of their fire from within.

At the present moment, there are no soldiers here, though it is generally the station of an Albanian company of infantry; the reason assigned by the inhabitants for this, was, that all the commanders of distant provinces, as well as the troops who occupied villages, had been called to the defence of Cairo, since the recent revolution there, to supply the place of those who had been sent from thence to join the Pasha in Arabia.

Among the dresses of the women here, I observed no other change than the use of larger ear-rings, bracelets, etc., of silver, tin, and pewter, and a white linen veil, bound with black cord at the edges, between which the eyes appear, producing an effect difficult to be described.

On our return from this agreeable ramble, the court of justice was crowded, as at the same hour of yesterday, but so much more numerous, that it was with difficulty we could push our way through the attendants, when the Aga, beckoning me to come up to the bench and sit by his side, I joined him there, and we crossed our legs upon the same carpet. I was both amused and instructed by listening to the various causes that succeeded each other; and though the decisions on them were exceedingly rapid, yet I cannot but confess that the verdicts appeared to me to be consistent with the most rigid justice. The parties were alternately heard, in the statement of their own cases, without counsel or assistance; and as they confronted each other, but few misrepresentations would be allowed by either to pass unnoticed, without an appeal to other witnesses on the spot, so that nothing was more easy than to distinguish the innocent from the guilty; and while impartial judgment prevailed, no evil could result from this brief and simple mode of trial.

Among a number of familiar cases of dispute, which occupied the attention of the court, was one relative to the purchase of two asses, which were ultimately returned to the seller, on its being proved that he had been guilty of misrepresentation in overrating their good qualities, a decision sufficient of itself to prove that impartial justice can sometimes be obtained.

On the breaking up of the divan, and the conclusion of sun-set prayers, we passed our evening as on the preceding one, having made all our preparations for departure early in the morning, and remained up late, to delay our combat with the dark hosts that awaited us in millions, until the last moment.

BALBEIS TO HASLOUGEY, FEBRUARY 28. — We had so reduced our luggage, that by the purchase of a double sack, my servant and myself could each take a portion on our own animal, and we wanted neither guide nor attendant beside ourselves. This also was an arrangement so perfectly accordant with my own wishes, that I would not suffer any anticipated inconveniences, or the incessant obstacles created by my servant, to disturb it; because I wished to be at perfect liberty as to our route, our halting places, and every other incident connected with the tour, that I might assume such appearances as might be most convenient, and change that appearance without observation, as often as new motives for such a change might occur. At sun-rise, then, we mounted and departed, taking our road in a south-east direction, through a beautifully fertile country, enjoying a refreshing breeze and moderately-heated atmosphere, which, with the richness of the scenery, contributed to render our ride delightful.

Attracted by the elevated mounds of Tal-Metabeel, the sure indication of ancient remains, we halted at the foot of them, about an hour after our leaving Balbeis. On ascending those heaps, I was somewhat surprised to find that they formed a sort of enclosure to a small town, rather less than a mile in circumference, which town occupied the centre on a level with the outer cultivated land, though the hills or embankment which encompassed it was at least fifty feet in elevation, and completely hid the interior from the view of the passenger, who, from a sight of those heaps, would be led to suppose them of an uniform level at the top. The dwellings thus enclosed were many of them unusually perfect in their remains, so as to entitle them to the character of a deserted village, rather than a ruined town, and but for their superiority in the form of the sun-dried bricks, the regularity of the layers of cement by which they were united, and other characteristic points of resemblance to the ruins of Heroöpolis and other cities, by which its antiquity was rendered indisputable, one would almost suppose its desertion recent, though it is the character of all the ancient fragments with which this interesting country abounds, to retain, from the dryness of the climate, a freshness of appearance, that is extremely deceptive to the eye, and is only to be detected by frequent observation, and close comparison between the doubtful and those which are self-evidently decisive.

These embankments, as could be clearly traced from the remains of masonry and brick work, were the ruins of buildings elevated above the central town, and most probably of subsequent erection, about the period when the levels of the Egyptian cities were raised, partly for the benefit of a cool and refreshing air, as well as for a better defence against the inconveniences occasioned to private dwellings by the elevation of the soil and influx of waters, accompanying every inundation of the Nile.

This salutary improvement of the ancient settlements is thus mentioned by Herodotus in his *Euterpe*: 'In the reign of Anysis, a king of Egypt, who was blind, Sabacus, king of Ethiopia, overran the country with a numerous army. Anysis fled to the morasses and saved his life, but Sabacus continued master of Egypt for the space of fifty years. While he retained his authority, he made it a rule

not to punish any crime with death, but according to the magnitude of the offence, he condemned the criminal to raise the ground near the place to which he belonged, by which means the situation of the different cities became more and more elevated.'

The appearance of the present town corresponded perfectly with this description; as the existence of central dwellings within the elevated enclosure, proved that such elevation was a progressive work, and subsequent to the foundation of the town itself. There was nothing, however, among all its remains, that evinced either comfort, opulence, or splendor; the habitations were small and mean, nor was there the vestige of a public building to be seen. The venerated tomb of Sheick Amrahn is now the only object that cheers this solitary desolation, which tomb, standing on the summit of the hills, is occasionally visited by devotees, to be graced, on the days peculiarly sacred to his memory, with votive offerings from the sick and unfortunate, and with ragged banners from the grateful who have not implored his shade in vain.

Leaving this place, we remounted our animals, and pursued our ride, with occasional inquiries for the road, through a country charming and fertile beyond description, like one continued garden, in which Nature had scattered with a lavish hand all the bounties of her reign to compensate for the absence of her grander and wilder beauties, by a luxuriance of vegetation along those smiling plains, which renders Egypt lovely in abundance, and rich in pleasing pictures amid her simplicity.

We passed through the villages of Metemyer, Sandanahour, Zancalour, Met-Abou-Ali, and Haslougey, where we alighted at the house of the Sheick, and were kindly received by his family, the old man being absent in the fields. When our beasts were taken care of, and we were seated upon the mat which had been spread out for our repose, a number of questions were asked us by the women and children, as to the place of our destination, from whence we came, and what was the object of our journey. Above all, our pronunciation of the language was remarked, as differing from that of this district, for my servant's knowledge of Arabic, though he had resided in the country so long, was not greater than my own, and his pronunciation was worse, so that I spoke now without an interpreter, and was really surprised at my own facility of expression in a language of which I knew not yet the grammar, and which I had gathered up so imperceptibly, by learning it as we learn our mother tongue, from the mouths of those who speak it. The assurance that we came from Syria, where the Arabic is somewhat different from that of Egypt, was therefore sufficient to satisfy them, and we were received as men of that country, who, having executed the purpose of our journey into Egypt, were now returning to Salabeah, for the purpose of joining the Damascus caravan assembling there. Cakes of dourra were immediately prepared by the females, and set before us while warm, with bowls of yaourt, or curdled milk, and raw herbs, from which we made a hearty repast.

The sight of my map, however, into which I had been looking for the purpose of correcting the relative situations of the villages, completely changed the opinion which our kind entertainers had con-

ceived of us; and they now contended that we were learned men, magii, protected of God, etc.; an idea which they were not satisfied with indulging in secret, but promulgated among their curious and inquisitive neighbors.

We had scarcely finished our humble meal, before the court was thronged with the lame, the blind, the barren, and the pregnant, all soliciting written charms for their separate maladies, and that too with such importunity for preference, that it was with difficulty I could make myself heard among them. At first I had hoped to have escaped this new duty, by frankly declaring myself unqualified; but such declaration was considered by them only as a subterfuge to enhance my claims of reward; and poor as these people were, piastres and paras were held out in their hands, each individual owner proclaiming the sum his poverty would allow him to pay me for attending to his case. I saw it was in vain to resist any longer, and amidst their acclamations, crossed my legs upon the mat, and laid before me, with all possible gravity, my compass, map, brass ink-stand, and dividers, calling the eldest of the party before me, in conformity with their known veneration for age. This poor afflicted daughter of sickness, bending beneath the weight of years, was almost blind and deaf, and complained of a head-ache so violent as to occasion frequent delirium. While I was employed in counting her pulse, observing her tongue, and inquiring into her diet and mode of living, she had uncovered the upper part of her head, though her veil still continued on, and was but partially lifted to expose her mouth. Around it were tied five rolls of paper, which had been written by saints, ideots, or holy men, and given her for money, as infallible specifics, yet she was obliged to confess their total inefficacy.

Following up that confession, I demanded of her how she could again repose confidence in such remedies, after having been so egregiously deceived, more particularly when I had frankly acknowledged my incapacity to effect a cure by such means. Hope, however, that deluder of the miserable, had told her that some virtue must exist in a practice so avowedly holy, a practice neither known nor exercised by any but the inspired of God, men versed in books, and consequently capable of conversing with genii and superior spirits; and she took care to add, either to soothe me with flattery, or to explain the revival of that hope, that as I possessed mysterious instruments, which lay before me, and the use of which was unknown among them, whatever I attempted must be effectual.

Amidst the sincere commiseration which I felt for the poor woman's sufferings, as well as the ignorance which had placed her expectations on so frail a basis, I felt ashamed of adding another disappointment to the list; but all remonstrance, and avowal of incapacity on my part was misinterpreted, and I was compelled both to listen to their wishes, and comply.

Profiting, then, by the works of my predecessors in the healing art, I had the five written papers laid out before me, for the purpose of forming my own productions upon their models, so as to preserve an outline of resemblance at least; a task that was the more easy, as not one of them were written in Arabic; a mere collection of scrawls, destitute of order or arrangement, upon one of which,

gaudily bordered with red paint, a very high value was set, so that I made it my principal guide, and filled my own with characters of a similar description.

The old woman being despatched, after many kisses on the hand, for my unprecedented generosity in doing all this without reward, the other children of Affliction's family followed in their turn, and from the infant to the aged, their claims were not more rational. There was not one among them who demanded medicine, or blood-letting, remedies known and estimated among the most uncivilized ; but as I found the task grow rather tedious, my prescriptions or charms were in studied brevity toward the close of my labors.

We had seen the patients all dispersed, however, with new hopes and lighter hearts, and were preparing to depart for Bubastos, having arranged to return and sleep at the village to-night, when a green-turbaned sheroese came to the Sheick's, and with an air of great secrecy and importance, told me that he wished a private conversation with me on the behalf of a friend. By mounting on the flat roof of the house, to which there was a small ladder that ascended, we were completely alone, when he communicated to me that his friend labored under the greatest depression of spirits, from his having been married three years without being blessed with children ; and his shame at this misfortune was the reason of his not coming to me among the crowd ; but he entertained no doubt of my ability to remove this misfortune, and he would reward me with any sum I should name, and that too upon the spot, if I wished it !

I explained to him that the healing art provided no remedies for such a case as this ; which, however, I could not persuade him to believe, so that he was really angry at my refusal to undertake the cure he desired ; and was only kept from publicly expressing his anger, by a fear that this might give still farther publicity to his misfortune, by my communication of it to others ; but these were at length removed, upon a solemn pledge, on my part, of inviolable secrecy.

It was already sun-set when we returned to the Sheick's, whom we now found at home, and with whom we supped from a large bowl of paste, mixed with various ingredients, in company with fifteen or sixteen of his family. The supper was eaten in the open court ; but after washing, we retired into a dark room, already half-filled with doura-stalks, straw, and poultry, and heated by a furnace or oven, in which cakes were baked. Bitter coffee, pounded between stones, and made almost *catable* from its thickness, with pipes of bad tobacco, followed our repast. As the heads of the other families of the village had also finished their meal, they came to pay their evening visit to the learned strangers, so that in a short time our party was increased to nearly fifty persons, the women of the family occupying the upper part of the furnace, and those who could find no room within, ranging themselves around the outer door. A quantity of cotton was then brought, in the pod, and set in the centre of the room, while each one of the company, resting his pipe on the ground, took a portion of the cotton to open, and this we all did, without its disturbing the enjoyment of smoking.

The old Sheick began first to amuse his auditors with the Tales

of Haroun el Raschid, which were so well accompanied with pantomimic gesture, and so deliberately recited, that I could follow him through the whole with great ease and pleasure. To this succeeded songs, in which both myself and servant bore a share, the latter singing in Greek, and I in Italian, which they thought were the learned languages of the country from whence we came. Among the Arabs, one sang in Turkish, and the rest in Arabic. 'Ya Leila! Leila! tahly ya Leila!' was thrice repeated. 'O Night! Night! Hasten! O Night! for thou art the Friend of Love! Yes! darkness is the lover's heaven,' etc. Another, which I had not heard before, was rapturously applauded; it was from a newly-married virgin to her spouse. And the group of females who sat aloof upon the furnace, not daring to lift their veils, or join among the rest of the party, were yet suffered to express their shouts of approbation and of praise. Next followed a conversation by the fingers, in much the same way as I have seen it practised in England, the changes of their positions bearing a fancied resemblance to the shape of the alphabetic characters. It was exercised with great skill, and our amusement was considerably heightened by a third person's interpretation of this mystic discourse.

Under the hope that more novelties might be presented to us by the women's singing, I ventured to ask the Sheick whether such a favor might not be permitted. He expressed his surprise at the question, and added that such a proposition, coming from any other than a stranger to their customs, would be received with a very bad grace. He told us, then, a story of an intrigue being discovered, which originated in what he termed the indelicacy of a female singing, the subject of her strains having made such an impression upon a male hearer, as to inspire him with a passion for her, which ended in the discovery of their amours, and the private strangling of both.

Thus employed, dividing our time between picking the cotton, hearing tales and songs, and filling our pipes in the intervals of conversation, the midnight stole upon us unperceived, before even any of the visitors began to retire. They excused their long stay, by saying, that as strangers sojourned among them but seldom, it was allowable for them to make a jubilee of the occasion. On the breaking up of the assembly, therefore, which was done more suddenly than it had been formed, we began to think of arrangements for sleeping, which I should have been content to have done upon the mat on which we had passed the evening; but as the Sheick had ordered it otherwise, we were obliged to comply with his wish, and for this purpose we retired to a small room within, about ten feet by seven, having no other aperture than the door of entrance through which we were obliged to stoop almost double. The alleged reason for his preferring this for our use, was its superior warmth, from it being much smaller in size, and having a furnace yet retaining the heat of the fire by which the cakes of our evening meal were baked. I could not persuade him of the superior freshness of the outer part, and our danger of suffocation here; they knew of no distinction between a freer circulation of air and a sharper cold, any more than they could separate the idea of cold from that of extreme pain; and as to my

sleeping on the outside alone, allowing them to follow their own choice for themselves, every one objected to this. I tried every mode of persuasion in vain, and a mat being spread out upon the furnace, we stripped to lay down, five in number, in a room ten feet by seven, lying in a row, with our heads toward the inner wall, and our feet hanging over the edge of the furnace, which was elevated nearly three feet from the ground, and had a space between it and the outer wall, of about two feet wide, for the purpose of tending the fires with fuel.

The Arabs stripped off even their shirts, and rolled themselves in their blue Melyahs, a practice I adopted also myself, having left off the use of flannel next the skin, after the bath at Balbeis; and so excessive was the heat of this literal oven, that I could have stripped my skin off too, if possible, to refresh myself. We had scarcely lain down, before three females came in, whom we could but faintly perceive, from the glimmer of the expiring lamp that was yet burning, and who, without a stretch of imagination, from their hooded dresses, veiled faces, and stolen manner of entrance, looked like the flitting beings of another world. They sank upon the ground without a whisper, and must have literally lain on one another, as they occupied only the narrow space between the furnace and the wall.

The repose of the weary is certainly enviable, and the art or faculty of enjoying that repose, in spite of every obstacle that may attend it, is a desirable qualification, which some of the party possessed a larger share of than myself; for an hour had not elapsed, before most of them were snoring, while the united torments of rats and mice, which ran across us in troops, to nibble the fragments of the last baked cakes, the bugs and fleas that were like crawling hosts, collected to devour our bodies, and the buzzing mosquitoes, enjoying free access to every vein, kept me not only awake, but employed too, throughout the night, which, short as it was, in the number of its hours, was to me the longest in duration, and most weary in its progress, that I ever remember to have counted.

MADRIGAL.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG WIDOW.—FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Why art thou clothed in sad array
 For him whose days are done,
 Yet dost no sign of grief display
 For those thy lightning-glances slay?
 Though he thou mourest be but one,
 More than a thousand they!

Thou bendest on the lover's prayer
 The tearless eye of scorn,
 And while thou dost, with cruel care,
 The illusive guise of feeling wear,
 Though Pity's garb thy breast adorn,
 She never enters there!

L I F E .

WHAT is life at the best ? — a weak bubble, a dream —
 Evanescent as vanishing spray ;
 Now the hue of the rose, now the lily's pale crest,
 Or a leaf from its stem fall'n away ;
 And Death takes the trophy to wear in his breast,
 A frail, shatter'd wreck, on Time's turbulent stream !

What though beauty appear in its plumage of gold,
 And dazzle with glittering sheen ;
 As the bow fadeth fast from the storm-girdled cloud,
 And the Iris no longer is seen,
 So the princes of earth but inherit a shroud,
 To the gay all unsightly, and sad to behold.

Neither genius nor worth can a temple upraise,
 To withstand the all-with'ring decay ;
 As the meteor its course through the heavens doth trace,
 Then passes for ever away ;
 So the fire of the mind soars aloft for a space,
 But its light is soon lost in eternity's maze.

A. M. M.

EUGENIUS STRUGGLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'FOSTER-MOTHER.'

ON the 17th of May, 18 — , chance gave me the particulars of the following memoir, and the cognomen of the occupier of a spacious attic in Westminster, its title. EUGENIUS STRUGGLE, at once the sport and child of misfortune, for twelve months on that very day, had manfully endured 'the whips and scorns of time.' At an early period of his existence, he had discovered flashes of a genius in his mind, which at the age of fourteen, blazing forth in five lines, acrostically inscribed to the fair object of his ardent affection, rooted the conviction in his breast, that 'he was not of an age, but for all time.' Unhappily for Eugenius, neither his relations nor friends were as quick-sighted as himself; and despite his assurances, that his talents were of too high a class to be wasted on the attainment of the arts and mysteries of trade, his father, deaf to the voice of genius, and blind to its incipient sparks, apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker. Chisels are keen-edged tools, and saws have many teeth; but dull is the incision of the sharpest chisel — feeble the stroke of the longest saw — compared with the acute cut to the pride, and laceration of the feelings, that this step occasioned Eugenius. Nevertheless, though the spirit was any thing but willing, the flesh was by no means weak; and he whose ideas soared to the achievement of laurels that should wreath his fame, when his material and mortal parts had returned to dust, was obliged to take time by the forelock, and reverse the position of affairs, by turning his hand to work, and his mind to saw-dust. Still, where there's a will, there's away; and as Eugenius was the only child of a man who, although possessed of none of the refined genius of his son, was not without a considerable share of what is very aptly called this world's goods,

our hero resolved to keep alive the half-strangled infant of his brain, so that, when arrived at man's estate, and the end of his time, he might follow the bent of his destiny; not doubting that though it would be much against the will of his father while living, he should be independent by his will at his death, which nevertheless Eugenius was the last in the world to desire, sooner than a good old age should lead to, and for two plain reasons: in the first place, because he loved his father as dearly as a son could, and secondly, because, after all, the property to which he was heir would at best be but a slight augmentation to the wealth of which, of course, he would have possessed himself, by his literary labors, long ere his father was gathered to his fathers.

Up at five, to breakfast at seven, to work again till dinner time at one, and from two till six, when labor ceased for half an hour, to afford time for what Eugenius, (as he wished it to be understood,) sarcastically called the common sacrifice to the Chinese nymph of fears; who, however, being originally intended to represent *green tea*, was not quite as aptly named as truth would have dictated, or our poet desired. However, granting that the tea was not green, for which, except by the faintness of the color of its decoction, it could never have been mistaken, it was the welcome Lethe in which he lost the fatigues of the day, and which tranquillized and prepared his mind for the wasting of the midnight oil, or rather, I should say, the nocturnal rushlight, by whose rays he prepared leaves that should one day, and thence for ever, compose a wreath that, coupled with the name of Eugenius Struggle, should hang high in the temple of the trumpet-goddess. There, in all the elysium of literary lumber, which was made to adorn his chamber by the strewing about of sonnets, odes, tragedies, comedies, tales, anecdotes, and a hundred other miscellanies, which, in whole or extracts, had drawn tears and roars of laughter from many a reader of the 'Casket,' the 'Mirror,' and the 'Penny Magazine,' there was his wont to sit, 'to fame a martyr, to his muse a slave,' as he said of himself in the 'Sentimental Songster,' till daylight warned him that he had often not more than an hour in which to subdue by sleep the high-flown workings of his lofty mind, ere the fifth stroke of St. Giles's clock, or his master's cane, would rouse him to the labor, not 'that love delights in,' or 'that physics pain,' but which, notwithstanding its nauseousness, was a dose that once a day he was obliged to take, and which generally took him all day long.

But before we quit the scene of his temporary happiness for that where he and sorrow sat, that curiosity being probably felt by my readers, which in me was insatiable with less than a perusal of his lucubrations, I will transcribe for their edification some of those of his pieces which I read so much to my own.

I have already remarked, that Eugenius's first poem was inscribed to her who was for a twelve month after, the only heroine of his brain. No name but hers would rhyme in his imagination; and for the versification of his tragics, it had indeed been blank, if 'Nancy' had not graced his every page. Now I trust it will not be thought that our hero was vain, because he not only professed that he could do, but actually did, what the immortal Charles Dibdin had

not done, although he had written more about Nancy than any other known author, up to that time, which was, to rhyme with that name with as much if not more facility than with any other; while his predecessor, in several hundred songs, in fact in all he had written of the name, which was that of his wife, (with only one exception, which occurs in his song called 'Nancy's the Name,' in which he versifies with the word pansy, at the same time confessing his inability to find another, and the difficulty he experienced in racking his brains for that,) was put to his *non plus*. In vindication of Eugenius, I insert the verse on which he hinges his triumph. It runs thus :

'I once of my mind box'd the compass around,
For a rhyme to the name of my love,
And for a long spell naught but fancy I found,
That notion of sounds would approve.
At last, avast heaving, I cried, soft and slow,
There's a flower, and they call it a pansy,
But the true name, d'ye mind me, is heart's ease, and so
'T is the best rhyme that can be for Nancy.'

Now with what justice Eugenius contended that even that second rhyme was a make-shift, a lame adoption of an exploded name for the real word, I shall leave my readers to decide, and lay before them the selections I made from his works, the first of which is the acrostic referred to in the commencement of my narrative. Certain it is, that even the quotation I am about to make, is a plain evidence that our young friend did not arrogate more than he substantiated. But to the proof :

' A C R O S T I C .

'N o angel from heaven, no creature on earth,
A h, no ! nor of dark necromancy,
N o odds if tall, short, thin, or lusty in girth,
C an equal your beauty, your talent, and worth,
Y ou exquisite angel, my Nancy !'

Such is the first dash into poetry, the first ebullition of incipient genius, from the pen of one whose reputation I would not have hazarded by publishing for the first time the unrestrained effort of an ardent boy's imagination, were I not satisfied that my readers would sooner patronize, than harshly criticize, a young beginner. Those who are unwilling or incapable of deciding upon peculiar talent, may perhaps blame Eugenius for the conclusion he came to, relative to his, considering the displeasure it occasioned his father; but then that father was one of the very class of people I have named; and again, it so happened, that his son was a fatalist; and with the prejudices of such an one, would he argue upon the rectitude of the opinion he had espoused and cherished, with regard to the course toward which he should apply his mind; and the conviction he entertained of his fitness for the pursuit he had adopted, is plainly discernible in the following passage from one of his early tragedies, entitled, 'The Flinty Heart; or 'None so Blind as Those who Wont See.' The reader may clearly trace in the character of Pauloni, an evident portraiture of the author himself; while that of Lady Nancy admits of no question, as to whom it is indebted for its original. The scene is described as a rocky cave, at the end of a subterraneous passage;

Pauloni discovered, enveloped in a large cloak. He takes his watch from his pocket :

'Tis five and twenty minutes past the time,
And yet she comes not !
Why do n't she come ?
Alas ! enough she do n't !
Perchance the baron writhes beneath the gout,
And she her sire attends with rigid care.
Oh if 't is so, ease him, ye healing gods !
And thou, lethargic Somnus ! from thy couch
Rise, and around his spring-stuffed easy-chair
Spread thy dark wings, and lull him to a nap.
Though he to racking pangs abandons me,
To harsh-tongued hoarseness and rheumatic shocks,
Ease him, that longer no unlucky chance
May from Pauloni keep his darling Nance !

LADY NANCY, *in the passage* :

Who on that hapless maid, sad Nancy, calls ?

PAULONI.

Propitious deities, a lover's thanks !
'Tis I, Pauloni, hapless maid and sad ;
Hail, peerless daughter of a ruthless house,
Bright Nancy, hail !

Enter LADY NANCY.

LADY NANCY.

'Tis he !

PAULONI.

'Tis she !

[*They rush into each other's arms.*

Oh why so long, my dearest !

LADY NANCY.

Nay, sweet my lord, the lips of censure close.

PAULONI.

Dearest, 'tis five and twenty minutes past
The time appointed ! Wherefore punctual not ?

LADY NANCY.

I strove, but failed to get away before ;
Indeed, indeed, it was the ancient cause !

PAULONI.

Oh better late, ten thousand times, than never !
Name it not ; clearly I thy stay foresaw :
But say, oh, empress of my yearning soul !
How speeds with him, our foe, Pauloni's suit ?

LADY NANCY.

Ah ! somewhat hasty and too rash, my lord ;
Restrain your ardor for your Nancy's sake.

PAULONI.

That magic name !

LADY NANCY.

Yes, by that name I would assuage thy wrath,
Temper the language of thy anger'd mind :
Deal not in words that enmity portray,
For oh, my lord ! 't is trite in books of yore,
Culled of sage heads, that second thoughts are best.
Pause then, and think, when next you'd name a foe,
That he thou call'dst one is thy Nancy's sire !

PAULONI.

My oracle has spoken, and Pauloni's dumb.
 I have a sire, of him am free to speak.
 The soaring eagle high upon the wing,
 Bearing aloft a mother's only prize,
 When suddenly brought down from her career,
 By the sure shaft of the distraught papà,
 Knows not more anguish than is mine to bear
 From a fierce father's arbitrary will.
 And may the avenging gods —

LADY NANCY.

Rash hot-blood, hold!
 You ar' n't a father!

Some obscurity in the MSS., which is 'a very cramped piece of penmanship,' precludes farther extracts. M.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.—BY JOHANNES EYALD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast,
 In mist and smoke:
 His sword was hammering so fast,
 Through Gothic helm and brain it pass'd,
 Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
 In mist and smoke.
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly, he who can!
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian
 The stroke?'

Nils Juel* gave heed to the tempest's roar,
 'Now is the hour!'
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
 And smote upon the foe full sore,
 And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
 'Now is the hour!'
 'Fly!' shouted they, 'for shelter fly,
 Of Denmark's Juel, who can defy
 The power!'

North Sea! a glimpse of Vesselt rent
 Thy murky sky!
 Then champions to thine arms were sent;
 Terror and death glared where he went;
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
 Thy murky sky!
 From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol,
 Let each to heaven commend his soul,
 And fly!

Path of the Dane to Fame and Might,
 Dark-rolling wave!
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
 Goes to meet danger with despise,
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave!
 And amid pleasures and alarms,
 And war and victory, be thine arms
 My grave!

* Name of a Danish Admiral, pronounced *Juel*.

† Another celebrated Danish Admiral, surnamed *Tordenskiold*, or *Shield of Thunder*.

OUR WEDDING-DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR BIRTH-DAYS,' IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*

THE commemoration of interesting events, is a practice which has prevailed in all ages, and in all parts of the world. It is founded on rational principles, and at the same time is intimately connected with the heart, and its strongest feelings. The very universality of the custom furnishes proof that it has been considered as having a pleasant and salutary influence. It has, and always was intended to have, a direct tendency to revive, continue, and strengthen, those principles, or those feelings, in which the commemorated event had its origin, and from which its peculiar interest is derived. Few, if any events in life, are of a more tender and permanent interest than MARRIAGE, or leading to such all-important consequences. Formed, as this enduring contract is, amidst a thousand delightful associations and promises of happiness, it would seem that the anniversary of the wedding-day would call up recollections of an exciting nature, and spread around it charms of peculiar value. It is found useful, and gratifying to our feelings, as citizens, to celebrate the day of our country's independence, and revive the patriotic ardor which gave it birth. Is it not equally gratifying and useful, for husband and wife to celebrate the happy day when they affectionately joined in a declaration of confiding *dependence on each other*, during the journey of life, for their comforts, prosperity, and peace? The anniversary of such an era should awaken all their sensibilities, and deepen the impressions made upon their hearts on that day when their destinies were united. Memory was not given to us merely as a treasury of common and ordinary facts, to serve as aids or monitors to us in transacting the business of the world, nor even to furnish us with intellectual assistance, in our advance toward the heights of learning, in its various departments. On the contrary, pleasure, as well as utility, was designed to be promoted, by indulging in the exercise of this wonderful power. The heart and affections, as well as the mind and reasoning faculties, were intended to derive from this power of recollection unnumbered pleasures; sometimes exhilarating, sometimes composing, sometimes spreading around us 'the sunshine of the soul;' at others, charming us in the soft shades of peaceful contemplation. Such being the uses of memory, in its magic operations, we should avail ourselves of them as far as we can, and enjoy them as delicate materials in the lovely manufacture of domestic happiness, and the preservation of that inestimable 'article,' in all its original polish, brightness, and beauty. If some should be inclined to consider my arguments Utopian, they should remember that *HORÆ* has extensive possessions in Utopia, and is often regaling herself in visiting and admiring them. Beside, Hope leads us on to the obtain-

* An unblemished life of more than three score years and ten, and an extensive knowledge of society and social intercourse, impart to the monitions of our venerable correspondent an added interest and value. They are especially worthy of earnest heed by all the newly-married, 'whose name is legion.'

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

ment of valuable results, by stimulating us to exertion. In this world we seldom overtake all we pursue, or reach those elevations to which we are prone to aspire. The moralist inculcates principles which all should reverence and obey, though he does not anticipate that such success will attend his labors. Much *may* be done to promote the object in view, and, therefore, much *should* be done for that purpose and that reason.

Every 'happy pair' at the altar consider the moment when they exchange their vows, as the happiest they have ever enjoyed ; as the blushing morning of a long summer day of unclouded beauty, that will continue through life. Then, all around is full of hope and promise. It is true, no human power can prevent this delightful day from losing a portion of its loveliness ; unwelcome events must, at times, have their influence ; novelty must cease to be novelty ; cares will command, and often distract, attention. Sickness and sorrow may darken and surround the dwellings of the most fortunate ; and death may enter them ; but all these circumstances are so many arguments in favor of every measure which may have a tendency to lessen the influence and the consequences resulting from the causes above enumerated. In such circumstances, what can be more natural, and more comforting to them, than to look back to the hour of their union, as a verdant and sunny spot on life's journey, and usually in its beautiful spring-time, and recollect what were the causes which then made them so happy, and then ask themselves whether those causes have the same influence on their first anniversary, as they had at the commencement of the first year of their married life ; and, if the answer is in the negative, then to inquire, why this influence has been impaired, and what is the cause of it. When every thing around is declaring the effects of time, and never-ceasing changes—too many of them having a direct tendency to weaken the more gentle affections, and strengthen those with which the heart has no connexion—surely it is the part of wisdom to 'keep the heart with all diligence,' as the most certain mode of preserving the domestic and social atmosphere in a state of calmness and purity. It is of no importance whether this couple were married in May or December ; among flowers and zephyrs, or storms and snow-banks. Their hearts formed their thermometer, and that indicated that there all was summer. It is probable that they calculated, as most others do, that their stock of love then in possession would continue unimpaired, without any particular attention on their part. If they reasoned at all, they may fairly be supposed to have thus reasoned. But my advice to all who are about entering on life's journey, arm in arm, is to remember that, for wise reasons, the manna in the wilderness was supplied *daily*, with the exception of one day in the week ; and that it was to be sought and gathered *every morning*, in a sufficient quantity for the day. Even so it should be with those who have joined their hands, hearts, and fortunes, for life's pilgrimage, (with the *omission*, as the gownsman might express it, of the *exception* above stated.) Kindness, gentleness, sweetness of disposition, suavity of manner, and a constant desire to please, manifested by *both* of the parties, should furnish each day the manna of love, in such happy *measure*, as to answer all the claims of the day ; and the sooner it is gathered

in the morning, and the provision is made for the day, the more sweet, refreshing, and salutary, it will prove.

As I have a high respect for the ladies, I will not be so uncivil as to suppose that the 'honey-moon,' in the instance under consideration, did not pass away amid smiles and sunshine; and probably the first year will be seldom disturbed by any unpleasant scenes or cloudy weather; and of course their first anniversary will be one of mutual congratulation. Should that prove to be the case, it will be strange if they should not at once perceive why it is so, and profit by the discovery. They will find that it is because the spirit of their affections had not evaporated, but that, almost unconsciously, they had been nourishing them by those means which formed the golden chain that first united them. The day thus employed, will teach them how easily they may keep that chain bright during the second year. The anniversary of our wedding days should be understood and improved as a day of calm retrospection, review, and resolution—a review of duties performed and duties neglected, and of the consequences which have followed—and a resolution jointly made to correct what the parties, on such review, shall have found unfriendly to their happiness, by disturbing those fountains of it which ought to have been preserved in purity; and with warm hearts, and feelings of mutual forgiveness, to persevere in all those nameless modes of pleasing, which they shall have found to possess such a persuasive influence.

The amiable and lamented M'KENZIE, when speaking of the charms of domestic life, and the means of multiplying and diffusing them, says, (though I cannot quote his language,) that the discharge of the great duties of the wife, the husband will claim of her as *his right*; but her smiles, her courtesies, the music of her voice, her kindness, her cheerful welcome, and watchful attentions, which render the stream of domestic life so sparkling, he will thankfully receive as *favors*; 'and, trust me,' says he, 'there is nothing so sweet as turning these little things to so precious a use.' And perhaps the same remark might be made, with equal propriety, as to the great duties of the husband, and the tender assiduities and sympathy he is in the habit of manifesting, always so soothing and delightful to an affectionate and confiding wife.

If on any subsequent anniversaries, the review of the next preceding year should present family cares and differences of opinion on several subjects incident to their situation, as having ruffled their tempers for a while, and occasioned unpleasant countenances, and short answers, they should seriously inquire what occasioned those things. If the differences were of importance, they adopted a very unwise method to remove them. Calm persuasion would have promised a much better result. If the differences were about trifles, both parties ought to have confessed their folly, and been ashamed of their repetition. In numberless instances, these petty and unreasonable jars arise from the love of debate, and fondness for victory. Consultation and debate are very different things. In the former, some useful result or purpose is the object, and discussion may enlighten both their minds. In the latter, victory, or display, or the *last word*, is the ridiculous point to be gained; and in gaining it,

both parties become inflamed, and temporary alienation is the consequence. How many dinners and suppers have been untasted, or tasteless, on this account, and how many evenings been spent in silence, and by the wife, in tears! And yet from such worthless trifles, proceed pains and sorrows, so much to be lamented. Let me caution young couples especially, never to commence these dangerous experiments: their consequences may be lasting as life; and to their peace, unless corrected, they will be death. Let them remember these suggestions on their anniversaries; let them review them carefully, and resolve that they shall not be repeated. I am not now supposing that either of the parties indulges in any open habits which tarnish the moral character in society; I aim only at those follies, imprudences and faults, which mar the peace of the family circle, and 'pour in poison to the bowl of joy.' Leave debates to Congress. Nine-tenths of those we hear in that honorable body, prove their own uselessness and irritating tendency.* Such anniversaries as I am recommending, if wisely improved, would in a few years become days of jubilee. They would have a benign influence on the minds of young children. They are constantly looking to their parents and to their examples; and they naturally presume that such examples may be safely followed, until they begin to perceive their pernicious tendency and consequences. Alas! how many of them have such tendency, when not early corrected! But on the contrary, when all is harmony between those who preside in the domestic circle, similar harmony will generally be found among the children. The immense responsibility of parents in this particular, is not suitably regarded. Gentleness usually meets with gentleness in return. Urbanity and courtesy are the essentials of politeness; and where can these be more happily exercised, than by those who, from the nature of their union, must soon become intimately acquainted with each other's peculiar tastes, habits, modes of thinking and reasoning, failings, and propensities? It is a mark of true politeness, in view of these things, to show a spirit of accommodation, as far as it can be done with innocence; and more especially is it necessary, where the affections of the heart are intimately concerned, as they are, in the preservation of domestic purity and peace. How many houses have been consumed by *shavings*! — and merely because they were not removed in season, and placed where they could not be inflamed; or because, if inflamed by some imprudence, they were not immediately extinguished by the joint efforts of those who would be the greatest sufferers by their own neglect. According to the common course of events, every succeeding anniversary celebration will present some new subjects of review, pleasant or unpleasant. The parties may find themselves in some new situation; calling for the exercise of new powers and new virtues, and opening to their view new sources of comfort, which they might have enjoyed, had they been duly attentive to their own dearest in-

* POSSIBLY this testimony, from one long a member of the National Legislature, may hereafter prevent some mouthing congressional orator from occupying more than four days of the people's time in the delivery of a stupid speech, for home consumption.

terests. In such circumstances, the careful review of the past will secure blessings in future. '*Prima virtus est vitio carere.*' The first step toward amendment, is to leave the path of error. Each past year should be read and studied, as a book full of instruction and animating encouragement. It may also be considered as a mirror, in which our married pair may see not only themselves, but their imprudences; their faults, their passions, their improvements, and increased happiness. Again, each anniversary may be compared to a mount, from which they can look back and see the course they have been travelling, through the year that has bidden them farewell; whether it has been a direct or a crooked one; whether through useless wilds and dangerous passages, or through fields abounding in blessings, and over peaceful plains, and under a healthy climate; or, in a word, whether they have availed themselves of the advantages they enjoyed, by a judicious and thankful use of them, or wasted their moral health and real blessings, by indulging in mutual complaints, or cold indifference.

I cannot persuade myself that a careful attention to these suggestions, with a sincere desire to derive instruction from the annual commemoration of our wedding-days, in thanking heaven for what we enjoy, and reviewing the various scenes in which we have been placed during the preceding year, would not be attended with visible and substantial advantages. It would teach us self-examination and self-correction; make us better acquainted with ourselves, and more deserving of the respect and esteem of the good and praiseworthy, and increase our own happiness. Every one is bound, on all occasions, to regulate his temper, by a consideration of the train of unpleasant and often pernicious effects which are caused by its improper indulgence; as every soldier is under the obligations imposed upon him, in consequence of his station, to be respectful and obedient to his commander. But the married pair, on the anniversaries of their wedding-day, should consider themselves as a soldier does, when standing on duty as a sentinel, bound to a more strict observance of approaching danger, by a careful and critical attention, from whatever quarter it might present itself.

To conclude: *Home*, in all cases, is the spot where the young passions and affections first display themselves. Here too often, in consequence of mismanagement, these passions are indulged and inflamed, and these affections are corrupted and debased, by bad examples, and dangerous counsels. Thus these passions gain strength, by freedom from restraint, and running riot in society, they produce crime and devastation. And home, 'sweet home,' of the sweet song, when under proper discipline, and the mild administration of virtuous domestic rulers, is the garden where such passions and affections, thus planted in a genial soil, are cherished with tenderness and care; and, under the guidance of parental instruction and example, are ripened into virtues and graces, and steady principles of morality and religion, which adorn and bless the community. Of this garden, there are flowers and fruits, which, though they may sometimes seem to be chilled by the atmosphere of this world, yet will survive even the cold night of death, and flourish in immortal bloom, beyond the winter of the grave.

SEVER.

THE ESCAPE

OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

SWEETLY the breath of night's soft noon
 Was sporting o'er Lochleven's wave,
 Wafting its sighs to summer's moon,
 Or whispering 'neath the mountain cave;
 Stern rose the castle's threatening wall,
 Unsoftened by that glorious beam,
 While rippling waters' ceaseless fall,
 To nature breathed their gentle hymn.

Swiftly a light form bounded o'er
 The hillock moist, and grassy side,
 And 'neath the flowing plaid she wore,
 Peeped female grace no plaid could hide;
 Oh, breathlessly she paused, and cast
 A fearful, trembling glance around,
 Then to Lochleven's border passed,
 Where scarce a trodden pathway wound.

Why stood she lone and trembling there?
 Was it to watch the moon's pale ray,
 That dancing o'er her golden hair,
 Caught softness as it passed away?
 Ah no! that sad blue eye was turned
 So anxiously o'er wood and dale,
 And that high brow so deeply burned,
 And then it was so cold and pale!

All, all bespoke a fluttering heart,
 A mind whose every thought was pain,
 Where thousand fears successive dart,
 Waking each fancied doubt again:
 Oh! how that fair face lighted o'er,
 Like sunbeam from 'mid varying clouds,
 When from the lake's most distant shore,
 A skiff its wreathing billows crowds!

Light from the bark young Douglas sprang,
 And kneeling at Queen Mary's feet,
 Those banished words 'my sovereign!' rang
 In her blest ears now doubly sweet:
 And mark the noble youth who dared
 So much in suffering beauty's cause;
 Ah! his exulting bosom shared
 The throbs of that short, breathless pause.

Once more the light bark moves away,
 Like some gay sporting bird of spring,
 That swiftly, in its joyous play,
 Skims o'er the lake on downy wing.
 Oh, those young hearts it bore along
 So light, so innocent, and free,
 They ne'er again should beat among,
 Souls that felt not their purity!

The night had passed; its dreary hours
 Saw Mary 'neath a prison's wall;
 The sun his tide of brightness pours
 On Mary free from lawless thrall.
 But haste thee, haste thee, hapless queen!
 Lochleven's castle frowns behind;
 Thy warriors' swords are bright and keen,
 Their hearts, thy truest shield thou'lt find!

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

LETTER TWO.

You need not, dear Fausta, concern yourself on our behalf. I cannot think that your apprehensions will be realized. Rome never was more calm than now, nor apparently has there ever a better temper possessed its people. The number of those who are sufficiently enlightened to know that the mind ought not to be in bondage to man, but be held answerable to God alone for its thoughts and opinions, is becoming too great for the violences and cruelties of former ages to be again put in practice against us. And Aurelian, although stern in his nature, and superstitious beyond others, will not, I am persuaded, lend himself either to priests or people to annoy us. If no principle of humanity prevented him, or generosity of sentiment, he would be restrained, I think, by his attachments to so many who bear the hated name. And this opinion I maintain, notwithstanding a recent act on the part of the emperor, which some construe into the expression of unfavorable sentiments toward us. I allude to the appointment of Fronto, Niquidius Fronto, to be chief priest of the temple to the Sun, which has these several years been building, and is now just completed. This man signalized himself, both under Decius and Valerian, for his bitter hatred of the Christians, and his untiring zeal in the work of their destruction. The tales which are told of his ferocious barbarity, would be incredible, did we not know so well what the hard Roman heart is capable of. It is reported of him, that he informed against his own sisters, who had embraced the Christian faith, was with those who hunted them with blood-hounds from their place of concealment, and stood by, a witness and an executioner, while they were torn limb from limb, and devoured. I doubt not the truth of the story. And from that day to this, has he made it his sole office to see that all the laws that bear hard upon the sect, and deprive them of privileges and immunities, are not permitted to become a dead letter. It is this man, drunk with blood, whom Aurelian has put in chief authority in his new temple, and made him, in effect, the head of religion in the city. He is, however, not only this. He possesses other traits, which with reason might commend him to the regard of the emperor. He is an accomplished man, of an ancient family, and without mean scholar. He is a Roman, who for Rome's honor or greatness, as he would on the one hand sacrifice father, mother, daughter, so would he also himself. And Rome, he believes, lives but in her religion; it is the life blood of the state. It is these traits, I doubt not, that have recommended him to Aurelian, rather than the others. He is a person eminently fitted for the post to which he is exalted; and you well know that it is the circumstance of fitness, that Aurelian alone considers, in appointing his own or the servants of the state. Probus thinks differently. And although he sees no cause

to apprehend immediate violence, confesses his fears for the future. He places less reliance than I do upon the generosity and friendship of Aurelian. It is his conviction, that superstition is the reigning power of his nature, and will sooner or later assert its supremacy. It may be so. Probus is an acute observer, and occupies a position more favorable to impartial estimates, and the formation of a dispassionate judgment, than I.

This reminds me, that you asked for news of Probus, my 'Christian pedagogue,' as you are wont to name him. He is here, adorning, by a life of severe simplicity and divine benevolence, the doctrine he has espoused. He is a frequent inmate of our house, and Julia, not less than myself, ever greets him with affectionate reverence, as both friend and instructor. He holds the chief place in the hearts of the Roman Christians; for even those of the sect who differ from him in doctrine and in life, cannot but acknowledge that never an apostle presented to the love and imitation of his followers an example of rarer virtue. Yet he is not, in the outward rank which he holds, at the head of the Christian body. Their chiefs are, as you know, the bishops, and Felix is bishop of Rome, a man every way inferior to Probus. But he has the good or ill fortune to represent more popular opinions, in matters both of doctrine and practice, than the other, and of course easily rides into the posts of trust and honor. He represents those among the Christians — for alas! there are such even among them — who in seeking the elevation and extension of Christianity, do not hesitate to accommodate both doctrine and manner to the prejudices and tastes of both Pagan and Jew. They seek converts, not by raising them to the height of Christian principle and virtue, but by lowering these to the level of their grosser conceptions. Thus it is easy to see, that in the hands of such professors, the Christian doctrine is undergoing a rapid process of deterioration. Probus, and those who are on his part, see this, are alarmed, and oppose it; but numbers are against them, and consequently, power and authority. Already, strange as it may seem, when you compare such things with the institution of Christianity, as effected by its founder, do the bishops, both in Rome and the provinces, begin to assume the state and bearing of nobility. Such is the number and wealth of the Christian community, that the treasures of the churches are full, and from this source, the pride and ambition of their rulers are luxuriously fed. If, as you walk through the street which crosses from the Quirinal to the Arch of Titus, lined with private dwellings of unusual magnificence, you ask whose is that with a portico, that for beauty and costliness rather exceeds the rest, you are told, 'That is the dwelling of Felix, the Bishop of Rome;' and if it chance to be a Christian who answers the question, it is done with ill-suppressed pride, or shame, according to the party to which he belongs. This Felix is the very man, through the easiness of his dispositions, and his proneness to all the arts of self-indulgence, and the imposing graciousness of his carriage, to keep the favor of the people, and at the same time sink them, without suspicion on their part, lower and lower toward the sensual superstitions, from which, through so much suffering, and by so many labors, they have but just escaped, and accomplish an adulterous and

fatal union between Christianity and Paganism; by which, indeed, Paganism may be purified and exalted, but Christianity annihilated. For Christianity, in its essence, is that which beckons and urges onward, not to excellence only, but to perfection. Of course its mark is always in advance of the present. By such union with Paganism, then, or Judaism, its essential characteristic will disappear; Christianity will, in effect, perish. You may suppose, accordingly, that Probus, and others who with him rate Christianity so differently, look on with anxiety upon this downward progress, and with mingled sorrow and indignation upon those who aid it — oftentimes actuated, as is notorious, by most corrupt motives.

I am just returned from the shop of the learned Publius, where I met Probus, and others of many ways of thinking. You will gather from what occurred, better than from any thing else I could say, what occupies the thoughts of our citizens, and how they stand affected.

I called to Milo to accompany me, and to take with him a basket in which to bring back books, which it was my intention to purchase.

‘I trust, noble master,’ said he, ‘that I am to bear back no more Christian books.’

‘Why so, knave?’

‘Because the priests say that they have magical powers over all who read them, or so much as handle them; that a curse sticks wherever they are or have been. I have heard of those who have withered away to a mere wisp; of others who have suddenly caught on fire, and vanished in flame and smoke; and of others whose blood has stood still, frozen, or run out from all parts of the body, changed to the very color of your shoe, at their base touch. Who should doubt that it is so, when the very boys in the streets have it, and it is taught in the temples? I would rather Solon, noble master, went in my stead. Mayhap his learning would protect him.’

I, laughing, bade him come on. ‘You are not withered away yet, Milo, nor has your blood run out; yet you have borne many a package of these horrible books. Surely the gods befriend you.’

‘I were else long since with the Scipios.’ After a pause of some length, he added, as he reluctantly, and with features of increased paleness, followed in my steps:

‘I would, my master, that you might be wrought with to leave these ways. I sleep not, for thinking of your danger. Never, when it was my sad mischance to depart from the deserted palace of the great Gallienus, did I look to know one to esteem like him. But it is the truth when I affirm, that I place Piso before Gallienus, and the lady Julia before the noble Salonina. Shall I tell you a secret?’

‘I will hear it, if it is not to be kept.’

‘It is for you to do with it as shall please you. I am the bosom friend, you may know, with Curio, the favorite slave of Fronto —’

‘Must I not publish it?’

‘Nay, that is not the matter, though it is somewhat to boast of. There is not Curio’s fellow in all Rome. But that may pass. Curio, then, as I was with him at the new temple, while he was busied in some of the last offices before the dedication, among other things, said: ‘Is not thy master Piso of these Christians?’ ‘Yea,’ said I,

he is; and were they all such as he, there could be no truth in what is said of them.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'there are few among the accursed tribe like him. He has but just joined them; that's the reason he is better than the rest. Wait awhile, and see what he will become. They are all alike in the end, cursers, and despisers, and disbelievers, of the blessed gods. But lions have teeth, tigers have claws, knives cut, fire burns, water drowns.' There he stopped. 'That's wise,' I said; 'who could have known it?' 'Think you,' he rejoined, 'Piso knows it? If not, let him ask Fronto. Let me advise thee,' he added, in a whisper, though in all the temple there were none beside us, 'let me advise thee, as thy friend, to avoid dangerous company. Look to thyself; the Christians are not safe.' 'How say you,' I replied, 'not safe? What and whom are they to fear? Gallienus vexed them not. Is Aurelian ——' 'Say no more,' he replied, interrupting me, 'and name not what I have dropped, for your life. Fronto's ears are more than the eyes of Argus, and his wrath more deadly than the grave.'

'Just as he ended these words, a strong beam of red light shot up from the altar, and threw a horrid glare over the whole dark interior. I confess I cried out with affright. Curio started, at first, but quickly recovered, saying it was but the sudden flaming up of a fire that had been burning on the altar, but which shortly before he had quenched. 'It is,' he said, 'an omen of the flames that are to be kindled throughout Rome.' This was Curio's communication. Is it not a secret worth knowing?'

'It tells nothing, Milo, but of the boiling over of the wrath of the malignant Fronto, which is always boiling over. Doubtless I should fare ill, were his power equal to his will to harm us. But Aurelian is above him.'

'That is true; and Aurelian, it is plain, is little like Fronto.'

'Very little.'

'But still I would that, like Gallienus, thou couldst only believe in the gods. The Christians, so it is reported, worship and believe in but a man—a Jew—who was crucified as a criminal, with thieves and murderers.' He turned upon me a countenance full of unaffected horror.

'Well, Milo, at another time, I will tell you what the truth about it is. Here we are now, at the shop of Publius.'

The shop of Publius is remarkable for its extent and magnificence, if such a word may be applied to a place of traffic. Here resort all the idlers of learning and of leisure, to turn over the books, hear the news, discuss the times, and trifle with the learned bibliopole. As I entered, he saluted me, in his customary manner, and bade me 'welcome to his poor apartments, which for a long time I had not honored with my presence.'

I replied, that two things had kept me away—the civil broils in which the city had just been involved, and the care of ordering the appointments of a new dwelling. I had come now to commence some considerable purchases for some vacant shelves, if it might so happen that the books I wanted, were to be found in his rooms.

'There is not,' he replied, 'a literature, a science, a philosophy, an art, or a religion, whose principal authors are not to be found upon

the walls of Publius. My agents are in every corner of the empire, of the east and west, searching out the curious and rare, the useful and the necessary, to swell the catalogue of my intellectual riches. I believe it is established, that in no time before me, as no where now, has there been heard of a private collection like this, for value and for number.'

'I do not doubt what you say, Publius. This is a grand display. Your ranges of rooms show like those of the Ulpian. Yet you do not quite equal, I suppose, Trajan's, for number?'

'Truly not. But time may bring it to pass. What shall I show you? It pleases me to give my time to you. I am not slow to guess what it is you now, noble Piso, chiefly covet. And I think, if you will follow me to the proper apartment, I can set before you the very things you are in search of. Here upon these shelves are the Christian writers. Just let me offer you this copy of Hegesippus, one of your oldest historians, if I err not. And here are some beautifully executed copies, I have just ordered to be made, of the Apologies of Justin and Tertullian. Here, again, are Marcion and Valentinus; but perhaps they are not in esteem with you. If I have heard aright, you will prefer these tracts of Paul, or Artemon. But hold, here is a catalogue. Be pleased to inspect it.'

As I looked over the catalogue, I expressed my satisfaction that a person of his repute was willing to keep on sale works so generally condemned, and excluded from the shops of most of his craft.

'I aim, my dear friend — most worthy Piso — to steer a mid-way course among contending factions. I am myself a worshipper of the gods of my fathers. But I am content that others should do as they please in the matter. I am not, however, so much a worshipper — in your ear — as a book-seller. That is my calling. The Christians are become a most respectable people. They are not to be overlooked. They are, in my judgment, the most intelligent part of our community. Wasting none of their time at the baths and theatres, they have more time for books. And then their numbers, too! They are not fewer than seventy thousand! — known and counted. But the number, between ourselves, Piso, of those who secretly favor or receive this doctrine, is equal to the other! My books go to houses, ay, and to palaces, people dream not of.'

'I think your statements a little broad,' said a smooth, silvery voice, close at our ears. We started, and beheld the Prefect Varus standing at our side. Publius was for a moment a little disconcerted; but quickly recovered, saying, in his easy way, 'A fair morning to you! I knew not that it behooved me to be upon my oath, being in the presence of the Governor of Rome. I repeat, noble Varus, but what I hear. Piso receives what I say as the current rumor. That is all — that is all. Things may not be so, or they may; it is not for me to say. I wish well to all; that is my creed.'

'In the public enumerations of the citizens,' replied the Prefect, inclining, with civility, to Publius, 'the Christians have reached at no time fifty thousand. As for the conjecture touching the numbers who secretly embrace this injurious superstition, I hold it utterly baseless. It may serve a dying cause to repeat such statements, but they accord not with obvious fact.'

'Suspect me not, Varus,' hastily rejoined the agitated Publius, of setting forth such statements with the purpose to advance the cause of the Christians. I take no part in this matter. Thou knowest that I am a Roman of the old stamp. Not a Roman in my street is more diligently attentive to the services of the temple, than I. I simply say again, what I hear as news of my customers. The story which one rehearses, I retail to another.'

'I thank the gods it is so,' replied the man of power.

During these few words, I had stood partly concealed by a slender marble pillar. I now turned, and the usual greetings passed with the Prefect.

'Ah! Piso! I knew not my bearer. Perhaps from you'— smiling as he spoke — 'we may learn the truth. Rome speaks loudly of your late desertion of the religion and worship of your fathers, and union with the Galileans. I should say, I hoped the report ill founded, had I not heard it from quarters too authentic to permit a doubt.'

'You have heard rightly, Varus,' I rejoined. 'After searching through all antiquity after truth, I congratulate myself upon having at last discovered it, and where I least expected, in a Jew. And the good which I have found for myself, I am glad to know is enjoyed by so many more of my fellow citizens. I should not hesitate to confirm the statement made by Publius, from whatever authority he may have derived it, rather than that which has been made by yourself. I have bestowed attention not only upon the arguments which support Christianity, but upon the actual condition of the Christian community, here and throughout the empire. It is prosperous at this hour, beyond all former example. If Pliny could complain, even in his day, of the desertion of the temples of the gods, what may we now suppose to be the relative numbers of the two great parties? Only, Varus, allow the rescript of Gallienus to continue in force, which merely releases us from oppressions, and we shall see in what a fair trial of strength between the two religions will issue.'

'That dull profligate and parricide,' replied Varus, 'not content with killing himself with his vices, and his father by connivance, must needs destroy his country by his fatuity. I confess, that till that order be repealed, the superstition will spread.'

'But it only places us upon equal ground.'

'It is precisely there where we never should be placed. Should the conspirator be put upon the ground of a citizen? Were the late rebels of the mint to be relieved from all oppressions, that they might safely intrigue and conspire for the throne?'

'Christianity has nothing to do with the empire, as such. It is a question of moral, philosophical, religious truth. Is truth to be exalted or suppressed by edicts?'

'The religion of the state,' replied Varus, 'is a part of the state; and he who assails it, strikes at the dearest life of the state, and— forgive me — is to be dealt with — ought to be dealt with — as a traitor.'

'I trust,' I replied, 'that that time will never again come, but that reason and justice will continue to bear sway. And it is both reasonable and just, that persons who yield to none in love of country,

and whose principles of conduct are such as must make good subjects every where, because they first make good men, should be protected in the enjoyment of rights and privileges common to all others.'

'If the Christians,' he rejoined, 'are virtuous men, it is better for the state than if they were Christians and corrupt men. But still that would make no change in my judgment of their offence. They deny the gods who were over this nation, and have brought it up to its height of power and fame. Their crime were less, I repeat, to deny the authority of Aurelian. This religion of the Galileans is a sore, eating into the vitals of an ancient and vigorous constitution, and must be cut away. The knife of the surgeon is what the evil cries out for and must have — else universal anarchy is come. I mourn that from the ranks of the very fathers of the state, they have received an accession like this of the house of Piso.'

'I shall think my time and talent well employed,' I replied, 'in doing what I may to set the question of Christianity in its true light before the city. It is this very institution which it needs to preserve it. Christianize Rome, and you impart the very principle of endurance of immortality. Under its present corruptions, it cannot but sink. Is it possible a community of men can long hold together as vicious as this of Rome? — whose people are either disbelievers of all divine existences, or else ground to the earth by degrading superstitions? A nation, either on the one hand governed by superstition, or on the other, atheistical, contains within itself the disease which sooner or later will destroy it. You yourself, it is notorious, have never been within the walls of a temple, nor are Lares or Penates to be found within your doors.'

'I deny it not. Most who rise to any intelligence, must renounce, if they ever harbored it, all faith in the absurdities and nonsense of the Roman religion. But what then? These very absurdities, as we deem them, are holy truth to the multitude, and do more than all bolts, bars, axes, and gibbets, to keep them in subjection. The intelligent are good citizens by reflection; the multitude, through instincts of birth, and the power of superstition. My idea is, as you perceive, Piso, but one. Religion is the state, and for reasons of state, must be preserved in the very form in which it has so long upheld the empire.'

'An idea more degrading than yours, to our species, can hardly be conceived. I cannot but look upon man as something more than a part of the state. He is, first of all, a man, and is to be cared for as such. To legislate for the state, to the ruin of the man, is to pamper the body, and kill the mind. It is to invert the true process. The individual is more than the abstraction which we term the state. If governments cannot exist, nor empires hold their sway, but by the destruction of the human being, why let them fall. The lesser must yield to the greater. As a Christian, my concern is for man as man. This is the essence of the religion of Christ. It is philanthropy. It sees in every human soul a being of more value than empires, and its purpose is, by furnishing it with truths and motives, equal to its wants, to exalt it, purify it, and perfect it. If, in achieving this work, existing religions or governments are necessarily overturned or anni-

hilated, Christianity cares not, so long as man is the gainer. And is it not certain, that no government could really be injured, although it might apparently, and for a season, by its subjects being raised in all intelligence and all virtue? My work, therefore, Varus, will be to sow truth in the heart of the people, which shall make that heart fertile and productive. I do not believe that in doing this, Rome will suffer injury, but on the contrary, receive benefit. Its religion, or rather its degrading superstitions, may fall, but a principle of almighty energy and divine purity will insensibly be substituted in their room. I labor for man — not for the state.'

'And never, accordingly, most noble Piso, did man, in so unequivocal words, denounce himself traitor.'

'Patriot! friend! benefactor! rather;' cried a voice at my side, which I instantly recognised as that of Probus. Several beside himself had drawn near, listening with interest to what was going on.

'That only shows, my good friend,' said Varus, in his smiling way, and which seems the very contradiction of all that is harsh and cruel, 'how differently we estimate things. Your palate esteems that wholesome and nutritious food, which mine rejects, as ashes to the taste, and poison to the blood. I behold Rome torn, and bleeding, and prostrate, and dying, by reason of innovations upon faith and manners, which to you appear the very means of growth, strength, and life. How shall we resolve the doubt? Who shall prescribe for the patient? I am happy in the belief, that the Roman people have long since decided for themselves, and confirm their decision every day, as it passes, by new acts and declarations.'

'If you mean,' said Probus, 'to say that numbers and the general voice are still against the Christians, I grant it so. But I am happy, too, in my belief, that the scale is trembling on the beam. There are more and better than you wot of, who hail with eager minds and glad hearts, the truths which it is our glory, as servants of Christ, to propound. Within many a palace upon the seven hills, do prayers go up in his name; and what is more, thousands upon thousands of the humbler ranks, of those who but yesterday were without honor in their own eyes, or others' — without faith — at war with themselves and the world — fit tools for any foe of the state to work with — are to-day reverers of themselves, worshippers of God, lovers of mankind, patriots who love their country better than ever before, because they now behold in every citizen not only a citizen, but a brother and an immortal. The doctrine of Christianity, as a lover of man, so commends itself, Varus, to the hearts of the people, that in a few more years of prosperity, and the face of the Roman world will glow with a new beauty; love and humanity will shine forth in all its features.'

'That is very pretty,' said Varus, his lip slightly curling, as he spoke, but retaining his courteous bearing, 'yet methinks, seeing this doctrine is so bewitching, and is withal a heaven-inspired wisdom, the God working behind it and urging it on, it moves onward with a pace something of the slowest. Within a few of three hundred years has it appealed to the human race, and appealed in vain. The feeblest and the worst of mankind have had power almost to annihilate it, and more than once has it seemed scarce to retain its

life. Would it have been so, had it been in reality what you claim for it, of divine birth? Would the gods suffer their schemes for man's good to be so thwarted, and driven aside by man? What was this boasted faith doing during the loved and peaceful reigns of Hadrian, and the first Antonine? The sword of persecution was then sheathed, or if it fell at all, it was but on a few. So, too, under Vespasian, Titus, Numa, Severus, Heliogabalus, the Philips, Galienus, and Claudius?

'That is well said,' a Roman voice added, of one standing by the side of Varus, 'and is a general wonder.'

'I marvel it should be a wonder,' rejoined Probus. 'Can you pour into a full measure? Must it not be first emptied? Who, Varus, let him try as he may, could plant the doctrine of Christ in thy heart? Could I do it, think you? — or Piso?'

'I trow not.'

'And why, I pray you?'

'It is not hard to guess.'

'Is it not because you are already full of contrary notions, to which you cling tenaciously, and from which, perhaps, no human force could drag you? But yours is a type of every other Roman mind, to which Christianity has been offered. If you receive it not at once, should others? Suppose the soul to be full of sincere convictions as to the popular faith, can the gospel easily enter there? Suppose it skeptical, as to all spiritual truth; can it enter there? Suppose it polluted by vice; can it easily enter there? Suppose it like the soul of Fronto —'

'Hush! hush!' said several voices. Probus heeded them not.

'Suppose it like the soul of Fronto, could it enter there? See you not, then, by knowing your own hearts, what time it must demand for a new, and specially a strict, doctrine, to make its way into the minds of men? 'Tis not easier to bore a rock with one's finger, than to penetrate a heart hardened by sin, or swelled with prejudice and pride. And if we say, Varus, this was a work for the God to do — that he who originated the faith should propagate it — I answer, that would not be like the other dealings of the divine power. He furnishes you with earth and seed, but he ploughs not for you, nor plants, nor reaps. He gives you reason, but he pours not knowledge into your mind. So he offers truth; but that is all. He compels no assent; he forces no belief. All is voluntary and free. How, then, can the march of truth be otherwise than slow? Truth, being the greatest thing below, resembles in its port the motion of the stars, which are the greatest things above. But like theirs, if slow, it is ever sure and onward.'

'The stars set in night.'

'But they rise again. Truth is eclipsed often, and it sets for a night; but never is turned aside from its eternal path.'

'Never, Publius,' said the Prefect, adjusting his gown, and with the act filling the air with perfume, 'never did I think to find myself within a Christian church. Your shop possesses many virtues. It is a place to be instructed in.' Then, turning to Probus, he soothingly, and in persuasive tones, added: 'Be advised now, good friend, and leave off thy office of teacher. Rome can well spare thee.'

Take the judgment of others; we need not thy doctrine. Let that alone which is well established and secure. Spare these institutions, venerable through a thousand years. Leave changes to the gods.'

Probus was about to reply, when we were strangely interrupted. While we had been conversing, there had stood before me, in the midst of the floor of the apartment, a man, whose figure, face, and demeanor were such, that I hardly could withdraw my eye from him. He was tall and gaunt, beyond all I ever saw, and erect as a Prætorian in the ranks. His face was strongly Roman, thin, and bony, with sunken cheeks, a brown and wrinkled skin — not through age, but exposure — and eyes more wild and fiery than ever glared in the head of Hun or hyena. He seemed a living fire-brand of death and ruin. As we talked, he stood there motionless, sometimes casting glances at our group, but more frequently fixing them upon a roll which he held in his hands.

As Varus uttered the last words, this man suddenly left his post, and reaching us with two or three strides, shook his long finger at Varus, saying, at the same time :

'Hold, blasphemer!'

The Prefect started, as if struck, and gazing a moment with unfeigned amazement at the figure, then immediately burst into a laugh, crying out :

'Ha! ha! Who in the name of Hecate have we here? Ha! ha! ha! — he seems just escaped from the Vivaria.'

'Thy laugh,' said the figure, 'is the music of a sick and dying soul. It is a rebel's insult against the majesty of heaven; ay, laugh on! That is what the devils do; it is the merriment of hell. What time they burn not, they laugh. But enough. Hold now thy scoffing, Prefect Varus, for high as thou art, I fear thee not; no! not wert thou twice Aurelian, instead of Varus. I have a word for thee. Wilt hear it?'

'With delight, Bubo. Say on.'

'It was thy word just now, 'Rome needs not this doctrine,' was it not?'

'If I said it not, it is a good saying, and I will father it.'

'Rome needs not this doctrine; she is well enough; let her alone!'

These were thy words. Need not, Varus, the streets of Rome a cleansing river to purify them? Dost thou think them well enough, till all the fountains have been let loose to purge them? Is Tarquin's sewer a place to dwell in? Could all the waters of Rome sweeten it? The people of Rome are fouler than her highways. The sewers are sweeter than the very worshippers of our temples. Thou knowest somewhat of this. Wast ever present at the rites of Bacchus? — or those of the Cyprian goddess? Nay, blush not yet. Didst ever hear of the gladiator Pollex? — of the woman Cæcina? — of the boy Lælius, and the fair girl Faunia? — proffered and sold by the parents, Pollex and Cæcina, to the loose pleasures of Gallienus? Now I give thee leave to blush! Is it nought that the one half of Rome is sunk in a sensuality, a beastly drunkenness and lust, fouler than that of old which, in Judea, called down the fiery vengeance of the insulted heavens? Thou knowest well, both from early experience and because of thy office, what the purlieus of the

theatres are, and places worse than those, and which to name were an offence. But to you they need not be named. Is all this, Varus, well enough? Is this that venerable order thou wouldst not have disturbed? Is that to be charged as impiety, and atheism, which aims to change and reform it? Are they conspirators, and rebels, and traitors, whose sole office and labor is to mend these degenerate morals, to heal these corrupting sores, to pour a better life into the rotting carcass of this guilty city? Is it for our amusement, or our profit, that we go about this always dangerous work? Is it a pleasure to hear the gibes, jests, and jeers of the streets, and the places of public resort? Will you not believe that it is for some great end, that we do and bear as thou seest — even the redemption, and purifying, and saving of Rome? I love Rome, even as a mother, and for her am ready to die. I have bled for her freely in battle, in Gaul, upon the Danube, in Asia, and in Egypt. I am willing to bleed for her at home, even unto death, if that blood might, through the blessing of God, be a stream to cleanse her putrifying members. But O, holy Jesus! why waste I words upon one whose heart is harder than the nether mill-stone! Thou preachedst not to Pilate, nor didst thou work thy wonders for Herod. Varus, beware!

And with these words, uttered with a wild and threatening air, he abruptly turned away, and was lost in the crowds of the street.

While he raved, the Prefect maintained the same unruffled demeanor as before. His customary smile played around his mouth, a smile like no other I ever saw. To a casual observer, it would seem like every other smile, but to one who watches him, it is evident that it denotes no hilarity of heart, for the eyes accompany it not with a corresponding expression, but on the contrary, look forth from their beautiful cavities with glances that speak of any thing rather than of peace and good will. So soon as the strange being who had been declaiming had disappeared, the Prefect, turning to me, as he drew up his gown around him, said:

‘I give you joy, Piso, of your coadjutor. A few more of the same fashion, and Rome is safe.’ And saluting us with urbanity, he sallied from the shop.

I had been too much amazed, myself, during this scene, to do any thing else than stand still, and listen, and observe. As for Probus, I saw him to be greatly moved, and give signs of even deep distress. He evidently knew who the person was — as I saw him make more than one ineffectual effort to arrest him in his harangue — and as evidently held him in respect, seeing he abstained from all interruption of a speech that he felt to be provoking wantonly the passions of the Prefect, and of many who stood around, from whom, so soon as the man of authority had withdrawn, angry words broke forth abundantly.

‘Well did the noble Prefect say, that wild animal had come forth like a half-famished tiger from the Vivaria,’ said one.

‘It is singular,’ observed another, ‘that a man who pretends to reform the state, should think to do it by putting it into a rage with him, and all he utters.’

‘Especially singular,’ added a third, ‘that the advocate of a religion that, as I hear, condemns violence, and consists in the strictness with which the passions are governed, should suppose that he was

doing any other work than cutting a breach into his own citadel, by such ferocity. But it is quite possible his wits are touched.'

'No, I presume not,' said the first; 'this is a kind of zeal which, if I have observed aright, the Christians hold in esteem.'

As these separated to distant parts of the shop, I said to Probus, who seemed heavily oppressed by what had occurred, 'What dæmon,' said I, 'dwells in that body that has just departed?'

'Well do you say dæmon. The bitter mind of that man seems oftentimes seized upon by some foul spirit, and bound, and which acts and speaks in its room. But do you not know him?'

'No, truly; he is a stranger to me, as he appeared to be to all.'

'Nevertheless, you have been in his company. You forget not the Mediterranean voyage!'

'By no means. I enjoyed it highly, and recall it ever with delight.'

'Do you not remember, at the time I narrated to you the brief story of my life, that, as I ended, a rough voice from among the soldiers exclaimed, 'Where now are the gods of Rome?' This is that man, the soldier Macer; then bound with fellow soldiers to the service in Africa, now a Christian preacher.'

'I see it now. That man impressed me then with his thin form and all-devouring eyes. But the African climate, and the gash across his left cheek, and which seems to have slightly disturbed the eye, upon that side, have made him a different being, and almost a terrific one. Is he sound and sane?'

'Perfectly so,' replied Probus, 'unless we may say that souls earnestly devoted and zealous, are mad. There is not a more righteous soul in Rome. His conscience is bare, and shrinking like a fresh wound. His breast is warm and fond as a woman's. His penitence for the wild errors of his pagan youth, a consuming fire, which, while it redoubles his ardor in doing what he may in the cause of truth, rages in secret, and, if the sword or the cross claim him not, will bring him to the grave. He is utterly incapable of fear. All the racks and dungeons of Rome, with their tormentors, could not terrify him.'

'You now interest me in him. I must see and know him. It might be of service to him and to all, Probus, methinks, if he could be brought to associate with those whose juster notions might influence his, and modify them to the rule of truth.'

'I fear not. What he sees, he sees clearly and strongly, and by itself. He understands nothing of one truth bearing upon another, and adding to it, or taking from it. Truth is truth with him — and as his own mind perceives it — not another's. His conscience will allow him in no accommodations to other men's opinions or wishes. He is impatient under an argument as a war-horse under the rein, after the trumpet sounds. It is unavoidable, therefore, but he should possess great power among the Christians of Rome. His are the bold and decisive qualifications that strike the common mind. There is glory and applause in following and enduring under such a leader. Many are fain to believe him divinely illuminated and impelled, to unite the characters of teacher and prophet; and from knowing that he is so regarded by others, Macer has come almost to believe it himself. He is tending more and more to construe every impulse of

his own mind into a divine suggestion, and, I believe, honestly experiences difficulty in discriminating between them. Still, I do not deny that it would be of advantage for him more and more to come in contact with sober and enlightened minds. I shall take pleasure, at some fitting moment, to accompany you to his humble dwelling; the rather as I would show you, also, his wife and children, all of whom are, like himself, Christians.'

'I shall not forget the promise.'

Whereupon we separated. I then searched for Publius, and making my purchases, returned home, Milo following with the books.

As Milo relieved himself of his burden, discharging it upon the floor of the library, I overheard him to say :

'Lie there, accursed rolls! May the flames consume you, ere you are again upon my shoulders! For none but Piso would I have done what I have. Let me to the temple and expiate.'

'What words are these?' cried Solon, emerging from a recess. 'Who dares to heap curses upon books, which are the soul embalmed and made imperishable? What have we here? Aha! a new treasure for these vacant shelves, and most trimly ordered.'

'These, venerable Greek,' exclaimed Milo, waving him away, 'are books of magic! — oriental magic! Have a care! A touch may be fatal. Our noble master affects the Egyptians.'

'Magic!' exclaimed Solon, with supreme contempt; 'art thou so idiotic as to put credence in such fancies? Away! — hinder me not!' And saying so, he eagerly grasped a volume, and unrolling it, to the beginning of the work, dropped it suddenly, as if bitten by a serpent.

'Ha!' cried Milo, 'said I not so? Art so idiotic, learned Solon, as to believe in such fancies? How is it with thee? Is thy blood hot or cold? — thy teeth loose or fast? — thy arm withered or swollen?'

Solon stood surveying the pile, with a look partly of anger, partly of sorrow.

'Neither, fool!' he replied. 'These possess not the power or worth fabled of magic. They are books of dreams, visions, reveries, which are to the mind what fogs would be for food, and air for drink, innutritive and vain. Papias! — Irenæus! — Hegesippus! — Polycarp! Origen! — whose names are these, and to whom familiar? Some are Greek, some are Latin, but not a name famous in the world meets my eye. But we will order them on their shelves, and trust that time, which accomplishes all things, will restore reason to Piso. Milo, essay thy strength — my limbs are feeble — and lift these upon yonder marble; so may age deal gently with you.'

'Not for their weight in wisdom, Solon, would I again touch them. I have borne them hither, and if the priests speak truly, my life is worth not an obolus. I were mad to tempt my fate farther.'

'Avaunt thee, then, for a fool and a slave, as thou art!'

'Nay now, master Solon, thy own wisdom forsakes thee. Philosophers, they say, are ever possessors of themselves, though for the rest, they be beggars.'

“ ‘Beggars!’ sayest thou? Avaunt! I say, or Papias shall teach thee’ — and he would have launched the father at the head of Milo, but that, with quick instincts, he shot from the apartment, and left the pedagogue to do his own bidding.

So, Fausta, you see the Solon is still the inimitable old man he was, and Milo the fool he was. Think not me worse than either, for hoping so to entertain you. I know that in your solitude and grief, even such pictures may be welcome.

When I related to Julia the scene and the conversation at the shop of Publius, she listened not without agitation, and expresses her fears lest such extravagances, repeated and become common, should inflame the minds both of the people and their rulers against the Christians. Though I agree with her in lamenting the excess of zeal displayed by many of the Christians, and their needless assaults upon the characters and faith of their opposers, I cannot apprehend serious consequences from them, because they are so few and rare, and are palpable exceptions to the general character which I believe the whole city would unite in ascribing to the Christians. Their mildness and pacific temper are perhaps the very traits by which they are most distinguished, with which they are indeed continually reproached. Yet individual acts are often the remote causes of vast universal evil — of bloodshed, war, and revolution. Macer alone is enough to set on fire a city, a continent, a world.

I rejoice, I cannot tell you how sincerely, in all your progress. I do not doubt in the ultimate return of the city to its former populousness and wealth, at least. Aurelian has done well for you at last. His disbursements for the Temple of the Sun, alone, are vast, and must be more than equal to its perfect restoration. Yet his overthrown column you will scarce be tempted to rebuild. Forget not to assure Gracchus and Calpurnius of my affection. Farewell.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

I.

O THOU whom all admire, adore,
Pursue, but ne'er possess,
Away! — delude some casier fool,
Thou phantom, Happiness!
Thou art life's long, disastrous game,
That can the craftiest beat;
When Death looks on, but to reveal,
When 't is too late, the cheat.

II.

Safe is the whirlwind's boding calm,
And true the treacherous sea,
And real all the mirage paints,
Compared, thou dream, with thee!
Thy still retreating paradise
Flies as we near the spot;
A land from hope, our Pisgah still,
Explored, but entered not.

G O D .

THE Lord, the high and holy One,
Is present every where ;
Go to the regions of the sun,
And thou wilt find him there !

Go to the secret ocean caves,
Where man hath never trod,
And there, beneath the flashing waves,
Will be thy Maker, God !

Fly swiftly on the morning's wing,
To distant realms away,
Where birds, in jewelled plumage, sing
The advent of the day :

And where the lion seeks his lair,
And reindeer bounds alone —
God's presence makes the desert fair,
And cheers the frozen zone.

All Nature speaks of Him who made
The land, and sea, and sky ;
The fruits that fall, the leaves that fade,
The flowers that bloom to die :

The lofty mount and lowly vale,
The lasting forest trees,
The rocks that battle with the gale,
The ever-rolling seas :

All tell the Omnipresent Lord,
The God of boundless might ;
In every age and clime adored,
Whose dwelling is the light !

P. B.

A SLICE OF BRANT:

OR A PASSAGE IN THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF THE RENOWNED THAYENDANEGEA.*

BY COLONEL WILLIAM L. STONE.

THE month of April, 1780, found BRANT on the war-path, at the head of a small party of Indians and Tories, whom he led against the settlement of Harpersfield, which was taken by surprise, and destroyed. In consequence of their exposed situation, most of the inhabitants had left the settlement, so that there were but few persons killed, and only nineteen taken prisoners. Proceeding from Harpersfield, it was Brant's design to make an attack upon the upper fort of Schoharie, should he deem it prudent to encounter the risk, after duly reconnoitering the situation of the fort, and ascertaining its means of defence. The execution of this part of his project was prevented by an unexpected occurrence. Harpersfield was probably destroyed on the 5th or 6th of April. It happened that nearly at the same time, Colonel Vrooman, who was yet in command of Old Schoharie, had sent out a scout of fourteen militia-

* We are indebted for this graphic sketch of stirring incidents in one of the border wars of the American revolution, to an unpublished work, which is more particularly noticed in subsequent pages.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

minute-men, with directions to pass over to the head waters of the Charlotte river, and keep an eye upon the movements of certain suspected persons living in the valley of that stream. It being the proper season for making maple sugar, the minute-men were likewise directed to remain in the woods and manufacture a quantity of that article, of which the garrison were greatly in want. On the 2d of April, this party, the commander of which was Captain Alexander Harper, commenced their labors in the 'sugar-bush,' at the distance of about thirty miles from Schoharie. They were occupied in the discharge of this part of their duty, very cheerfully and with good success, for several days, entirely unapprehensive of danger; more especially as a new fall of snow, to the depth of three feet, would prevent, they supposed, the moving of any considerable body of the enemy, while in fact they were not aware of the existence of an armed foe short of Niagara. But their operations were most unexpectedly interrupted. It seems that Brant, in wending his way from Harpersfield toward Schoharie, fell suddenly upon Harper and his party on the 7th of April, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately surrounded them—his force consisting of forty-three Indian warriors and seven Tories. So silent and cautious had been the approach of the enemy, that the first admonition Harper received of their presence, was the death of three of his little band, who were struck down while engaged in their work. The leader was instantly discovered in the person of the Mohawk chief, who rushed up to Captain Harper, tomahawk in hand, and observed, 'Harper, I am sorry to find you here!' 'Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?' replied the other. 'Because,' rejoined the chief, 'I *must* kill you, although we were school-mates in our youth'—at the same time raising his hatchet, and suiting the action to the word. Suddenly his arm fell, and with a piercing scrutiny, looking Harper full in the face, he inquired, 'Are there any regular troops at the forts in Schoharie?' Harper caught the idea in an instant. To answer truly, and admit that there were none, as was the fact, would but hasten Brant and his warriors forward to fall upon the settlements at once, and their destruction would have been swift and sure. He therefore informed him that a reinforcement of three hundred continental troops had arrived, to garrison the forts only two or three days before. This information appeared very much to disconcert the chieftain. He prevented a farther shedding of blood, and held a consultation with his subordinate chiefs. Night coming on, Harper and his ten surviving companions were shut up in a pen of logs, and guarded by the Tories, under the charge of *their* leader, a cruel fellow named Becraft, and of bloody notoriety in that war. Controversy ran high among the Indians during the night—the question being, whether the prisoners should be put to death or carried to Niagara. They were bound hand and foot, but were so near the Indian council as to hear much of what was said, and Harper knew enough of the Indian tongue to comprehend the general import of their debates. The Indians were for putting them to death; and Becraft frequently tantalized the prisoners, by telling them, with abusive tones and epithets, that

'they would be in hell before morning.' Brant's authority, however, was exerted effectually to prevent the massacre.

On the following morning, Harper was brought before the Indians for examination. The chief commenced by saying, that they were suspicious he had not told them the truth. Harper, however, had great coolness and presence of mind; and although Brant was eyeing him like a basilisk, he repeated his former statements without the improper movement of a muscle, or betraying the least distrustful sign or symptom. Being satisfied, therefore, of the truth of his story, Brant determined to retrace his steps to Niagara. This he did with great reluctance, admitting to Captain Harper that the real object of his expedition was to fall upon Schoharie, which place, as they had been informed, was almost entirely undefended. He had promised to lead his warriors to spoils and victory, and they were angry at being thus cut short of their expectations. Under these circumstances of chagrin and disappointment, it had only been with great difficulty that he could restrain his followers from putting them to death. Brant then said to Captain Harper, that he and his companions should be spared, on condition of accompanying him as prisoners of war to Niagara.

Their march was forthwith commenced, and was full of pain, peril, and adventure. The prisoners were heavily laden with the booty taken from Harpersfield, and well guarded. Their direction was first down the Delaware, where they stopped at a mill to obtain provisions. The miller was a tory, and both himself and daughters counselled Brant to put his prisoners to death. On the following day they met another loyalist, who was well acquainted with Brant, and with Captain Harper and his party. He assured the former that Harper had deceived him, and that there were no troops at Schoharie. The captain was, therefore, brought to another scrutiny; but he succeeded so well in maintaining the appearance of sincerity and truth, as again to avert the upraised and glittering tomahawk. On the same day an aged man, named Brown, was accidentally fallen in with and taken prisoner, with two youthful grandsons; the day following, being unable to travel with sufficient speed, and sinking under the weight of the burden imposed upon him, the old man was put out of the way with the hatchet. The victim was dragging behind, and when he saw preparations making for his doom, he took an affectionate farewell of his little grandsons, and the Indians moved on, leaving one of their number, with his face painted black—the mark of an executioner—behind, with him. In a few moments afterward, the Indian came up, with the old man's scalp dangling between the ramrod and muzzle of his gun.

Having descended the Delaware a sufficient distance, they crossed over to Oghkwaga, where they constructed floats, and sailed down the Susquehanna to the confluence of the Chemung, at which place their land-travelling again commenced. Being heavily encumbered with luggage, and withal tightly pinioned, the prisoners must have sunk by the way, at the rate the Indians travelled, and would probably have been tomahawked, but for the indisposition of Brant, who, providentially for the prisoners, was attacked with fever and ague; so that every alternate day he was unable to travel. These inter-

ruptions gave them time to rest and recruit. Brant wrought his own cure by a truly Indian remedy. Watching upon the southern side of a hill, where serpents usually crawl forth in the spring to bask in the sunbeams, he caught a rattlesnake, which was immediately made into soup, of which he ate. A speedy cure was the consequence.

But a new trial awaited the prisoners soon after they reached the Chemung. During his march from Niagara on this expedition, Brant had detached eleven of his warriors to fall once more upon the Minisink settlement for prisoners. This detachment, as it subsequently appeared, had succeeded in taking captive five athletic men, whom they secured and brought with them as far as Tioga Point. The Indians sleep very soundly, and the five prisoners had resolved at the first opportunity to make their escape. While encamped at this place during the night, one of the Minisink men succeeded in extricating his hands from the binding cords, and with the utmost caution unloosed his four companions. The Indians were locked in the arms of deep sleep around them. Silently, without causing a leaf to rustle, they each snatched a tomahawk from the girdles of their unconscious enemies, and in a moment nine of them were quivering in the agonies of death. The two others were awakened, and springing upon their feet, attempted to escape. One of them was struck with a hatchet between the shoulders, but the other fled. The prisoners immediately made good their own retreat, and the only Indian who escaped unhurt, returned to take care of his wounded companion. As Brant and his warriors approached this point of their journey, some of his Indians having raised a whoop, it was instantly returned by a single voice with the *death yell*! Startled at this unexpected signal, Brant's warriors rushed forward to ascertain the cause. But they were not long in doubt. The lone warrior met them, and soon related to his brethren the melancholy fate of his companions. The effect upon the warriors, who gathered in a group to hear the recital, was inexpressibly fearful. Rage, and a desire of revenge, seemed to kindle every bosom, and light every eye as with burning coals. They gathered round the prisoners in a circle, and began to make unequivocal preparations for hacking them to pieces. Harper and his men of course gave themselves up for lost, not doubting that their doom was fixed and irreversible. But at this moment deliverance came from an unexpected quarter. While their knives were unsheathing, and their hatchets glittering, as they were flourished in the sunbeams, the only survivor of the murdered party rushed into the circle and interposed in their favor. With a wave of the hand as of a warrior entitled to be heard — for he was himself a chief — silence was restored, and the prisoners were surprised by the utterance of an earnest appeal in their behalf. It has already been observed that Captain Harper knew enough of the Indian language to understand its purport, though unfortunately not enough to preserve its eloquence. In substance, however, the Chief appealed to his brother warriors in favor of the prisoners, upon the ground that it was not they who had murdered their brothers; and to take the lives of the innocent would not be right in the eyes of the Great Spirit. His appeal was effective. The passions of the incensed

warriors were hushed, their eyes no longer shot forth the burning glances of revenge, and their gesticulations ceased to menace immediate and bloody vengeance.

True, it so happened that the Chief who had thus thrown himself spontaneously between them and death, knew all the prisoners — he having resided in the Schoharie canton of the Mohawks before the war. He doubtless felt a deeper interest in their behalf on that account. Still, it was a noble action, worthy of the proudest era of chivalry, and, in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, would have insured him almost 'an apotheosis and rites divine.' The interposition of Pocahontas, in favor of Captain Smith, before the rude court of Powhattan, was perhaps more romantic; but when the motive which prompted the generous action of the princess is considered, the transaction now under review exhibits the most of genuine benevolence. Pocahontas was moved by the tender passion — the Mohawk sachem by the feelings of magnanimity, and the eternal principles of justice. It is matter of regret that the name of this high-souled warrior is lost, as alas! have been too many that might have served to relieve the dark and vengeful portraitures of Indian character, which it has so well pleased the white man to draw! The prisoners themselves were so impressed with the manner of their signal deliverance, that they justly attributed it to a direct interposition of the providence of God.

The march was now resumed toward Niagara, along the route travelled by Sullivan's expedition the preceding year. Their sufferings were great for want of provisions — neither warriors nor prisoners having any thing more than a handful of corn each for dinner. A luxury, however, awaited them, in the remains of a horse which had been left by Sullivan's expedition to perish from the severity of the winter. The wolves had eaten all the flesh from the poor animal's bones, excepting upon the under side. When the carcass was turned over, a quantity of the flesh yet remained, which was equally distributed among the whole party, and devoured. On reaching the Genessee river, they met a party of Indians preparing to plant corn. These laborers had a fine horse, which Brant directed to be instantly killed, dressed, and divided among his famishing company. They had neither bread nor salt; but Brant instructed the prisoners to use the white ashes of the wood they were burning, as a substitute for the latter ingredient, and it was found to answer an excellent purpose. The meal was partaken of, and relished as the rarest delicacy they had ever eaten. In regard to provisions, it must be mentioned, to the credit of Captain Brant, that he was careful to enforce an equal distribution of all they had among his own warriors and the prisoners. All fared exactly alike.

On his arrival at the Genessee river, and in anticipation of his own departure with his prisoners for Niagara, Brant sent forward a messenger to that post, bearing information of his approach, with the measure of his success and the number of his prisoners. But it was not merely for the purpose of conveying this intelligence that he despatched his *avant courier*. He had another object in view, as will appear in the sequel, the conception and execution of which add a link to the chain of testimony establishing the humanity and benevo-

lence of his disposition. Four days more of travel brought the party to within a few miles of the fort; and the Tories now took special delight in impressing upon the prisoners the perils and the sufferings they must endure, in the fearful ordeal they would have to pass, on approaching the two Indian encampments in front of the fort. This ordeal was nothing less than running the gauntlet, as it is called in Indian warfare — a doom supposed to be inevitable to every prisoner; and one which, by direct means, even Thayendanegea himself had not sufficient power to prevent.

The running of the gauntlet, or rather compelling their prisoners to run it, on the return of a war-party to their camp or village, is a general custom among the American aborigines — a preliminary that must precede their ultimate fate, either of death or mercy. It is not always severe, however, nor even generally so, unless in respect to prisoners who have excited the particular animosity of the Indians; and it is often rather a scene of amusement than punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner undergoing the ordeal. On entering the village or camp, he is shown a painted post at the distance of some thirty or forty yards, and directed to run to, and catch hold of it as quickly possible. His path to the post lies between two parallel lines of people — men, women, and children — armed with hatchets, knives, sticks, and other offensive weapons; and as he passes along, each is at liberty to strike him as severely and as frequently as he can. Should he be so unfortunate as to stumble, or fall in the way, he may stand a chance to lose his life — especially if any one in the ranks happens to have personal wrong to avenge. But the moment he reaches the goal he is safe, until final judgment has been pronounced upon his case. When a prisoner displays great firmness and courage, starting upon the race with force and agility, he will probably escape without much injury; and sometimes, when his bearing excites the admiration of the savages, entirely unharmed. But wo to the coward whose cheeks blanch, and whose nerves are untrue! The slightest manifestation of fear will deprive him of mercy, and probably of his life.*

Such was the scene which Harper and his fellow-prisoners now

* 'In the month of April, 1782, when I was myself a prisoner, at Lower Sandusky, waiting for an opportunity to proceed to Detroit, I witnessed a scene of this description which fully exemplified what I have above stated. Three American prisoners were one day brought in by fourteen warriors from the garrison of Fort McIntosh. As soon as they had crossed the Sandusky river, to which the village lay adjacent, they were told by the Captain of the party to run as hard as they could to a painted post which was shown to them. The youngest of them, without a moment's hesitation, immediately started for it, and reached it fortunately without receiving a single blow; the second hesitated for a moment, but recollecting himself, he also ran as fast as he could, and likewise reached the post unhurt. But the third, frightened at seeing so many men, women, and children, with weapons in their hands ready to strike him, kept begging the Captain to spare his life, saying he was a mason, and would build him a large stone house, or do any work for him that he should please. 'Run for your life,' cried the Chief to him, 'and don't talk now of building houses!' But the poor fellow still insisted, begging and praying to the Captain; who, at last, finding his exhortations vain, and fearing the consequences, turned his back upon him, and would not hear him any longer. Our mason now began to run, but received many a hard blow, one of which nearly brought him to the ground, which, if he had fallen, would at once have decided his fate. He, however, reached the goal, not without being badly bruised, and he was, beside, bitterly reproached and scoffed at all round as a vile coward; while the others were hailed as brave men, and received tokens of universal approbation.' HECKWILDER.

had in near prospect. They of course well knew the usages of Indian warfare, and must expect to submit. Nor was the chance of escape from injury very cheering, enfeebled and worn down as they were by their journey and its privations. Miserable comforters, therefore, were their Tory guards, who were tantalizing them in anticipation, by describing this approaching preliminary cruelty. But on emerging from the woods, and approaching the first Indian encampment, what was the surprise of the prisoners, and the chagrin of their conductors, at finding the Indian warriors absent from the encampment, and their place supplied by a regiment of British soldiers ! There were only a few Indian boys and some old women in the camp ; and these offered no violence to the prisoners, excepting one of the squaws, who struck young Patchin over the head with an instrument which caused the blood to flow freely. But the second encampment, lying nearest the fort, and usually occupied by the fiercest and most savage of the Indian warriors, was yet to be passed. On arriving at this, also, the Indians were gone, and another regiment of troops were on parade, formed in two parallel lines, to protect the prisoners. Thus the Mohawk chief led his prisoners directly through the dreaded encampments, and brought them safely into the fort. Patchin, however, received another severe blow in this camp, and a young Indian menaced him with his tomahawk. But as he raised his arm, a soldier snatched the weapon from his hand, and threw it into the river.

The solution of this unexpected deliverance from the gauntlet-race was this : Miss Jane Moore, the Cherry Valley prisoner whose marriage to an officer of the Niagara garrison has already been mentioned, was the niece of Captain Harper, a fact well known to Brant. Harper, however, knew nothing of her marriage, or in fact of her being at Niagara, and the chief had kept the secret to himself. On his arrival at the Genessee river, his anxious desire was to save his prisoners from the cruel ordeal-trial, and he despatched a runner, as before mentioned, with a message to Jane Moore's husband, whose name was Powell, advising him of the fact, and proposing an artifice, by which to save his wife's uncle, and his associates, from the accustomed ceremony. For this purpose, by concert with Brant, Powell had managed to have the Indian warriors enticed away to the Nine Mile Landing, for a frolic, the means of holding which were supplied from the public stores. Meantime, for the protection of the approaching prisoners from the violence of the straggling Indians who remained behind, Powell caused the two encampments to be occupied in the manner just described. It was a generous act on the part of Brant, well conceived and handsomely carried through. The prisoners all had cause of gratitude ; and in the meeting with his niece in the garrison, Captain Harper found a source of pleasure altogether unexpected.

The prisoners, nevertheless, were doomed to long captivity. From Niagara they were transferred to Montreal, thence to a prison in Chamblee, and thence to Quebec. They were afterward sent down to Halifax, and only restored to their country and homes after

the peace of 1783. Their sufferings, during the three intervening years, were exceedingly severe, particularly in the prison at Chamblee, which is represented as having been foul and loathsome to a degree.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay;
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

'They come around me here, and say, my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed, and lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare to tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born — that I, ha! ha! must die!

'And what is Death? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?
I've met him — faced him — scorned him — when the fight was raging hot;
I'll try his might; I brave his power, defy, and fear him not!

'Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin!
Bid each retainer arm with speed — call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall — the banquet-board prepare,
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!

An hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich dark tracery, along each vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

'Fill every beaker up, my men! — pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop — thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

'Ye're there, but yet I see ye not; draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board:
I hear it faintly — louder yet! — what clogs my heavy breath?
Up all! and shout, for Rudiger, '*Defiance unto Death!*'

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
'Ho, cravens! do ye fear him? — slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho, cowards! have ye left me to meet him here, alone!

'But I defy him — let him come!' Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved oaken chair, old Rudiger sat, dead!

C O U R A G E .

It is not fear, that on the brink
 Of danger shakes the bold :
 The pulse may falter, but the mind
 Bears onward, uncontrolled.
 There is, ere daring deeds be done,
 A momentary strife ;
 'Tis nature's due, e'en when we prize
 Less than ourselves our life.

The throbbing heart, the quivering lip,
 That shook a Marlborough's frame,
 Were but the throes — the giant birth
 Was Blenheim's deathless name !
 Thus mother Earth most dreadful is,
 When she hath most to dread :
 The nations from *her trembling* fly,
 And cities bow their head.

R E M A R K S

ON AN ARTICLE ENTITLED 'A CRY AND PRAYER AGAINST THE IMPRISONMENT OF SMALL CHILDREN.'

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

SOME weeks since, chance threw into my hands the January number of the KNICKERBOCKER, wherein I read with attention a paper entitled, as well as I remember, 'A Cry and Prayer against the Imprisonment of Small Children.'

I have thought much of the sentiments expressed in that article, and of what the result might be to the succeeding generation, if the advice contained in it were complied with, to the letter. Whether the author himself made this a subject of serious reflection, I cannot pretend to say ; but as he pays our sex the compliment of addressing us pointedly, in more than one passage of his interesting appeal, I feel there can be no impropriety in transferring my thoughts to paper, in reply.

Myself the mother of a promising boy, I made the case my own in an instant, and imagined the effect it would produce on his vivacious, imitative character, were I at once to abandon the reins of discipline, and allow the lad to run the uncontrolled *out-of-doors* course, so strongly recommended in the article referred to. If a judicious father were ever at hand to direct his pursuits, to teach him 'to ride, to walk, and to shoot,' and to do all these well ; and above all, to teach him 'to tell the truth,' this very idea implies *instruction*, the best of instruction, derived from constant intercourse with a wise parent. But every body knows, that few boys can enjoy this advantage ; and every body knows, or may know, from observation, the consequences of the *let-run* system, too frequently adopted. Pernicious habits quickly appear, the result of unconstrained intercourse with such companions as he picks up in his rambles, who will not teach him even to play marbles *well*, and certainly will not confirm him in the practice of telling the truth.

I join most heartily in deprecating the injurious effects of a common school education ; and I agree as to the impropriety of placing

young children under the cramping influence of infant school discipline. The little urchins would flourish better under the smiles of a fond mother, and her judicious and practical instructions would imperceptibly lead the intellects and the morals together into the right path. Without the aid of book or pen, the education of a child may be considered in good train, while his faculties are permitted to develop themselves beneath the eye of such a parent. Yet are suitable books valuable assistants, introduced in the hours of rest which intervene even in the sports of childhood. They are seized upon as delightful resources. To learn to read, becomes in its turn a source of amusement, and an agreeable method of expanding his intellect is placed at once in the child's own hands. In this view only, can it be looked upon as a benefit to know how to read early, and should never be urged upon a child against his inclination; nor should a book be placed in his hands that contains one sentence beyond his comprehension, or that his mother cannot, in a few words, make clear to his understanding. So important does this appear, that I think parents and teachers would do wisely to remove, with the aid of a pair of scissors, every passage in a child's book that is beyond his faculties, so that when he begins to derive instruction from written words, a complete perspicuity of ideas may be retained in the child's mind.* Surely, this gentle intellectual process need not interfere with the freedom of thought and action, so necessary for bodily and mental health. It does but give an additional means of healthful employment for the overflowing energies of childhood. To give free scope to these wild energies, instead of wisely directing them, our adviser would bid us mothers open our doors, show our boys the streets, and bid them go forth to learn 'to walk, to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth!' 'Lady,' I think I hear him say, 'you put too literal a construction on my words.' Well then, I will lay aside that idea, and merely go on to say, (with submission I venture the suggestion,) that there is far too much liberty allowed to our young citizens; too little wholesome home restraint exercised over their manners and morals. Rules of decorum are left to the school-master; discipline is confined to the school-room; the legitimate purposes of a school-room are not achieved; the reasoning faculties find little enlargement there; the scene too often consists in an injurious struggle between ignorant little rebels, and a mistaken though well-meaning pedagogue, who is as thankful as they are when the hour arrives that turns them once more into the streets, to the free indulgence of their mischievous propensities.

School tuition, then, is inefficient; school discipline is ineffectual. Something more, or rather something different, is wanting. More common sense, more judgment, are wanting in teachers, in lieu of common place learning; and, what is of far greater importance, more judgment, more strength of mind, are wanting in our young mothers. Address them again, kind Sir. Remind them of the important station they fill in society, as the mothers and early directors of a race of freemen. Tell them of the high responsibility of

* SIR WALTER SCOTT reasons differently. He thinks that to be a little in advance of the child's comprehension, stimulates inquiry, and strengthens his young intellect. *Vide LOCKHART'S Memoir.*

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the charge, and encourage them to cultivate their own intellects, that they may learn the better to guide the youthful ones which from them receive their earliest impressions.

A cutting remark appeared in one of the periodicals last year, on the '*diluted state of the intellects of women and girls*.' If such is indeed the unfortunate state, or low estimate, of our reasoning powers, is it not rather a subject of regret than of sarcasm?—and should not some efficient measures be taken in future to strengthen those intellects, on which so much of the character of our young citizens depends? This, methinks, would be a nobler aim than that of flattering our follies, and ridiculing our weaknesses.

But I must pause, or I may draw a rebuke from our friendly adviser, instead of a few more of the useful hints of which we all stand sufficiently in need.

TO MY WIFE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes
To know I am afar from thee:
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was prest.

Afar from thee! 'T is solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good —
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest, and my only one;
Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee, seems no longer sweet:
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is, love, with thee!
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth every where,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his loved embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside:
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free:
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

G. W. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL. By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of 'Society in America,' 'Illustrations of Political Economy,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 515. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MODERN political economists, of the second sex, and statesmen (if the bull be pardonable) of the feminine gender, have never commanded much of our admiration. When personally unknown, they have always seemed, in our imagination, to be 'bearded like the pard,' and to assume, in their manly labors, the port of an Ariel in top-boots; and acquaintance generally confirms these impressions. Hence we have never alluded to the dissertations, involving sundry varieties of national and social metaphysics, contained in a former work upon America, by Miss MARTINEAU. We hold with WALTER SCOTT, that no woman ever stepped from her appropriate sphere, how much notoriety soever she may have acquired, who did not lose far more than could by any possibility have been gained. As to the benefits conferred by the feminine speculations in question, we, as Americans, have but one opinion. They are *not* essential to the preservation of our institutions!

The 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' however, is open to none of the objections which were valid against its predecessor. The object of the writer is, to convey to the English public more of her personal narrative, and to sketch more of the lighter characteristics of men, and incidents of travel, than it suited her purpose to give in 'Society in America.' The result is, very graphic pictures of the general aspect of our country, its distinguished men, various manners, etc., all which we are glad to commend to the reader's attention.

The incidents of the voyage hither, though necessarily hackneyed in kind, are in many respects presented in rare and beautiful lights. We have pencilled a few passages of life at sea, and have *italicized* one or two sentences of painting by words:

"Our afternoons were delightful; for the greater number of the forty-two days that we were at sea, the sun set visibly, with more or less lustre, and all eyes were watching his decline. There was an unusual quietness on board just about sunset. All the cabin passengers were collected on one side, except any two or three who might be in the rigging. The steerage passengers were to be seen looking out at the same sight, and probably engaged as we were in pointing out some particular bar of reddened cloud, or snowy mountain of vapors, or the crimson or golden light *spattered on the swelling sides of the billows as they heaved sunward*. Then came the last moment of expectation, even to the rising on tiptoe, as if that would enable us to see a spark more of the sun; and then the revival of talk, and the bustle of pairing off to walk. . . . I know no greater luxury than sitting alone in the stern on fine nights, when there is no one within hearing but the helmsman, and sights of beauty meet the eye wherever it turns. Behind, the light from the binnacle alone gleams upon the deck; dim, shifting lights and shadows mark out the full sails against the sky, and stars look down between. The young moon drops silently into the sea afar. In our wake is a *long train of pale fire, perpetually renewed as we kiss through the dark waves*. On such a quiet night, how startling is a voice from the deck, or a shout of laughter from the cabin! More than once, when I heard the voices of children, and the barking of a dog from the steerage, I wholly forgot for the moment that I was at sea, and, looking up, was struck breathless at the sight of the dim, gray, limitless expanse. Never, however, did I see the march of the night so beautiful over hill, dale, wood, or plain, as over the boundless sea, roofed with its complete arch. The inexpressible silence, the undimmed lustre, the steady, visible motion of the sky, make the night what it can nowhere be on land, unless in the midst of the Great Desert, or on a high mountain-top. It is not the clear still nights alone that are beautiful. Nothing can be more chilling to the imagination than the idea of fog, yet I have seen exquisite sights in a night fog; not in a pervading durable mist, but in such a fog as is common at sea, thick and driving, with spaces through which the moon may shine down, making clusters of silvery islands on every side. This was an entirely new appearance to me, and the white archipelago was a spectacle of great beauty. Then, again, the action of the ship in a strong night-breeze is fine, cutting her steady way through the seething water, and dashing them from her sides so uniformly and strongly, that for half a mile on either hand the sea is as a white marble floor gemmed with stars; just like a child's idea of 'the pavement

of the heavenly courts.' Such are the hours when all that one has ever known or thought that is beautiful, comes back softly and mysteriously; snatches of old songs, all one's first loves in poetry and in the phantasmagoria of nature. No sleep is sweeter than that into which one sinks in such a mood, when one's spirit drops anchor amid the turbulence of the outward world, and the very power of the elements seems to shed stillness into the soul."

Here is a forcible description of a storm at sea:

"We were lying in the trough of the sea, and the rolling was tremendous. The captain wished to wear round, and put out a sail, which, though quite new, was instantly split to ribands, so that we had to make ourselves contented where we were. The scene was perfectly unlike what I had imagined. The sea was no more like water than it was like land or sky. When I had heard of the ocean running mountains high, I thought it a mere hyperbolical expression. But here the scene was of huge wandering mountains — wandering as if to find a resting place — with dreary leaden vales between. The sky seemed narrowed to a mere slip overhead, and a long-drawn extent of leaden waters seemed to measure a thousand miles; and these were crested by most exquisite shades of blue and green where the foam was about to break. The heavens seemed rucking their masses of torn clouds, keeping time with the billows to the solemn music of the winds; the most swelling and mournful music I ever listened to. The delight of the hour I shall not forget; it was the only new scene I had ever beheld, that I had totally and unsuspectingly failed to imagine."

That portion of the volumes which is devoted to the portraits of our most prominent political, clerical, and judicial functionaries, possesses much interest, and exhibits a marked power of intellectual and physical limning; while an air of freshness is imparted to the oft-repeated descriptions of American scenery, particularly that of the western states. Now and then we are favored with very pretty specimens of self-sufficiency and egotism. Witness this morceau:

"In one Massachusetts village, a large party was invited to meet me. At tea-time I was busily engaged in conversation with a friend, when the tea-tray was brought to me by a young person in a plain white gown. After I had helped myself, she still stood just before me for a long while, and was perpetually returning. Again and again I refused more tea, but she still came. Her pertinacity was afterward explained. It was a young lady of the village who wished to see me, and knew that I was going away the next day. She had called on the lady of the house in the afternoon, and begged permission to come in a plain gown as a waiter!"

How many American journals have contributed to the feeling which actuated this silly girl! Yet, after all, we are gradually acquiring self-respect; and every book of travel among us is contributing to this desirable end.

Miss MARTINEAU was highly delighted at Cincinnati. There she saw the 'best thing in the United States.' It was a negress, breakfasting in the midst of whites, at the public table of a large boarding-house. Also, in Boston, she met Mr. Garrison — a man 'with the most saint-like of countenances, wholly expressive of purity,' and a voice 'gentle as a woman's.' Moreover, he bears his honors so meekly, we are told, that 'his child will never learn at home what a distinguished 'great hero' of a father he has,' for even Miss Martineau herself forgot 'the deliverer of a race in the friend of the fireside!'

The following story, illustrating the manner in which an unintelligible religion is received by savages, must close our extracts:

"A missionary among a tribe of northern Indians, was wont to set some simple refreshment, fruit and cider, before his converts, when they came from a distance to see him. An old man who had no pretensions to being a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. What was that? He must know all about the Bible. When the time came, he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each:

"Adam — Eve — Cain — Noah — Jeremiah — Beelzebub — Solomon —"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

"Solomon — Beelzebub — Noah —"

"Stop, stop. What do you mean?"

"I mean — cider!"

This reminds us of the anecdote of an old Oneida squaw, who was present at the communion service of a missionary station, at the 'Castle,' where she heard the sacramental wine termed 'the blood of Jesus,' and where those who had been missed, in passing the cup, were requested to 'manifest it by rising.' She rose three or four times in succession, from her distant seat, each time receiving the cup, and rejoicing in a 'long swig.' At last, a young squaw exposed her ultra devotion. When remonstrated with for such unchristian conduct, her conciliatory answer was, 'I do love my Jesus so!'

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. By J. G. LOCKHART. Part Sixth. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

BUT one 'Part' remains unpublished of these admirable 'Memoirs,' and as that may soon be expected to issue from the press, we shall delay a notice in detail of the last three parts, until the whole work shall have been completed. Perhaps no one volume of the series is more interesting than the present. It contains a copious diary, kept by SCOTT during the most important periods of his life, embracing the death of his wife, the catastrophe of the publishing houses with which he was connected, and by which he was reduced from affluence to poverty; a triumphal excursion to Ireland, with a trip to London and Paris; interspersed with varied correspondence, numerous sketches of eminent men, and a history of the inception, progress, and completion, of some of his most renowned works.

We subjoin, as a specimen of the style of the diary, some unconnected passages recorded therein, immediately after the death of Lady Scott. Sir Walter has returned to Abbotsford, after a short absence, and finds his 'thirty years' companion' in her shroud. Bitter, for many months, were his emotions,

'Whene'er his thoughts were led
To dwell upon the wormy bed
And her together.'

Indeed, he seems ever after her death to have 'dragged a maimed life.'

"When I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone." * * * "I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again." * * * "Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gayety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; where we cannot tell; how we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious, yet certain hope, that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me." * * * "I have been to her room; there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her; she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, 'You all have such melancholy faces!' These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said; when I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now. This was but seven days since. They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of conjugal happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a foot fall. Oh my God!"

The annexed passages were written after the funeral at Dryburgh, which appears to have been a very imposing ceremony:

"The whole scene floats as a sort of dream before me—the beautiful day, the gray ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage and flourish, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking, and gaped for its prey. Then the grave looks, the hasty important bustle of men with spades and mattocks—the train of carriages—the coffin containing the creature that was so long the dearest on earth to me, and whom I was to consign to the very spot which in pleasure parties we so frequently visited. It seems still as if this could not be really so." * * * "Last night Charles and I walked late on the terrace at Knaresborough, when the clouds seemed accumulating in the wildest masses both on the Eilston Hills and other mountains in the distance. This rough morning reads the riddle. Dull, drooping, cheerless, has this day been. I cared not for carrying my own gloom to the girls, and so sat in my own room, dawdling with old papers, which awakened as many stings as if they had been the nest of fifty scorpions. Then the solitude seemed so absolute—my poor Charlotte would have been in the room half a score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well, that is over—and if it cannot be forgotten, must be remembered with patience." * * * "I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead. I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow."

The work still preserves its original character, in the external matters of paper and printing. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway.

PASSAGES IN FOREIGN TRAVEL. By ISAAC APPLETON JEWETT. In two volumes. pp. 668. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MR. JEWETT is an acute observer, and a faithful transcriber of clear impressions. Hence he has given us two just such volumes as a tasteful reviewer, sadly cramped for space, must needs condemn, in one sense, at least; for what avail dogs' ears, indicating a picturesque paragraph here, a lively page there, and a felicitous sentence in another place, when after all, the gratification of their perusal must be confined to one's self? Such is our case; and we are left but the alternative of commending the reader to the fountain-head. Would you bring before you London, with its sights and sounds; the scenery, people, and manners of England and Scotland; the French metropolis, with its press, its arts, its balls, festivals, theatres, dancers, singers; its statesmen, authors, poets; would you see these, read Mr. JEWETT's volumes; and it shall come to pass, that you shall behold them, even as did the writer. Thenceforward, moreover, you will be glad to accompany the author to Italy, and wander over Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, with him, and among the mountains of Switzerland. Such 'passages of travel' as these may save you the *nausea marina*, and other expenses of the Atlantic passage; yet shall you be an accomplished traveller. And this result arises from a gift of travel-writing as rare as in the present instance it is preëminent.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES: OR SCENES IN A METROPOLIS. By JOSEPH C. NEAL. With Illustrations by DAVID C. JOHNSTON. In one volume. pp. 222. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

MR. NEAL deserves the hearty thanks of every lover of genuine humor, for the laughter-moving volume which he has so timely put forth. He is a public benefactor, and should be so considered, and as such rewarded, who contributes toward allaying and ventilating the feverish and irritated feelings of the heavy-hearted, in times like these, when every third face one meets is 'awfully sour and persimmony,' by reason of 'the pressure.' 'Human life,' says Sir William Temple, 'even at the greatest and the best, is but a froward child, that must be played with, and humored a little, to keep it quiet.' He who amuses the troubled, or diverts unpleasant thoughts, then, is surely a literary Howard; and all honor should be his, therefor. Our author has gone out into the by-ways and thoroughfares of the metropolis, and from among the greasy multitude selected rare specimens of that numerous class of wights who hang loose, like rags, upon the back of society, and has made them 'heroes in history.' There is a *complete-ness* in his sketches, the result oftentimes of a few adroit touches with his charcoal, which is worthy of especial praise. He sacrifices nothing of nature to an overweening desire to glitter or to shine. There are no premeditated impromptus interpolated into the dialogues of his speakers; but they talk just as such personages should, 'situated as they are.' Some of his illustrations are certainly odd enough, but then they are always lucid; and his perception of the lights and shades of character, in low life, are of the very nicest. In short, as a writer, he is what MOUNT is as a painter—Hogarthian to a degree. There is much excellent philosophy, moreover, in the volume, which steals upon the reader when he least expects to encounter it, and after the most oblique fashion. We proceed to instance some of the felicitous 'touches' to which we have alluded, in a few random extracts. The first is the soliloquy of a tall specimen of liquefied humanity, about to promenade a slippery street, all unlighted, because there was a moon which the corporation knew *should* have shone; but, being very cloudy, pedestrians were under the necessity of supposing the moonshine:

"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was; only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night in the dark; but it's a great advantage to a good looking evening, if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine. The fact is, that in this 'ere city, we do grow the blackest moons, and the hardest moons to find, I ever did see. Sometimes I'm most disposed to send the bellman after 'em—or

get a full-blooded pinter to pint 'em out, while I hold a candle to see which way he pints. It would'n't be a bad notion on sich occasions to ask the man in the steeple to ring which way the moon is. Lamps is lamps, and moons is moons, in a business pint of view, but practically they ain't much, if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, in the raw, it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as porferately as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a hyst — either a forred hyst, or a backered hyst, or some other sort of a hyst — but more backerds than forrerds, 'specially in winter. One of the most unfeeling tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, yaw-haw! when they see a gentleman ketching a riggler hyst — a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down upon the cold bricks. A hyst of itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at; first, your scone gets a crack; then, you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fire-works; then, you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it wasn't you, but some confounded disagreeable feller in your clothes; yet the jacksnipes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a puppet show. I would n't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you did n't care. But a man can't rise, after a royal hyst, without letting on he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for sensibility of a wunter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small."

Some idea of the nature of his 'hysts,' may be gathered from an incidental description of his extraordinary procerity:

"I can't borrow coats, because I do n't like cuffs at the elbows. I can't borrow pants, because it is n't the fashion to wear knee-breeches, and all my stockings is socks. I can't hide when any body owes me a lambasting. You can see me a mile. When I sit by the fire, I can't get near enough to warm my body, without burning my knees; and in a stage-coach, there's no room between the benches, and the way you get the cramp — don't mention it!"

Here is another picture, which we ask each one of our readers fully to embody, and then say if it be not perfect. It is the portraiture of Mr. Duberly Doubtington:

"His eyebrows form an uncertain arch, rising nearly an inch above the right line of determination, and the button of his nose is so large and blunt as to lend any thing but a penetrating look to his countenance. His under lip droops as if afraid to clench resolutely with its antagonist; and his whiskers hang dejectedly down, instead of bristling like a *cheveux de frise* toward the outward angle of the eye. The hands of Mr. Doubtington always repose in his pockets, unwilling to trust to their own means of support, and he invariably leans his back against the nearest sustaining object. When he walks, his feet shuffle here and there so dubiously that one may swear they have no specific orders where to go; and so indefinite are the motions of his body, that even the tails of his coat have no characteristic swing. They look, not like Mr. Doubtington's coat-tails, but like coat-tails in the abstract — undecided coat-tails, that have not yet got the hang of any body's back, and have acquired no more individuality than those which dangle at the shop-doors in Water-street."

As elections are always pending, somewhere in the republic, a reference to 'Peter Brush,' and his advice touching 'politicianers,' may not be amiss. He is one who 'loves his country and wants an office; he don't care what, so it's fat and easy.' He has been in many a busy skirmish, and has often assisted to blow the bellows of party, till the whole furnace of politics was alive with sparks and ciunders; but it has availed his personal interests little, for we find him on the side-walk, 'a little elevated,' presenting a dirty 'circular recommend' to a by-stander for his signature, 'for a fat post, either under the city government, the state government, or the general government.' 'Now, jist put your fiat to it,' says he, in most persuasive tones, 'as he smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pencil, which he first moistened with his lips, and then offered to his interlocutor.' He adds:

"I've a genius for governing — for telling people what to do, and looking at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for — talking — that's my line — talking in the streets, talking in the bar-rooms, talking in the oyster cellars. Talking is the grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent, and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter: for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike — all ungrateful; no respect for genius — no respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off, and call it half a day."

'Dilly Jones' is a capital sketch. He has been successively driven from the employments of oyster-vending, 'peppce-pot'-soup peddling, though his 'cate was as fresh as any cate in the market; from the bean-soup line, because his customers said, 'kittens was n't good done that way; and, lastly, from wood-sawing, by the general consumption of coal. Time had changed every thing, and all occupations were carried on by labor-saving machinery. After declaring his intention of listing for a watchman, or turning city pig-catcher, a second thought strikes him:

"But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour, and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a rail-road, and try 'em with biling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be billed fit to cat before they are done squealing."

By-and-by, folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea-kettles; no mouths, but safety valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omuibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

We have quoted but from a small portion of the volume, which abounds in similar etchings, interspersed with choice fragments of philosophy, and gems of humor. The illustrations, by JOHNSTON, are exceedingly clever. He has embodied the conceptions of the author with truth and spirit.

THE GIRL'S READING BOOK IN PROSE AND POETRY. For Schools. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume. pp. 243. New-York: J. ORVILLE TAYLOR, 'American Common School Union.'

MOST gladly do we welcome this teeming little volume, and as cordially commend it to the attention and affections of parents and children, teachers, and pupils, wherever these pages are read. Our readers are not unacquainted with MRS. SIGOURNEY'S masculine intellect, and her high gifts as a writer, both in poetry and prose. They will therefore know how to estimate the work before us, when we tell them, that as a whole, it has never been excelled by any thing from its author's pen, in the purity of its moral lessons, and the grace and simplicity of its style. Higher praise we could scarcely award it. A single extract from 'Early Recollections,' depicting, as with a pencil of light, the evils of intemperance and war, must limit our examples of the contents of this charming book:

"I saw a man with a fiery and a bloated face. He was built strongly, like the oak among trees. Yet his steps were weak and unsteady as those of the tottering babe. He fell heavily, and lay as one dead. I marvelled that no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

"I saw an open grave. A widow stood near it, with her little ones. They looked downcast and sad at heart. Yet methought, it was famine and misery, more than sorrow for the dead, which had set on them such a yellow and shrivelled seal.

"I said, 'What can have made the parents not pity their children when they hungered, nor call them home when they were in wickedness? What made the friends forget their early love? and the strong man fall down senseless? and the young die before his time?' I heard a voice say 'Intemperance! And there is mourning in the land, because of this.'

"So I returned to my home, sorrowing. And had God given me a brother or a sister, I would have thrown my arms around their neck, and entreated, 'Touch not your lips to the poison cup, and let us drink the pure water, which God has blessed, all the days of our lives.'

"Again I went forth. I met a beautiful boy weeping, and I asked him why he wept. He answered, 'Because my father went to the wars and is slain, he will return no more.' I saw a mournful woman. The sun shone upon her dwelling. *The honeysuckle climbed to its windows, and sent in its sweet blossoms to do their loving message.* But she was a widow. Her husband had fallen in battle. There was joy for her no more.

"I saw a hoary man, sitting by the wayside. Grief had made furrows upon his forehead, and his garments were thin and tattered. Yet he asked not for charity. And when I besought him to tell me why his heart was heavy, he replied faintly, 'I had a son, an only one. From his cradle, I toiled, that he might have food and clothing, and be taught wisdom.

"He grew up to bless me. So all my labor and weariness were forgotten. When he became a man, I knew no want; for he cherished me, as I had cherished him. Yet he left me to be a soldier. He was slaughtered in the field of battle. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul, returns no more.'

"I said, 'Show me, I pray thee, a field of battle, that I may know what war means.' But he answered, 'Thou art not able to bear the sight.' 'Tell me, then,' I entreated, 'what thou hast seen, when the battle was done.'

"I came," he said, 'at the close of day, when the cannon ceased their thunder, and the victor and vanquished had withdrawn. *The rising moon looked down on the pale faces of the dead.* Scattered over the broad plain, were many who still struggled with the pangs of death.

"They stretched out the shattered limb, yet there was no healing hand. They strove to raise their heads, but sank deeper in the blood which flowed from their own bosoms. They begged in God's name that we would put them out of their misery, and their piercing shrieks entered into my soul.

"Here and there, horses mad with pain, rolled and plunged, mangling with their hoofs the dying, or defacing the dead. And I remembered the mourning for those who lay there — of the parents who had reared them, of the young children who used to sit at home upon their knee.'

"Then I said, 'tell me no more of battle or of war, for my heart is sad.' The silver-haired man raised his eyes upward, and I kneeled down by his side.

"And he prayed, 'Lord, keep this child from anger, and hatred, and ambition, which are the seeds of war. Grant to all that own the name of Jesus, hearts of peace, that they may shun every deed of strife, and dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven.'

The poetry of the volume is in all respects equal to the prose, of which the above is but an average specimen.

EDITORS' TABLE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND MR. COOPER.—The following communications, placed in our hands by the author of the 'Pilot,' the 'Spy,' etc., will speak for themselves. We submit them to our readers without comment, farther than to ask attention to the collateral theme of international copy-right, embraced in the letter of Mr. COOPER, and the memorial of the AUTHOR OF WAVERLY, appealing 'to the liberality, perhaps in some sort to the justice,' of the American people. It gives us pleasure to see the arguments so often advanced in this Magazine, thus ably brought forward and sustained.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

GENTLEMEN: The diary of SIR WALTER SCOTT, as given by MR. LOCKHART, contains the following allusions to myself:

'November 3, (1826).—Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners, or want of manners, peculiar to his countrymen. He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America, by entering the book as the property of a citizen. I will think of this. 'Every little helps, as the tod says, when,' etc.

'November 6.—Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsédés partout*. Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively, and exploded (I mean discharged) their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or entertain Mr. Cooper at all.'

'In the evening to Princess Galitzin, where were a whole covey of Princesses of Russia, arrayed in *tarlans*, with music and singing to boot. The person in whom I was most interested, was Mad. de Boufflers, upward of eighty, very polite, very pleasant, and with all the acquirements of a French court lady, of the time of Mad. Sevigné, or of the correspondent rather of Horace Walpole. Cooper was there; so the Scotch and American lions took the field together. Home, and settled our affairs to depart.'

The foregoing extracts are the only instances in which I am honored by the notice of Sir Walter Scott, *so far as appears by the published diary*, during his visit to Paris, in 1826. As I have given the world reason to suppose that my relations with Sir Walter Scott, at that time, were of a nature very different from what this diary will sustain, I feel it due to myself and to the truth, to lay the whole matter more plainly before the public.

On the subject of manners, I have very little to say. Sir Walter Scott struck me as having national peculiarities of this sort, and it is not surprising that the feeling should be reciprocal. The manners of most Europeans strike us as exaggerated, while we appear cold to them. Sir Walter Scott was certainly so obliging as to say many flattering things to me, which I, as certainly, did not return in kind. As Johnson said of his interview with George the Third, it was not for me to bandy compliments with my sovereign. At that time, the diary was a sealed book to the world, and I did not know the importance he attached to such civilities. But it may be that the allusion to myself, in this diary, refers to a fact which will be found in the following statement:

When it was known that Sir Walter Scott had reached Paris, I wrote a letter to him, containing a proposition for publishing in America, by which I thought he might be benefitted, in the unfortunate situation in which he was understood to be then placed. As his incognito, though but flimsily preserved, had not been formally laid aside, at that time, and as he makes a very similar comment on American manners, in connexion with a supposed invasion of his privacy by a lady of this country, I am led to believe

that he thought my letter obtrusive, at the moment he made the entry in his diary. Of that letter I possess no copy. It was written, to the best of my recollection, plainly, simply, and with the feelings I then possessed; and I would cheerfully publish it, were it in my power. I purposely abstained from calling in person, in order that Sir Walter Scott, if he saw fit, might refer me to the publisher of the novels, or in any other manner evade the necessity of betraying himself. I confess I did not expect he would take any such course, the failure of Constable having rendered farther concealment next to impossible; nor was I disappointed. Sir Walter Scott visited me, opened the subject of the letter naturally, spoke of his works freely, and otherwise manifested any feeling but that of dissatisfaction at the liberty I had taken. The day but one after this visit, I breakfasted with him, on his own invitation, with a view to arrange our plan of operations; the day succeeding that, he was with me again, for an hour, when he handed me the letter which accompanies this statement, and we parted as friends. That evening I saw him for the last time in Paris, at the Princess Galitzin's, as mentioned in the diary.

Sir Walter Scott did not accept my proposition, but substituted a plan of his own. By this plan, he was to address a letter to me, in the character of the Author of *Waverly*, which was to contain an appeal to the American nation. For the authenticity of this appeal, I was to vouch, and I was to support it in the best manner I could. In order that the reader may better understand the whole matter, however, I give publicity to the following letters.

—
Mansion House, Philadelphia, March 9th, 1838.

GENTLEMEN :

SOME time in November, 1826, I wrote a letter to you, from Paris, enclosing one signed 'The Author of *Waverly*,' on the subject of the publication of his works in America. Doubtless you will recollect the circumstance, and most probably you retain the letters. You will much oblige me, by furnishing me with copies of both, and by relating the leading circumstances connected with their receipt, etc.

Very truly, yours,
(Signed,) J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MESSES. CAREY, LEA AND CO.

—
Philadelphia, March 14th, 1838.

DEAR SIR :

IN ANSWER to your letter of the ninth instant, we have the pleasure to enclose you a copy of your letter, addressed to our late firm, dated Paris, November 9, 1826, and which, as appears by the date of our answer, must have been received about the last of December, of that year. You have also a copy of the letter from the Author of *Waverly*, enclosed at that time in yours, the original of which is in the hands of a friend, who has made the transcript.

We are, very respectfully,
Your obedient servants,
CAREY, LEA AND CO.

J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.

—
*Monday morning, No. 6 York Buildings, }
March 12th, 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR :

I SEND you an exact copy of SIR WALTER SCOTT's letter, *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, I was about to say, but that cannot with any propriety be said of a letter which is without any other points than periods.

There is no year, but it was written in 1826, and the words '*Rue Rivoli*' have been brushed over with the finger of the writer, but are quite legible in the original. The habit of signing his name, caused him to write his Christian name at the end of the letter; but a moment's reflection caused him to endeavor to obliterate it; it is still legible, however. I have copied the address to Mr. COOPER exactly.

Very truly, yours,
EDWARD D. INGRAHAM.

ISAAC LEA, Esq.

GENTLEMEN :

Paris, November 9th, 1828.

THE enclosed is a letter from the Author of *Waverly*, containing his decision on a subject which has been agitated between us, with much interest on my part. I was of opinion, that by proper assignments, and with sufficient care in publishing, copy-rights might be obtained by an English subject, for the same work, both in England and in the United States. I fell into the error, by my recollections of an examination which I had once made, with a view to ascertain what privileges an American might enjoy, in a similar situation. I still think that he is permitted to control the sale of his works in the two countries, but I regret to see that a narrow, and as I conceive an impolitic, jealousy, has confined the right to works which are written by citizens, in our statute on the subject.

Cannot the force of public opinion be made to act in this case? You have the reasons of the Author of *Waverly*, and may add his feelings, as written by himself, in the enclosure. What would be the result, if you were to come before the public, with this communication to support you, making a pledge, on your parts, to account to a competent agent for a moiety of the profits of the work in question, and calling on other publishers to respect a right, which ought to be far more sacred than it could be made by any legislative enactments? It is needless that I should say any thing in favor of a man who has so long nobly neglected his interests, in this particular, and who now only consents to listen to my proposal to give them this tardy attention, under the pressure of circumstances, which may not be named, though they render his motives so highly honorable to his character and his principles. I know that the struggle with himself has been severe and painful; and that when he did determine to act in the matter, he manfully rejected all covert means to effect the desired object, but has come out with the dignity and frankness that became him.

If you think the appeal would be likely to be successful, permit me to name Mr. CHARLES WILKES, of New-York, as a gentleman whose character would serve the object of the plan, for a suitable person to receive the emolument of the author's moiety, and, should such a step be necessary to satisfy the captious, to examine the account of sales. The well-known and merited reputation of this gentleman, will serve to silence the pretended doubts of those who may be interested in raising them; and as as he is personally known to the author, his correspondence with the latter can be direct and confidential. In order still farther to quell suspicion, I have affixed a certificate to the letter of the author, to show that the document is genuine. My signature is well known at home, and may be easily verified. It is proper that I should here add, that my communications with the author of *Waverly* on this subject have been of the most unreserved character. I pledge myself to the truth of the letter, and to the identity of the individual.

I could wish that this striking, and, as I conceive, touching appeal, to the justice of our nation, would open the eyes of her legislators to the defects in the law of copy-right, as it now stands. No two nations ever before existed, in circumstances like England and the United States. The former possessed all the literature, while the latter stood ready, full grown and matured, to receive any and every impression which the writers of her rejected mistress might choose to convey. Is it at all surprising, that England should have exercised her moral dominion over us, so long after her political sovereignty had ceased? Perhaps the evil was, from the nature of circumstances, in some degree unavoidable; but I conceive that no measure taken by our government, could have so well assisted them in retaining this power, as that provision of the law of copy-right, which says that the works of none but citizens shall be protected. The whole range of English literature is thrown open to the American publisher. He chooses his book, after it has gone through the ordeal of a nation of readers, and he offers it to his countrymen, supported by the testimony and praise of reviews, that in their turn have come before the American public with a similar flourish of trumpets, to announce their cleverness and spirit. Against this formidable array of names, and of forestalled opinion, the native writer has to make head, or to fail. But, as if not satisfied with this advantage, the law throws the resistless power of money into the foreign side of the scale. What publisher will pay a native writer for ideas that he may import for nothing? Now I conceive that if the law were so far changed, as to permit the authors, if proprietors, of any book, etc., which had not been before published in the States, to take out copy-rights, it would in a great degree remove the evil. The measure would be liberal, at the same time that it would be just to ourselves.

I very well know that it may be said such a provision would raise the price of books, and that it would be creating a monopoly in favor of the large dealers. 'Monopoly' is always a safe cry in a popular government. But are not all laws of copy-right monopolies? They raise the price of books for a time, with a view to multiply them, and of course to extend knowledge. I readily grant, that so long as we can be content to import our ideas, we may receive them at a cheaper rate, under the present law; but then is it not wise to inquire into the prudence of giving such a large portion of the press into foreign hands, especially in a government that receives not only all its power, but its daily impulses, from popular will, and consequently from popular opinion?

Knowledge is progressive, and so must all improvements be, until they have reached the confines of human attainment. Hundreds of clever writers are thrown on the shelf, with us, merely because they cannot at once step into the foremost ranks of the authors of the day, and cannot receive money enough to put bread into their mouths, while they have time to improve. The instant a writer could enter into a treaty with a bookseller, without being shown something quite as good as his own, which the dealer has got for nothing, there would be an end of such glaring injustice.

If thoughts were like buttons, to be made of any given quantity of metal and gilding, it might be well to wait the march of time, until they are squeezed from us, 'will ye nill ye,' by the pressure of an overgrown population; but, unfortunately for the theories of political economists, ideas are not always to be had at command. It is therefore wise, to open every avenue by which they may be invited to communicate with the world.

At the time the law of copy-right was made, it would not have done, perhaps, to have said, that any book not before published in the States, should be protected, on the declaration of the author or proprietor, for the plain reason, that it would be depriving ourselves, without a sufficient motive, of the works already received into the language as classical. Perhaps the provision which confines the privilege to the citizen, was introduced partly with such a view of the subject. But the case is now changed. There is hardly a book worth having, which is not a reprint in America; and if it should be found that certain heavy scientific works are exceptions, it will be easy to say all *future books*.

I do really wish you would put these facts, with force, before the committee, if any thing is to be done with the law this winter. And I also invite your earliest attention to the contents of the enclosed letter. Every honorable man in the nation will be with you, in such an undertaking; and I sincerely hope that there will not be found a single individual so greedy or so base, as to give reason to an American to blush when he calls him countryman. You are at perfect liberty to make use of both these letters, as you may deem necessary to attain the object, which I confess to be one that lies as near to my wishes as any success of my own. Let me know the result, by an early reply.

I remain,

Gentlemen,

(Signed,)

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MESSERS. CAREY AND LEA.

I CERTIFY that the accompanying letter was put into my hands by the Author of *Waverly*, in his own person.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

MY DEAR SIR:

I HAVE considered in all its bearings the matter which your kindness has suggested. Upon many former occasions, I have been urged by my friends in America to turn to some advantage the sale of my writings in your country, and render that of pecuniary avail, as an individual, which I feel as the highest compliment as an author. I declined all these proposals, because the sale of this country produced me as much profit as I desired, and more — far more — than I deserved. But my late heavy losses have made my situation somewhat different, and have rendered it a point of necessity, and even duty, to neglect no means of making the sale of my works effectual to the extrication of my affairs, which can be honorably and honestly resorted to. If, therefore, Mr. Carey, or any other publishing gentleman, of credit and character, should think it worth while to accept such an offer, I am willing to convey to him the exclusive right of publishing the *Life of Napoleon*, and my future works in America, making it always a condition, which indeed will be dictated by the publisher's own interest, that this monopoly shall not be used for the purpose of raising the price of the work to my American readers, but only for that of supplying the public at the usual terms.

The term which I should think proper, would be those usual betwixt the authors and booksellers; viz: half to the former of the clear profits, and if Mr. Carey should be the contracting party, I should think him entitled in equity to retain out of the author's share any sum which he may have paid to the British publishers for an early transmission of proof-sheets now in progress. I would also be desirous to give full time — say weeks — to publish the work in America, before it was published here.

I make this proposal the more readily, because I believe that a distinguished American author, for whom, both in his literary and private character, I have the highest respect, has in similar circumstances received the protection of British law, and because the literature of both countries must always remain a common property to both; nor can any thing tend better to support the mutual good understanding betwixt the kindred nations, than the assimilation of their laws concerning literary property.

At any rate, if what I propose should not be found of force to prevent piracy, I cannot

but think, from the generosity and justice of American feeling, that a considerable preference would be given in the market to the editions emanating directly from the publisher selected by the author, and in the sale of which the author had some interest.

If the scheme shall altogether fail, it at least infers no loss, and therefore is, I think, worth the experiment. It is a fair and open appeal to the liberality, perhaps in some sort to the justice, of a great people; and I think I ought not, in the circumstances, to decline venturing upon it. I have done so manfully and openly, though not perhaps without some painful feelings, which, however, are more than compensated by the interest you have taken in this unimportant matter, of which I will not soon lose the recollection.

I am, dear Sir,

With the best thanks for your great kindness,

Your obliged humble servant,

Rue Rivoli,
Paris, 26 November. }

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.

[1826.]

Addressed to 'Mr. COWPER, Author of 'The Pioneers,' etc., etc., etc.'

The original letter of Sir Walter Scott, signed 'The Author of Waverly,' and written in his own hand, was given to Mr. Ingraham, as a literary curiosity, by Mr. Henry Carey, and is now in the possession of the former gentleman. The few words of mine, which precede it, were written to establish its authenticity.

Of the result of the plan that is here published, it is unnecessary to say more, than that it failed entirely. But a few explanations seem proper, on account of some confusion in the dates. The letter of Sir Walter Scott is dated Paris, November 26th, the year being omitted. On the 26th November, 1826, agreeably to the diary, he was at Abbotsford. The letter was handed to me, after being signed in my presence, on the sixth of November, 1826, and was forwarded by me to Carey and Lea, on the ninth of the same month. In this letter I am called, 'Mr. Cowper, author of the Pioneers, etc. etc.' although my name in the diary is correctly spelled, as it was also in sundry notes and letters received from Sir Walter Scott. The error in the date may be attributed to an ill-digested attempt to preserve his incognito, or it may have been accidental.

The writer of a diary, in the circumstances of Sir Walter Scott, if he do not destroy it while living, is virtually the publisher of that diary. I now appeal to every fair-minded man, let him belong to what country he may, whether Sir Walter Scott might not have omitted some of the 'gentle ravishing,' and the 'explosions' of French compliments, to give place to a few words in his diary, on the subject of this appeal to a 'great people.'

It has been suggested to me, by almost every friend to whom I have mentioned this affair, that it is probable Mr. Lockhart has mutilated the diary of Sir Walter Scott, in the spirit in which he is thought to have reviewed a late work of mine on England. This I do not believe. The diary is incorrect, to my certain knowledge, in a variety of other things, as well as in its dates. I did not breakfast with Sir Walter Scott on the day that I met him at the soirée of the Princess Galitzin, for instance, but the day before; nor do I believe that Mr. Lockhart wrote the review in question. Indeed, I cannot believe the latter, without entertaining the worst possible opinion of his veracity, on more accounts than one. The reviewer goes out of his way to say he did not know of my being in England, etc., while I have given an account of my being at two dinners with Mr. Lockhart, as well as of his introducing me to Mrs. Lockhart. I have understood this supererogatory statement to be an avowal of the editor of the review, that he had no connexion with that particular article; a connexion, by the way, of which every man who is at all scrupulous on the points of truth and decency, would naturally be very anxious of clearing himself.

Enough has probably been said, to show that Mr. Lockhart could not have written

the review, and that he does not wish to be considered its author; but so fair an opportunity offers to rebuke the provincial credulity of a very presuming, and yet a very ignorant, portion of the American reading public, that I cannot refrain from presenting another circumstance, which goes to confirm this impression. With a view to throw discredit on me, and in that strain of audacious falsehood which distinguishes his whole article, the reviewer asserts that a breakfast in London is considered but an equivocal compliment, and is only given to those of whose characters, manners, or social condition, there is some doubt. The review and the diary were in press simultaneously, and their respective proof-sheets must have been under examination at the same time. Now it appears by the latter, that Sir Walter Scott either had company to breakfast himself, when in London, in 1826, or breakfasted out, nearly every day of his two visits, in going to, or returning from, Paris. What is more, he breakfasted at some of the very houses where I breakfasted, and with some of the very same companions. Mr. Lockhart is not so dull a man as to make a blunder so egregious as that connected with these facts. Again: the reviewer ridicules my observations concerning the inaccuracy of the celebrated description of the cliffs of Dover, by Shakspeare, even perverting my meaning, and my language, in order to do so. It appears, oddly enough, that Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, (November ninth,) has the following words: 'The cliff to which Shakspeare gave his immortal name, is, as the world knows, a great deal lower than his description implied. Our Dover friends, justly jealous of the reputation of their cliff, impute this diminution of its consequence to its having fallen in repeatedly since the poet's time. *I think it more likely that the imagination of Shakspeare, writing, perhaps, at a period long after he may have seen the rock, had described it such as he conceived it to have been.* Beside, Shakspeare was born in a flat country, and Dover cliff is at least lofty enough to have suggested the exaggerated features to his fancy.' No one can read this, the observations I have made in the book on England, and the reviewer's comments, and then suppose Mr. Lockhart to have had any thing to do with the review.*

I believe this part of Sir Walter Scott's diary to be strictly his own, and I know it to be incorrect, in several particulars, that do not affect myself. One important omission has been exposed, and, I think, proved. As to the *opinions*, the following fact may establish still more. Sir Walter Scott speaks of the extraordinary acquirements of Madame de Boufflers. This may be true enough; but all that he could know personally on that point, was obtained in an interview of a very few minutes, in a crowded room, and through the medium of a language that he scarcely spoke at all, or understood when spoken!

There is one other indirect allusion to myself in this diary, as the author of the Pilot. 'October 21.—Hurried away to see honest Dan Terry's theatre, called the Adelphi,

* This review is said to have been written by one formerly connected with the marine affairs of Great Britain. In a note, speaking of my having objected to Shakspeare's making the gradation of comparison from the ship to the boat, and from the boat to the buoy, in connexion with this very subject, this person says: 'We have taken the trouble of inquiring how the proportion really is, and we are informed, that of a sloop of war, the jolly-boat is, in round numbers, about one sixth of the length of the hull, and the buoy one sixth of the jolly-boat; so that, even in this miserable detail, our nautical critic is absolutely wrong.' By *length*, this person must mean *dimensions*, or he means a quibble. The point in discussion was size, as seen from a height, and a rope-yarn a mile long would not be visible at a hundred yards. If this proposition be true, the jolly-boat of a ship of six hundred tons burthen, must itself be of one hundred tons burthen! It is said to be a poor rule that will not work both ways; so we will put this to another test. The dimensions of the jolly-boat of a ship of six hundred tons, are actually about equal to one ton in measurement; and it follows, necessarily, from the reviewer's proposition, that it would hold six hundred buoys! It is scarcely required to tell any man, of two sound ideas, that the distance which would diminish a ship to the apparent size of her boat, would swallow up the latter entirely; but this fact was much too profound for the sagacity of the contributor of the Quarterly. But the article is unworthy of notice, except as it is connected with the other matters laid before the reader.

where we saw the *Pilot*, (the drama,) from an American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and ridiculous parts, *assigned by the original author to the British*, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this, that is of a rare and peculiar character.' Coming from an ordinary man, I should conceive this opinion unworthy of attention. The novel and the drama are both before the world, and I leave it for gentlemen, English or American, to decide on the spirit and tone of each; but, just thirteen days after the date of this entry, Sir Walter Scott met the author of the *Pilot*, and his first words, when the common salutations had been paid, were a compliment on the liberality and courtesy the latter had shown to the English, while, agreeably to an author's privilege, he had maintained the proper ascendancy of his own countrymen.

Different individuals will judge the omission pointed out in the diary differently, or according to their several moral temperaments; but, after the evidence that has been given here, I trust no one will accuse me of having exaggerated the nature of the intercourse I had with Sir Walter Scott, during his visit to Paris, in 1826.

Yours, etc.,

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THE 'PALMYRA LETTERS' IN ENGLAND. — The last number of the 'London and Westminster' Quarterly Review contains an elaborate critique upon, and very copious extracts from, the 'Palmyra Letters.' The reviewer opens his article, by quoting a paragraph from Miss MARTINEAU's 'Society in America,' wherein that clever peripatetic philosopheress refers, in laudatory phrase, to the 'Letters,' and the KNICKENBOCKER, in which they first met her eye, where, with her previous impressions, derived from such specimens of American periodical literature as she had then seen, she says she scarcely expected to find merit so exalted. This strong testimony, it is affirmed, excited a natural desire in the mind of the reviewer for a nearer acquaintance with a production so highly commended. After remarking that there is ample food for love and admiration in the volumes, he goes on to say, that the style will forcibly remind the reader of Fenelon, by its union of a gentle and peace-loving spirit with the warmest sympathy for the active and energetic virtues; and a striking facility of kindling with the imagination, merely, at the conception of scenes of bloodshed and mortal struggle, is especially noted. Another prominent merit claimed for the 'Letters,' is, that they present, for the first time, a living picture of very ancient scenes and manners. The historical period is most felicitously chosen. During the reign of Nero or Vespasian, and Constantine, Christianity was working itself upward from the poorest and most despised classes, through the whole body of civilized society, while military despotism was in the same time working downward. It is within this space of history, that the episode of Palmyra, that magnificent Venice of the great Syrian desert, occurs; and our correspondent is declared to have been the first writer who has illustrated the era in which the power of Christianity began to be felt, and its under-currents to flow, with ever-increasing rapidity, in silent and unseen depths. The great emporium of the commerce of the desert is clothed with the very spirit of poetry and romance. Characters and events are described with great beauty and power, and with strict fidelity to the facts of history, while a strong dramatic interest pervades the entire performance. The reviewer observes, in conclusion, that without being, perhaps, the literary Messiah, which Miss MARTINEAU says the American people are looking for, 'there is that in the writer which, in the present state of literature, deserves to be prized most highly, and which entitles him to a most honorable place among the writers, not only of his own country, but of ours, at the present time. We do not refer to his extraordinary power of throwing his own mind, and of making his readers throw theirs, into the minds and into the cir-

cumstances of persons who lived far off, and long ago; of making us see things as those persons saw or might have seen them. We give him a higher praise. He is one of the few (and among writers of fiction they were never so few as in this age) who can conceive, with sufficient strength and reality to be able to represent, genuine, unforced nobleness of character.' It is an additional title to praise in the author, that he has nobly elevated the character of woman, in such portraits as those of Zonobia, Fausta, and Julia. This is an imperfect synopsis of the review in question; which we submit to the reader, with the relevant or suggested inquiry, whether he does not perceive, in the *matériel* shadowed forth, in the 'Letters from Rome,' in the last and present number, a field as wide and fruitful for such a reaper, as was occupied so successfully in gathering the rich harvest of the 'Letters from Palmyra?' If the reader does not, we wot who does.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—Since our last communication on theatrical matters, diverse and interesting have been the doings at this house. The 'Love Chase' has been produced, and many times repeated, to the delight of some, the satisfaction of others, and to the regret, we *hope*, of all who ever placed faith in the genius of the author of the Hunchback. It is too late in the day to attempt a labored criticism of the 'Love Chase.' To say that it possesses but few of the beauties of the earlier efforts of Knowles, and many, *very many*, of their worst faults, is only to repeat the judgment already bestowed upon it. To Mrs. SHAW's delightful manner, and sprightly acting of the part of 'Constance,' is to be attributed the temporary success of the play. The rest of the characters, although generally well sustained, do not in themselves possess sufficient merit to raise the piece above the inglorious level of mediocrity. In all of the late productions of SHERIDAN KNOWLES, there is an affected imitation of the quaint style of the old masters, sufficiently palpable to make the 'judicious grieve;' but which, in the play of the 'Love Chase,' is carried to the extent of flat absurdity. The most common prose sentence, is here, by the simple transposition of words, metamorphosed into what the author no doubt complacently considers an antique model of the true blank verse; and sooth to say, it is indeed of the blankest. Without a poetical thought, without even the dignity of elevated language, string after string of this hallucinated prose is drawn out, and made to express the common-place nothings of the *dramatis personæ*, as it might be thus:

PROSE IN A STATE OF SOBRIETY

It was cloudy this morning at sunrise, and if this east wind holds, I should not wonder if we had rain before night; so, Gertrude, dear, I would advise you to put on your India rubbers, if you are going out.

THE SAME, 'A LITTLE ELEVATED.'

Arose in clouds this morn the moody sun
Breathes now the wat'ry orient its sighs,
Which if auspicing still its purpose hold,
Before the evening hour belike 't will rain;
So, neighbor Gertrude, in the open street
To venture not, by me be well advised,
Without encasement of your tender feet
In water-proof catoutchouc!

We are forced to believe that this system of bald charlatanism will, if persisted in, totally destroy the just effect of whatever real merit the future productions of KNOWLES may possess.

A divertimento, dramatized from the 'Pickwick Papers,' has been produced at the Park, with all the bustle and crowd of a heterogenous mass of characters, but without the inimitable comedy which belongs to the original. That arch, faithful, and philosophical wag, Samivel Veller, loses all his piquancy and smartness, and the quiet, good-natured absurdity of the respectable Mr. Pickwick, becomes a vapid piece of stupidity. The sleepy fat ooy, as exhibited by Mr. PLACIDE, is the only character which seems unadulterated by the dramatic transformation. The piece is in three acts, and would be much improved by the subtraction of two. After all the characters have once been seen, and each given a taste of his peculiar quality, the fun of the thing is over, and all that follows is necessarily a sort of repetition, which soon becomes dull and tiresome.

THE *BATADERE* has been danced and sung, until its most excessive admirers have been surfeited. Why is it that a new ballet cannot be produced, for the farther display of the favorite *LECOMTE*? Both herself and husband have shown themselves superior artists, in separate branches of theatrical talent, and both should have a fair opportunity of maintaining the high opinion which they have gained, by some novelty which should exhibit them in situations and characters not entirely worn out.

A *MR. NEAFIE* has lately appeared at this house; and notwithstanding the dull season, and the almost universal prejudice which seems to exist against all unfledged tragedians, he was enabled to create a favorable impression, and to give promise of something more than a mere walking hero. It is quite worthy of remark, that during the almost universal stagnation of business-life which this city has so lately experienced, there has been an unusual degree of spirit among these amateur histrions, who, humbly conscious of that 'within which passeth show,' and continually feeling the romantic influence of the 'divine afflatus,' as it breathes like the 'sweet south' over the sensitive surface of their placid cerebellæ, are ever anxious for the fitting moment wherein to 'witch the world' by the brilliant scintillations of their towering genius: as if the intellectual spirit of *KEAN*, *KEMBLE*, *GARRICK*, and *MRS. SIDDONS*, had, through some divine process, been condensed into one pure essential oil of superhuman virtue, one tiny drop of which were enough to sublimate and transform men into gods, for the express purpose of anointing the souls and etherealizing the spirits of these theatrical aspirants, who, seizing at once the top round of that towering ladder, to grasp which the unforgotten great thought the duration of a life too short, do there, with the utmost complacency, flap their embryo wings, yet innocent of feathers, and stretching out their long, scraggy necks, scream forth a cadence which they fancy has the true twang of the barn-yard, but which reminds all else who hear it, of the unsophisticated gabble which, of a soft morning in June, sometimes breaks the stillness of a goose-pond. The foregoing is a long sentence, certainly, but there is enough of truth in it to make amends for its prolixity.

Better days are coming. A new opera, by *BALFE*, we believe, entitled the '*Siege of Rochelle*,' is on the tapis, for *M^{DE} CARADORI*, *BROUGH*, and *SHEPARD*. *BROUGH* has added much to his reputation, during his last visit to America. As a bass, in English opera, the Park has not acknowledged his equal; and from the good taste and propriety with which he executed the part of the Marquis, in '*Fra Diavolo*,' we have reason to believe that his voice admits of a tone which the public have heretofore had no opportunity of appreciating. We hope, on his return, to witness him again in some tenor part.

Mrs. Wood, 'a happy wife, and happier mother, now,' will soon be among us again; and the cheering melody of our old favorite will give to opera its wonted influence, and make the walls of 'Old Drury' resound again with the welcoming and enthusiastic plaudits of the lovers of song. The *KEELEYS*, too, are coming, those nice 'little people,' who have already so snugly taken up their abode in the south-west corner of our affections. They are coming, to make us laugh with one eye, and cry with the other. 'Give them God speed!'

c.

FOREIGN LITERARY SUMMARY. — *MR. ADDISON*, the distinguished traveller, is preparing a narrative of his adventures and researches at Palmyra, and its still magnificent ruins, on the edge of the great Syrian Desert. Some of our favorite contributors are coming 'copiously' before the English reading public. *Miss SEDGWICK*'s '*Live and Let Live*,' '*Love Token for Children*,' etc., are announced as ready for publication, as also '*Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra*' — our '*Palmyra Letters*,' under a new title. *PRES-COTT*'s '*Ferdinand and Isabella*' is highly commended in the English reviews and magazines. A second edition has already been called for in this country.

A TALK WITH SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS. — Among our unappropriated literary stores, are several essays and narratives, all touching upon the general theme of childhood, and the return of the writers, after years of absence, to the homes of their youth. Some of these are characterized by deep and pure feeling, but are yet wanting in novelty, as well as in the graces of finished composition. We refer to them, because we desire it to be understood that we do not regard with indifference these out-pourings of kindred hearts. They honor the susceptible sources whence they well. One dwells upon the changes his birth-place had undergone, since he last beheld it. The brook, along whose margin he had so often wandered, appeared strangely dwindled to a mere rill. Mountains that seemed, in his young imagination, to lie along the very horizon, were now but a little way off, and seemed like pigmy hills, scarcely larger than the wind-row of the mower, in the meadow-field of summer. Still was the scene fruitful to him of cherished memories. In that meadow, were the 'strawberry-spots;' in those ploughed fields he had labored; and along those swelling uplands he had loitered a thousand times, echoing back the voices of fellow lads on the opposite hills. Morning, noon, and night — the warm rain-storm and the pleasant sunshine — the soft damp snow-fall, and the balmy southern wind — all seasons, spring and autumn, summer and winter — all had a charm for his young heart. In the sweet sadness of these clustered remembrances, he finds himself leaning upon the simple head-stone of his mother's grave, just as the 'fire in the west fades out,' and while 'all the air a solemn stillness holds:'

——— 'An image of stone he stands,
And hides his face in his trembling hands.'

He looks back through a vista of vanished years, and recalls the time when that affectionate parent beckoned him to her bedside, and with her pale, cold hand upon his young head, gave him a mother's dying blessing. Let our correspondents keep these recollections of childhood fresh and verdant, and believe that they are realized in many a human bosom.

———
'THE following,' says a new contributor, 'is a humble imitation of what is not perhaps worth imitating, the 'Laura Matilda' style of 'sweet-pretty poetry.' We think it decidedly good. It is hardly inferior to SWIFT's celebrated 'Lines by a Person of Quality:'

See! the fragrant twilight whispers
O'er the orient western sky,
While Aurora's verdant vespers
Tell his evening reign is nigh.

Now a louder ray of darkness
Carols o'er the effulgent scene,
And the lurid light is markless
On the horizon's scattered screen.

Night is nigh, with all his horrors
Sweetly swerving in his breast;
And the ear of Fancy borrows
Morning's mist to lull the west.

But ere he comes with all his splendor,
Hark! the milky way is seen,
Sighing like a maiden tender,
In her bower of ruby green!

———
'GIVE me the men that are fat!' said honest Jack Falstaff. Not such are the predilections of an agreeable correspondent, who has sent us the 'Confessions of an Obèse.' We are reluctant to publish them. *Cui bono?* They certainly can be of no service as a warning, or beacon; for who, by taking thought, can cease to grow fat,

any more than he can add a cubit to his stature? Still less will they be likely to amuse. Those who are troubled with the ills that *flesh* is heir to—in whom every thing that is eaten turns to fat, which they consider 'an oily dropsy'—surely such will make no jest of it; and the lean seldom laugh. Our correspondent says he is a firm believer in the Cartesian philosophy, and means to write a volume to prove that happiness consists in motion. He argues that a fat man presents an inversion of the order of nature—his only chance of tolerable existence consisting in that which nature abhors as much as a vacuum—*rest*. He was a member of a musical party—a 'society for the promotion of the blowing and scraping pleasures'—but was compelled to resign. He could n't raise the *wind*, and was too much of an obèse to draw a long bow, with any degree of comfort. He looks back longingly upon the enjoyment of dancing, and especially the luxury of the German waltz, his favorite in leaner days. His arm is around the slender waist of some sweet girl of seventeen gentle summers; he whirls through the maze of motion, thrilling intensely at the touch of her hand, the susurrations from her balm-breathing lips, and the glance of her passionate eye. But he breaks the charm, by the exercise of walking across the room, and grows melancholy at the thought, that into that deep well of rapture he has been contemplating, his bucket will go down no more. Nor can he hymenize. His form is not 'the genteel thing.' Once, in depondency, he advertised for a 'sleeping partner' for life. His card was answered by a venerable spinster, who, to adopt his language, had 'lost her left orb of vision.' She assured him, that should they succeed in coming to terms, he might rely upon her having a *single eye* to his happiness, and rest certain that her views of things in general would be always *right*. At the interview which succeeded, even this antiquated piece of feminine mortality declined the proffered honor. 'He was so fat—he had no idea! Good morning, Sir!'

COL. STONE'S 'LIFE OF BRANT.'—We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers, MESSRS. GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY, for an examination of the sheets of this very interesting work. It will be issued in all the present month, and when it shall appear, our readers will have occasion to find that it is far more varied and replete, than its unassuming title would lead them to imagine. First, as to its adornments. It will comprise two elegant volumes, octavo, of about 550 pages each, and will be embellished with several fine engravings, among which will be one of Brant, when young, in gala costume, in England, from a picture by the celebrated ROMNEY, painted for the Earl of Warwick, and another, painted when the chief was an old warrior, both engraved by DICK. It will also contain a beautiful portrait of General Gansevoort, the hero of Fort Stanwix, by PRUDHOMME, from a portrait by STEWART, together with a portrait of the younger Brant, a noble fellow, who grappled with General Scott, at the battle of Queenston.

The life of Brant, or Thayendanegea, is a *string* to hang not only the whole of the stirring history of the border wars of the revolution upon, but also the Indian wars of 1789 and '95, in which Brant was variously engaged. It will contain much of Brant's correspondence, together with the border difficulties with England, respecting the long-agitated question of the surrender of the north-western posts. The work will be full and particular in its details of the border revolutionary campaigns, north and west of Albany, together with other incidental sketches, and much of daring individual exploits. The concluding chapter will contain, we are informed, a sketch of the life of the younger Brant, (who died of cholera, in 1832,) including the battle of Queenston; and bringing the history of the family down to the decease of the aged widow, in November, 1837. Indeed, we are surprised at the extent and variety of facts and incidents embraced in the volumes; and have no hesitation in advising the reader confidently to expect one of the most entertaining native works which has for a long time been issued from the American press.

ODD CHANGE.—There is great difficulty experienced, in these days of 'shin-plasters,' in making change; but we have heard of two recent instances, where ingenuity was put in successful requisition to obviate the necessity of change. A rude fellow, while before the police magistrate for some nocturnal misdemeanor, was fined nine dollars, for eighteen oaths, uttered in defiance of official warning that each one would cost him fifty cents. He handed a ten dollar note to the Justice, who was about returning the remaining one to the delinquent, when he broke forth: 'No, no!—keep the whole! I'll swear it out!' And he proceeded to expend the 'balance' in as round and condensed a volley of personal denunciation, as had ever saluted the ears of the legal functionary. He then retired content. Something similar was the 'change' given to one of our hack-drivers, by a jolly tar, who was enjoying 'a sail' in a carriage up Broadway. A mad bull, 'with his spanker-boom rigged straight out abaft,' or some other animal, going at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, in the street, attracted Jack's attention, as he rode along; and unable to let the large plate-glass window down, he broke it to atoms, that he might thrust forth his head. 'A dollar and a half for *that*!' says Jehu. 'Vot of it?—here's the blunt!' replied the sailor, handing the driver a three dollar note. 'I can't change it,' said the latter. 'Well, never mind,' rejoined the tar; 'this'll make it right.' The sudden crash of the other window, told the driver in what manner the 'change' had been made.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ABROAD.—We are indebted for the beautiful lines by the author of 'Ernest Maltravers,' in the present number, to the kindness of an American friend in London, who was permitted to copy them from the richly-filled album of a distinguished English lady, herself a writer of no mean repute, and a correspondent of the Foreign Quarterly, Frazer's Magazine, etc. We are promised, also, an original poem by MOORE, from the same source. A series of 'Tales of Scotland,' entitled 'The Cairn of Lizzy,' 'The Meteor-Stone,' 'The Election Test,' and 'The Parting,' have also been sent us. They proceed from the pen of an eminent reporter to the British House of Commons, and seem, from the cursory perusal we have been enabled to give them, since their late receipt, to resemble, in their general style and character, the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.' While, however, we appreciate the compliment these latter contributions pay to the reputation of our work, we are constrained to place them in the back-ground, for the present; since our numerous AMERICAN contributors have claims upon our pages, with which we can permit no transatlantic communications, of any length, to interfere. Ours is an American Magazine, and we 'go for' domestic manufactures, whether of the hand or the intellect.

'CELESTIAL SPECTRERY.'—This admirable work, by our correspondent Dr. DICK, the distinguished author of 'The Christian Philosopher,' has been published by HARPER AND BROTHERS, as one of the volumes of their excellent Family Library. Its second title, 'The Wonders of the Planetary System Displayed,' expresses its character perfectly, and must excite a desire to read it, in every mind that seeks improvement in knowledge. In the preparation of his work, Dr. DICK displays an intimate knowledge of the subject, with great skill in divesting it of all scientific difficulty. The widely-circulated article upon the 'Rings of Saturn,' in the February number of the KNICKERBOCKER, was condensed by the author from the MSS. of this work, and may afford our readers some idea of the very interesting character of its contents. We confess we have never before been able to acquire so distinct and clear an idea of the magnitudes, motions, and other phenomena, of the heavenly bodies, as we have derived from these descriptions, aided by the one hundred and fourteen engravings with which the text of the volume before us is illustrated. It is our intention to notice it more at large, hereafter.

A NEW WORK BY HOOD. — Let the reader scan the clustering latent puns and verbal jingles, which abound in the annexed announcement of a comic work by Hood: 'Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year; being former runnings of his comic vein, with an infusion of new blood, for general circulation. The principle of condensation at a high pressure, has been employed to place the book in the reach of all. There is nothing low about it, however, except the price.' We have glanced over the initiatory number, and rejoiced in it. It is replete with the richest humor; and we are glad to learn that Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN is to reprint the work, in monthly parts, with fac similes of all the engravings. Hood is a true laughing philosopher, and makes his readers such. He says a laugh is the best vocal music — a glee in which every body can take a part. He would have even the most desponding take heart. 'Things may take a turn,' as the pig said on the spit. 'The Pugsley Papers' are worth the price of a year's numbers. A London shoe-maker and his family become, by the will of a deceased relation, the occupants of a country estate, which they manage as might be anticipated. Miss Dorothy Pugsley writes to a London friend: 'As I know you will like country delicacies, you will receive a pound of fresh butter, when it comes, and I mean to add a cheese, as soon as I can get one to stick together.' She promises, also, some family pork, as they 'wring a pig's neck on Saturday.' The old lady, in her epistle, complains of smokey chimneys, in which hams are suspended; but adds, complacently, that 'what is to be cured, must be endured.' Her son, in attempting to plough, 'met with agricultural distress. As soon as he whipped his horses, the plough stuck its nose into the earth, and tumbled over head and heels!' The old gentleman's letter 'smells of the shop.' He writes that the cows had all run away, 'except those that had burst themselves in the clover-fields, and a small dividend, as I may say, of one in the pound!' He adds: 'Another item; the pigs, to save bread and milk, have been turned into the woods for acorns, and is an article producing no returns, as not one has yet come back. Poultry ditto.'

AUTHORSHIP OF 'THE DOCTOR.' — Frazer's London Magazine is somewhat of the latest in tracing the authorship of 'The Doctor' to ROBERT SOUTHY. It adopts many of the conclusions and arguments advanced in an elaborate article, published long since in this Magazine, wherein the paternity of the work in question was established beyond all peradventure. Among the additional proofs mentioned in 'Frazer,' are: 'The author of Waverley never quoted Scott: that was enough. The author of the Doctor always quotes Southy: that is enough.' The reviewer adds: 'Who would quote the odes, ballads, minor poems, Thalaba, Kchama, Roderick, Wat Tyler, Histories, Omniana, etc. of SOUTHY, his private correspondence, and his domestic conversation — who but SOUTHY himself, in such a book as this? Not that they are not all very good, but they would hardly occur as often to any body else.'

NEW WORK BY MR. COOPER. — A new work from the press of MESSRS. H. AND E. PHINNEY, Cooperstown, entitled 'The American Democrat, or Hints on the Civic and Social Relations of the United States, by J. FENIMORE COOPER,' will soon be published. The title affords a clue to its general scope and character.

*. SEVERAL notices of Pamphlets, Reports, Addresses, etc., with one or two books of instruction, have been omitted, through a press of matter in this department. They will receive early attention.

ERRATUM. — In the 'Letters from Rome,' in the March number, eleventh line from the top of page 261, read *fame* for *form*, in the following sentence: 'Rome is not fallen, nor the *fame* of the Stagyrite hurt for this.'

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LIFE AND OPINIONS OF SOCRATES.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

Few subjects of study reward our pains so well, as the lives of the greatly good, in past ages. The example of those who are eminent in virtue among ourselves, has not an equal influence; for beside a suspicion of their sincerity, which men cherish from an unwillingness to confess themselves outdone by others in the same circumstances, there is a real imperfection in every thing human, which will not bear to be looked at too closely. Good character, like a good picture, is seen to the best advantage from such a distance that the shadows of present jealousy may not fall upon it, and after time has mellowed the coloring, which, to be impressive and lasting, must be strong. This led Lord Bacon to say, that 'death extinguisheth envy, and openeth the gate to good fame;'* and the twin dramatists of his time to put into the mouth of an honest man, oppressed by wrong, the bitter exclamation:

'Oh, Antiquity!
Thy rare examples of nobility
Are out of imitation, or at least
So lamely followed, that thou art
As much before this age in virtue
As in time.'†

But among the 'rare examples' of moral dignity, which the history of heathen nations affords us, SOCRATES deserves the highest place, whether we consider the disinterested and firm devotion of himself to the true welfare of mankind, the singular modesty of his searches after truth, or the remarkable agreement of many doctrines which he taught, with that better wisdom, now shed upon our souls by light from above. The best of the ancients freely rewarded his memory with this honor, and the greatest of modern poets, ('who,' Mackintosh observes, 'from the loftiest eminence of moral genius ever reached by mortal, was perhaps alone worthy to place another crown upon his brow,‡') says:

'Him well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wiseest of men!'

* Essay on Death.

† BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. 'The Honest Man's Fortune.' Act I., sc. 1.

‡ History of Ethical Philosophy.

Alluding to a Delphic response given during his life time, that

'Sophocles was wise, Euripides wiser,
But Socrates wisest of all.'

Yet, notwithstanding the greatness of his fame, it is only after much and cautious study, that we can form any just opinion of his character and philosophy. His very virtue made him enemies, not only in his own day, but in subsequent times; and some pious fathers of the church, unduly fearful lest his character for wisdom and goodness might seem to disprove the necessity of revelation, have most uncandidly repeated their foul and baseless slanders against him;* while, within a few years, a learned translator of Aristophanes, in his zeal for his favorite poet, whose matchless power of language but ill atones for his indecent scurrility, has virulently though unsuccessfully assailed him. On the other hand, his admirers have been excessive in his praise; so much so, indeed, that another early defender of our faith, in a transport of admiration, pronounces him a Christian.† Beside, as he carefully abstained from making any records with his own hand, we are indebted for our knowledge of him principally to his two most eminent disciples, Xenophon and Plato, both of them professedly his eulogists. Xenophon, except when he is speaking of arts, or historically of scenes in which he himself figured so gloriously, is well known to have been a romancer. While Plato, the father of mystical philosophy, (from whom, indeed, the modern Kant and Coleridge have derived most of their ingenious but useless abstractions,) delighted to put his extravagant theories into the mouth of his modest and cautious master; so that Socrates himself, on hearing one of his Dialogues read, exclaimed, 'What does not this young fellow make me say!' A careful comparison of their two accounts will however give us much that may be relied upon.

Socrates was born at Athens, in the 468th year before Christ, and lived, from infancy to his death, during that period which may be termed the Augustan age of Greece; the age of Pericles, of Phidias the sculptor, Zeuxis the painter, Herodotus and Thucydides the historians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the dramatists, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, and the splendid though luxurious Alcibiades. These were all known to our philosopher, and in his own time he was greatest among the great. Though the son of poor parents, his father Sophroniscus gave him an excellent education, and he enjoyed the instructions of a very remarkable man, the philosopher Anaxagoras. Early relinquishing the calling of his father, that of a sculptor, he devoted himself to the study of human duties. This did not prevent his proving himself practically a good citizen, and a brave man in fighting the battles of his country, saving by his devoted valor at one time the life of Xenophon, and at another that of Alcibiades. Afterward, however, he mingled little in public affairs, (though he served once in the council of the five hundred,) believing

* Tertullian. Cyril Alex. Gregory Nazianzen.

† Justin Martyr.

himself called by the divinity to persuade his countrymen to virtue and rational religion. For this end, he chose, though not ostentatiously, a life of poverty and self-denial, looking for his best reward to a consciousness of integrity in this life, and a happy immortality. Original in thought and eloquent in language, though so ungainly in person as to resemble a satyr, he soon drew around him many followers, and among them the noblest in birth and character of the Athenians. Yet this blamelessness and usefulness of life soon excited against him many enemies, in the vicious and turbulent democracy of his native city. The sophists, or false philosophers, who have given their name to the vexatious quibbles in which they delighted, were especially enraged against him, for he fearlessly exposed their mercenary quackery; and because he taught that there was one supreme overruling Providence, whose 'just eyes could not be blinded by the smoke of sacrifices,' but loved virtuous actions better than sumptuous forms, they accused him of impiety against the gods. Taking advantage also of the fact, that he had peculiar pleasure in teaching young men, they charged him with an unnatural crime, then lamentably prevalent. This prompted Aristophanes, a comic poet, whose gross blackguardism shows the baseness of his soul, to hold the teacher of virtue up to ridicule, in his comedy of the 'Clouds,' showing the venerable man hanging ridiculously in a basket, and teaching the most disorganizing doctrines. The comedy was not indeed successful at first, Socrates himself laughing at it; but few characters can bear up against ridicule; and the poison then began to work, which three-and-twenty years after resulted in a grave public indictment against him for impiety and corrupting the youth. Against these charges he made an eloquent and dignified defence, retracting none of his sentiments, denying the charge of crime, and asserting that his countrymen owed him reward, not punishment. It availed him nothing against the cruel hate of wicked men. Some say the multitude believed the charges; others, that they were exasperated against him, because Critias, a renegade disciple of his, whom he openly rebuked for his oppressions, was one of the thirty tyrants, that the Spartan Lysander set over the Athenians, and who deluged the city with blood. But alas! we know too well the treatment which wise and good men receive, when they oppose the will of a blind and brutal populace, and need only to be told of the integrity of Socrates, to account for his condemnation by a people who had already banished Aristides, because they were tired of hearing him called the just. Athens has not been the only state, where public virtue has been the least claim to popular favor; or where it were not easier to gain power by flattering the people than by serving them. Alas! again, it is human nature, which loves even tyranny better than honest counsel; for, in the language of the modern Euripides, the pure, classical Talfourd:

'The cloven hearted world
Is ever eager thus to own a lord,
And patriots snipe for it in vain.'

The best defence of Socrates is found in the remorse of the Athenians. They prosecuted his accusers as enemies to the state, putting Melitus, one of the two most active, to death, and banishing the other,

Anytus, who was so universally execrated, that he found no place of refuge, but was stoned by the people of Heraclea, after they had cast him out of their city; and it is said that when the *Palamede** of Euripides was performed, and an actor pronounced the line:

'You have given to cruel death the best of all the Greeks!'

the whole audience, reminded of Socrates, burst into tears, and the theatre resounded with lamentations; for which reason they made a decree that his name should not be spoken in public any more.

A high testimony to the purity of his character is also found in the confession of Alcibiades, who, though he left his great teacher that he might pursue projects of ambition and luxurious pride, declared, that he 'blushed at his way of life, whenever he thought of Socrates, and at times almost wished him dead, and no longer a witness of his pupil's shame.'†

Condemned, however, he was to drink the fatal hemlock. Thirty days (owing to some religious ceremonies) elapsed between his sentence and his death, which was not only worthy of his life, but the summit of its admirable virtue. He spent these mournful days, (mournful to those who loved him, but full of calm and unflinching hope to the martyr himself,) in conversing cheerfully with his disciples, exhorting them to remain steadfast in the virtue he had taught them, and confidently to expect a happy immortality in the divine presence, as the reward of it. An account of this sad interval is given us in the *Phædon* of Plato, the simplest and most affecting of all his writings. It were in vain to attempt translating the dying scene from the Greek, for the very words seem to sob, and the sentences moan as if they came from a broken heart, so that it has won from the learned of all ages the tribute of tears, as if our universal nature suffered in him. Crito, his friend, at one time, by bribing the jailer, had made every arrangement for his escape; but the consistent friend of social order smiled at his zeal, and refused to fly from a mortality which he would soon meet, wherever he might go; declaring, that the injury done to him, under color of the law, was no reason why he should do wrong by rebelling against the public authority. Speaking kindly to the executioner, who prepared the poison, and presented it to him, not without tears, he calmly drank it amidst the loud sobbings his friends could no longer restrain, and walking up and down his cell, he greatly comforted them, until the torpor seized his limbs; then lying down, he wrapped his mantle around him, and with a slight tremor, 'the best, the wisest, and the most just, of Athens,' breathed his last, leaving to all ages the blest assurance, that

'Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory.'‡

The opinions of Socrates were, considering the age and country

* This play is lost, but some fragments, and among them this sentence, are preserved.

EURIPIDES. GLAS. ED., Vol. VII., 642.

† Plato.

‡ Milton's *Comus*.

in which he lived, as remarkable for their purity and elevation, as his life. Before him, the inquiry of philosophers had been chiefly into physical causes; and though some most interesting sayings of the wise men of Greece, and Anaxagoras in particular, are recorded, yet it is generally admitted that Socrates was the first to study and teach morals as a science.

Cicero expressly says: 'Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from the skies, placed it in cities, introduced it into families, and obliged it to examine into life and morals, good and evil.*' Indeed, he seems to have had an unjust contempt for all science, except that of mind, thinking it better for us to inquire what we ought to do, than what the Deity had done. He was provoked to this by the vain and quibbling theorists of his day; but could he have known the moral dignity which in modern times those sciences have acquired, or have been surrounded by such expositors of physical truth as now adorn the world, he would never have deemed it necessary to deny their studies, that he might exalt his own. Socrates was, however, as he has been described by the ingenious though often erroneous historian of Ethical Philosophy, 'more a teacher of virtue, than even a searcher after truth.' Hence his opinions, though remarkable, were few.

He believed most firmly in the existence and providence of one supreme, self-existent, and spiritual God. Of him he often speaks in the singular number, delighting to give him the name of the *Superintending* God, or the God who wisely and tenderly cares for us. This God, he believed, could only be served by sincere virtue, having more regard to the hearts of men, than the most costly sacrifices; quoting, with high commendation, an oracle which declared, that 'God loved the thanksgivings of the Lacedæmonians better than all the sumptuous offerings of the Greeks; for,' said he, 'it is absurd to think that Deity, like a false judge, can be bribed by presents.' He taught the duty of prayer, which he said required much precaution and attention, and gave his followers what he called a most excellent and safe form of petition, which was: 'Great God! give us the good things that are necessary for us, whether we ask them or not; and keep evil things from us, even when we pray to thee for them.' He believed that virtue consisted in obedience to the supreme will of God, which we were to learn from the fitness of things; and there can be little doubt that he would have rejected, as a vexatious dispute of the sophists, the question, which some have started, whether there is not a radical distinction between right and wrong, antecedent to the divine will. Virtue, he believed, was always rewarded, and vice always punished, by the Supreme Governor; and though in this life wrong might seem to be more successful, the seeming inequality would be compensated in another. For he believed also in the immortality of the soul, and declared that though he knew nothing of the manner of our existence after death, it could not be otherwise but that the Deity would take just men to be happy with himself, and banish the wicked to a correspondent misery.

These were the principal and fundamental articles of his belief,

* Tusculan Disputations.

upon which he based all his instructions, and from which he derived that lofty courage, which sustained him, throughout life, in his virtue. Plato, his ingenious disciple, less modest than his master, has carried them out still farther; but, as we have said before, his speculations are not to be taken as the sentiments of Socrates.

It will doubtless be asked, if the opinions of Socrates, respecting the unity of the Sovereign God, were so pure, how it was that he himself engaged in the worship of the many gods of Athens, composing hymns to some of them, during the interval he spent in prison, and ordering a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius, the god of health, as Plato says he did, in his last moments? Several things ought, however, to be considered here. In the first place, it has always appeared to me not an improbable opinion, that his disciples, eager to vindicate his fame with the multitude, for their own sakes, invented of him, in these respects, what was not strictly true. And then again, Socrates, though convinced of the Supreme Divinity, was yet, as we shall show, confessedly ignorant of the manner in which he should be publicly honored, and might have thought it unwise to distrust the existing modes of worship, or to neglect them himself, until some better way was discovered, lest he should be thought to favor an atheism which he detested.* Certainly, if he had not been sincere in his opinions, he need not have died under sentence of the law; as he might have averted his condemnation by timely recanting. Beside, it is not fairly honest to condemn a man for what he did in the last moment of mortal weakness. Socrates wished his last act to be an act of piety; and if that act was ordering a sacrifice to a false god, because he knew no better, it is, I repeat, most uncharitable to condemn so good a man for one such act, at such a time.

It should also be remembered, that Socrates, with his disciples, and Cicero among the Latins, used the word *divine* to signify *intelligent being*, because spiritually resembling God. They meant by *divine* what we mean by *moral*. It is, however, a doctrine of our own Scriptures, that the God of All employs angelic ministers to execute his will, whom the Jewish doctors call angels of Providence; and the belief in a number of inferior gods, was a corruption of that true opinion. Socrates was wrong, if he really worshipped them, but not wrong in applying to them the epithet *divine*, in his sense of it.

This also explains somewhat the assertion which Socrates is said frequently and seriously to have made, that he had within him a demon, or divine being, who rebuked him when he had done wrong, and urged him to do what was right.† He is supposed by many to have made these declarations, to gain greater respect for his doctrines, as Numa pretended to hold converse with the nymph Egeria, that the Romans might be better persuaded to receive his laws, and not intrude upon the privacy in which he prepared them. The ancients discussed the question as to the nature of this demon, or

* Theodorick de Curatione Græcorum.

† Some stories of the interference of this familiar spirit, though gravely told, are too ridiculous for belief.

god, of Socrates, with great interest; and among the rest, Apulicus, a Latin disciple of Plato, (who lived in the second century of the Christian era,) has written a treatise, in which he learnedly treats of all the opinions which had been offered upon the subject. The conclusion to which he *seems* to come, (for he is not very clear in expressing himself,) is most probably the correct one. The in-dwelling divine spirit of Socrates was his *conscience*. Indeed, a modern has pronounced conscience to be 'God's vicegerent in the soul of man;' and the poet Menander has a line to the same effect:

'In all mortals, conscience is God.*'

The definition of Apulicus is curious, and deserves to be repeated. 'He of whom I speak,' says he, 'dwells in the most profound recesses of the mind, a perfect guardian, a singular prefect, a domestic speculator, a proper curator, an intimate inspector, an assiduous observer, an inseparable arbiter, a reprobater of what is evil, an approver of what is good; and if he is legitimately attended to, sedulously known, and religiously revered, in the way he was revered by Socrates, with justice and innocence, will be a predictor in things uncertain, a premonitor in things dubious, a defender in things dangerous, and an assistant in want.†'

Another question will naturally arise in many minds, whether the fact of such opinions being held by heathen Socrates, does not argue against the necessity of divine revelation? We answer no; but that, on the contrary, whatever be the arguments of the modern objector to a divine revelation, he has no right to claim Socrates as his associate.

For, in the first place, the moral opinions of Socrates were very *defective*. This is seen, among other instances, in the manner he treats of women. He never seems to consider their moral influence at all. They are only regarded by him as the mothers of the children of the state, and as little more than necessary evils. The hallowed influence of the marriage contract, and the vital connection of female purity with social happiness, was to him unknown. For in the beginning of the eighth book on the Republic, Plato (and I fear this time with too much truth) puts into his mouth the following startling sentence: 'These things are now agreed on, that in this city, which is to be constituted in a *perfect* manner, *the women are to be common*, the children common, and the education common.' And there are many things of a like character recorded of him elsewhere. Knowing this, we need not wonder that we find him visiting the witty and learned Aspasia, and the less celebrated though clever Throdota, without appearing to think the less of them, that they followed the most infamous profession. Indeed, it is only where christianity has taught men to value the virtues of the heart more than physical strength and voluptuous pleasure, that women are raised to that influence in society, which, among us, they so well deserve, and so beautifully adorn. There only have men learned, that female

* Βροτοῖς ἀπανσὶν συνείδησις θεός.

† Apulicus in Dæm. Soc.

virtue is, under God, the purest fountain of human happiness ; that the holiest temple on earth is the home consecrated by the pious ministry of woman ; and that the bosom of a faithful mother is the altar upon which infant man is most securely dedicated to his country, to the world, and to God.

' There woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the thorny way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delighted eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.*

Beside, no one can be more fully persuaded of the insufficiency of his reason to discover moral truth, than was Socrates himself. It was a favorite observation of his, that the Divine Original had veiled many things in mystery, to teach us dependence and reverence ; nay, that these mysteries proved the superior divinity. For this reason, he constantly exhorted his followers to consult the will of Deity, and seek his guidance. He taught, it is true, the noble maxim, that the ' honorable was no other than the useful,' a principle, which that purest of Roman moralists, Cicero, has so largely and delightfully dwelt upon ; but how to discover, always, what was honorable and useful, he confessed his inability ; and declared his belief, that men would yet be taught by revelation from heaven that which they could not discover themselves. This he states distinctly, in the treatise on the Republic, when he says that a perfect kingdom would yet be established upon earth, by men inspired by God ; and that until such inspiration is given, all attempts to form a perfect state, will be in vain. In the same work he also asserts with confidence, that a perfect example of human excellence would yet appear among men. His description of this perfect or just man is so curious, (I had almost said prophetic,) that I give it here, as it is found in the second book of the Republic. ' He will be a simple and ingenuous man, desiring, according to Æschylus, not the semblance but the reality of goodness ; for if he shall be thought to be just, he will have honor and rewards ; and thus it will be uncertain whether he be just for the pure sake of justice, or the rewards and honors of it. Let him be stripped of every thing but his integrity ; while he doth no injustice, let him have the reputation of doing the greatest ; that he may be tortured for justice, not yielding to reproach, or such things as arise from it ; but may be immoveable until death, appearing to be unjust through life, yet being really just. The just man being of this disposition, will be scourged, tormented, bound, have his eyes burnt out, and lastly, having suffered all manner of evils, will be CRUCIFIED.†

He speaks yet more plainly in the second Alcibiades, where this dialogue occurs :

Soc. It is altogether necessary, Alcibiades, that you should wait (to be taught to pray) till some person teach you how you ought to behave both toward God and men.

ALCI. And when will that time come, Socrates ? And who is he that will teach me ? With what pleasure ought I to look upon him ?

* J. MONTGOMERY.

† The translation here given, is *Spens'*, for greater proof of its correctness.

Soc. He will do it, who watches over you; but methinks, as we read in Homer, that Minerva scattered the mist that veiled Diomedes's eyes, and hindered him from distinguishing between God and man, so it is necessary that he should, in the first place, scatter the darkness that covers your soul, and afterward give you the remedies that are necessary to put you in a condition to discover between good and evil, for at present you know not how to do so.

Alci. Let him do so; let him scatter this darkness, and do whatever else he pleases. I abandon myself to his conduct, and am very ready to obey all his commands, provided I shall be made the better for it.

Soc. Do not doubt of that. For this governor I tell you of, has a most tender love for you.

Alci. I think I had better defer sacrificing till that time.

Soc. You are right, for otherwise you will run a great risk.

Alci. I will defer it, and to express my gratitude to you for this good counsel, let me take this crown from my head, and place it upon yours. We will give other crowns to the gods for the service we owe them, when I see that happy day — which will not be deferred long, if they please.

Eupolis, a pupil of Socrates, 440 A. C., has left us also an admirable Hymn to the Creator, from which Pope has evidently borrowed the opening part of his Universal Prayer. I subjoin an extract from an excellent translation by Samuel Wesley, the father of the founder of Methodism. It may be found in Coke's life of the latter :

' Author of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Fullness, goodness, rolling round
Thine own fair orb without a bound,
Whether Thee thy suppliants call
Truth, or Good, or one, or all,
El, or I A J, Thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;
Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy steadfast being still the same;
Thee will I sing, O Father Jove!
And teach the world to praise and love.
And yet a greater Hero far,
(Unless great Socrates doth err,)
Shall rise to bless some future day,
And teach to live, and teach to pray.
Come, unknown Instructor, come!
Our leaping hearts shall make thee room;
Thou with Jove our vows shall share,
Of Jove and Thee we are the care.'

With such almost prescient opinions, who can doubt that Socrates, had he lived in our day, would have been a Christian? Certainly nothing can be more unfair than for the opponents of revelation to claim him as being with them. And here I cannot avoid adding a testimony, wrung from the soul of the sensual but eloquent Rousseau. It is found in the second volume of 'Emilia.' 'What prejudices, what blindness, must possess that man who dares to compare the son of Sophroniscus with the son of Mary? What an immense distance between them? Socrates dying without pain, without ignominy, easily supported to the last his character; and if this easy death had not cast a lustre upon his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist. (Here the Frenchman is characteristically extravagant.) It may be said he invented morality, but before him others had practised it. He only said what they had done, and made lessons of their examples. Aristides had been just, before Socrates said what justice was. Leonidas

had died for his country, before Socrates had made love of country a duty. Sparta was sober, before Socrates had praised sobriety. Before he had defined virtue, Greece abounded with virtuous men. But where did Jesus, among his countrymen, take the pattern of that elevated and pure morality, of which he alone hath given both the precept and example? From the bosom of the most furious fanaticism, the highest Wisdom made herself heard, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtue honored the vilest people upon earth. The death of Jesus, expiring in torments, blasphemed, reviled, execrated by a whole people, is the most fearful death one could dread. Socrates taking the cup of poison, blessed the weeping man who presented it. Jesus, in the midst of a frightful punishment, prayed for his blood-thirsty executioners. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates be that of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus is that of a God!

A little examination will also convince us, that the great doctrines of Socrates were by no means original discoveries of his own. It is commonly, but erroneously, supposed, that idolatry is the early commencement of religion among a people, upon which they improve, as they advance in knowledge and civilization, until they attain a better and more rational faith. The fact, however, is, that all false religions are corruptions of a true faith, which was common to mankind, in the first ages. This was the opinion of St. Paul, who was well acquainted with classic history. For, speaking of the heathen, he says: 'When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.*' In this he is sustained by history, and the opinions of the ancients themselves. So far from purifying their religion, as they increased in knowledge and refinement, the Greeks and Romans added to the number of their gods every year, until they became countless. Their best philosophers, in later ages, had a high reverence for the opinions of antiquity; and the higher up we follow the stream of moral sentiment, the purer does it become, which is a strong indication that it flowed originally from a pure fountain. Their poets sang, too, of a happy period, which the world at first enjoyed, and which they called the golden age, 'before,' as Virgil says, 'impious men learned to feed upon the slaughtered herds,' and when, according to Ovid,

'Man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue;
And teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
All unprovoked did fruitful stores allow.'

Thus we find, before the time of Socrates, records, not faint nor few, of the same doctrines which he systematized. Anaxagoras, his great master, undoubtedly taught that 'pure, intelligent, active MIND

* Romans i. 21, 22, 23.

was the first cause of all things,' for of this Aristotle and Plato both assure us; and indeed it is thought by many, that we should name a school of philosophy after Homer, who lived at least four hundred years before our sage, and among whose poetical fictions much remarkable truth is apparent. In one of the fragments called Orphia, because by some supposed to have been written by Orpheus, but more correctly attributed to Cecrops, a philosophic founder of a colony in Attica, 1556 years before Christ, or more than a thousand years before Socrates, we find this sentence: 'There is one Power, one Deity, one Great Governor of all things.' The reader is aware, also, that the learned Greeks, (as Pythagoras and Herodotus,) before and about the Socratic period, were accustomed to travel in Egypt, as the then treasure-house of ancient wisdom, and there, through the common people were so degraded as to worship not only beasts and birds, but vegetables, (the onion being one of their gods,) the priests preserved in their secret and guarded mysteries certain great truths, with which the stranger student was permitted to become acquainted. What some of these doctrines were, we may learn from a verse sung in the mysteries of Eleusis, which were copied from those of Egypt: 'Pursue thy path rightly, and contemplate the King of the World. He is One, and of himself alone; and to that One, all things have owed their being. He encompasses all things. No mortal hath beheld him, but he sees all things.' Over the statue of Isis, the chief deity of Egypt, was this wonderful inscription: 'I am all that has been, and all that shall be, and no man hath ever yet lifted my veil.' I need not ask the reader to mark the parallelism between this and the words of God to Moses, 'I AM THAT I AM.' This view of the subject is made still more clear from chronology, which fixes the date of the Phœnician colonies under Ivachus, who settled Greece in 1856, or about fifty years after Abraham, who lived in the days of Shem, the son of Noah, and one of the survivors of the old world, according to Moses. The same historian gives us reason to believe that the worship of the true God was then prevalent in Egypt, (for he declares that the reigning Pharaoh worshipped him,) and probably universal; for Melchisedek, (whom many suppose, with much reason, to have been Shem,) was the royal priest of Jehovah. And, though there is much absurd contradiction in the Chinese chronology, they also, like the Brahmins of India, fix the origin of their religious opinions in a very remote antiquity; while their god Fo or Fohi seems to have been no other than Noah. Our own Indians, too, who hold to the unity and spirituality of God, are declared by the late venerable Boudinot, whose work, entitled 'The Star in the West,' proves his laborious researches among them, to have very distinct traditions of the deluge. Thus, then, we find the opinions of all mankind converging upward to one period — a period when truth prevailed. The moral philosophy of Socrates may thus be supposed to be the gathered fragments of a better and revealed religion, which were too mighty not to have survived the concussions of the iron ages which preceded him.

The very fables of the classic poets show whence their prevalent opinions came corrupted by the muddy stream of tradition. Homer

makes water to have been the principle of all things, and they all refer to an original chaos,

'When air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyess unnavigable,
No certain form on any was imprest,
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.' Ovid.

The story of Pandora is very striking. She was, according to Hesiod, the first woman made from clay, and animated. She was given as a wife to Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, and presented her husband with a box, which being opened, there flew from it innumerable evils, such as sickness and death, which have ever since plagued the world, one blessing, *hope*, only remaining. Now Plato tells us, that the meaning of this fable is, that the desire of forbidden luxuries was the cause of all mortal evil. We see at once this story came from the tradition of the fall, and the promise of redemption, which immediately succeeded it. So, when he describes Jupiter as sending his commands to Neptune, that he should allay the storms which threatened the destruction of the Grecian fleet, he makes Iris, the *rainbow*, the messenger who carried the divine will. I will give one more instance of such agreement. Socrates and Plato, and others of the ancients, believed that Divine Providence was administered by inferior agents of the Great Deity. This was the origin of their multiplicity of deities, so that we may say,

'The Naiad bathing in her crystal spring,
The guardian nymph of ev'ry leafy tree,
The rushing Æolus on viewless wing,
The flower-crowned queen of ev'ry cultured lea,
And He who walked with monarch tread the sea,
The awful Thunderer, threatening them aloud,
God! were their dim imaginings of Thee,
Who saw thee only through the misty cloud,
Which sin had thrown around their spirits like a shroud?'

This belief in inferior yet good demons, I have already said, appears to have been a corruption of the Scripture doctrine of ministering angels. To show the probability of this opinion, the reader is requested to compare two extracts; the first from our Christian poet, Spenser, the other from Hesiod, who lived before Homer :

'And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to us creatures base,
That may compassion of our evils move?
There is, else much more wretched were the race
Of men than beasts; but oh! th' exceeding grace
Of Highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace;
The blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe.

'How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to us who succour want;
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivants,
Against foul fiends to aid us militants.
They for us fight, they watch and duly guard,
And their bright squadrons all around us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God for men have such regard?'

* From an unpublished poem.

But thus Hesiod, after speaking of the golden age :

'When in the grave this guiltless race were laid,
Soon was a world of holy demons made;
Aërial spirits, by great Jove designed
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes, they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide;
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by divine permission hold.'

Instances of these interesting resemblances of classic fable to sacred story might be greatly multiplied.

Thus it is, that in studying the character and opinions of him for whom unassisted reason did the most, we are the most convinced of the necessity of revelation. All that he knew, which was valuable, was derived from it; and he was himself most fully persuaded, that what he desired yet to know, he could only learn from a heavenly instructor. Alas! that many who profess such a veneration for the sage of Athens, should neglect to learn from him this most important lesson which he taught! It is not necessary to take from Socrates the due credit for virtue and wisdom which the candid scholar must award him, to prove that we need a better wisdom than man can teach. Socrates in the height of his fame is one of the best witnesses that the apologist for Christianity can summon to his cause.

THE 'STONE CHURCH.'

A DEEP, CAVERNOUS RAVINE, IN A MOUNTAIN-SIDE, IN DOVER, DUTCHESS CO., NEW-YORK.

'The groves were God's first temples'—so has sung
The noblest of our poets; one who holds
Communion oft with nature, in her forms
Grand and majestic, but delights to dwell
Amid her scenes of quiet beauty more.
And hallowed be the sentiment, as one
Which purity alone could prompt; but yet,
Were the groves God's first temples? Who can doubt,
Whether of Science or Religion's self
We ask to know, that this primeval fane
Bears earlier date? its deep foundations laid
By the great architect; its arches hewn,
Its massive walls reared upward, pile on pile;
Its altars pillared in the living rock,
Long ere the groves were planted? Ay, and though
Ages have since rolled by, and man is born,
The crowning work of his Creator's hand,
Yet, even at this late day, we reck in vain
Among the various altars man has reared,
From St. Sophia's or St. Peter's dome,
From Britain's gothic ivy-cinctured towers,
Through many a pile of less pretension, down
To yon rude roof that tops the neighboring ridge,
For fitter place to bow and worship God,
Than here, mid these unfaltering witnesses
Of power divine, of human nothingness!

T. A. G.

THE STARS.

THE stars are angels' eyes
 Bright beaming from above;
 Upon the good and wise
 They smile with looks of love;
 And kindly seem to say,
 'Come, kindred spirits, come!
 Offspring like us, of day,
 Come to our heavenly home!'

Go out when, thick and clear,
 They're shining down at night,
 And read that written sphere,
 So eloquent with light;
 And, if thy soul be free
 From sin's polluting stain,
 They'll so discourse to thee,
 Thou 'lt often come again.

But if thy secret heart,
 With stings of conscience riven,
 Advises thee thou art
 Traitor to truth and heaven,
 With calm yet stern rebuke,
 They'll tell thee of thy sin,
 And bid thee turn and look
 On the dark scroll within!

New-York, April, 1838.

W. C.

WILSON CONWORTH.

CONCLUDED.

SLIGHT events sometimes make important eras in our life. My meeting with WILLIAM GARRETS, and his subsequent hospitality, his pains to explain to me the principles of his belief, my admiration of those principles, and my impression that they would assist me to recover my self-control, and calm down my excitable character, all followed on in course, and decided me upon what I was to do.

At the earnest solicitation of William, I remained a few days in his house. We spent the time in walking in the fields, and sitting down in the shade, enlightening one another upon the doctrines in which we had been educated. He had never before seen an Unitarian; and when I came to explain to him our doctrine, he wondered why he had never heard of it before; and could never cease from introducing it as a topic of discourse.

He got hold, too, of my own history, without any feeling of idle curiosity showing itself, and invited me to remain in his house as long as I could make it agreeable and useful to myself. It was agreed that I should set about making such arrangements as pleased me, and that I was to become an inmate of his house.

He asked not for any letters; it was enough for him to know that I needed quiet and seclusion — that he could be of assistance to me. So I wrote to my friends, and made my intentions known. They

seemed gratified with my determination, and I felt pleased, because my mode of life was to be something new and untried.

And here, at the age of twenty, I was without any fixed plan of life, after having exhausted all the pleasures of the world, (meaning dissipations,) guided by a kind Providence, who never ceases to care for his children, to a haven of rest, in the bosom of the pleasantest Quaker family in the country.

William Garrets was a Hicksite, a follower of Elias Hicks, a celebrated preacher of liberal opinions, claiming them as the tenets of Penn. and Barclay, and other leaders of their class. Hicks is too well known to need comment here. He opened the eyes of many during his natural life, and has now gone to test the truth of his sentiments in eternity. With the highest tone of honorable feeling, the most charitable temper and disposition, the most open-handed hospitality, and the nicest refinement of plain manners, he has lived and died in the eyes of this people to the best purposes.

Probably no man among their order ever did so much good. At the time he began to preach, there were many scattered through their ranks, who were dissatisfied at the leaning of the society toward rank Hopkinsianism. Many had become tinged with the doctrines of this school, and the work of set revivals, a kind of proceeding so foreign to the whole tenor of their creed, began to be aimed at. Dissatisfaction crept in among them, and they were losing their individuality as a people.

Hicks wrote, and talked, and preached up a party to stay this backsliding; and the quiet meeting-houses of the Friends, time out of mind the abodes of peace, the sanctuaries of holy thought, became the theatres of violent polemical discussion. The humble receivers of a creed and manner of worship—in which all was plain and easily understood—from their fathers, they began first to reason, and then to doubt. Confusion and disorder troubled the breasts of the old, and the young ran astray, because their guides had become lost from the path of their religion; and the strange sight was seen of Quakers openly hating each other.

Elias Hicks went abroad and explained to the bewildered multitude what were the tenets of their founders. He collected the scattered bands, and they organized into a party; which once done, with cool and deliberate determination, they ceased from their wranglings—ceased from contention on his side, and the meetings once more sat in silence, and offered up pure and secret prayers in the temples of their souls to the one only and true God.

I lived with William Garrets more than a year, without any object as to the future. I seemed to have imbibed a love of quiet and solitude, and the long, hot summer noons, when not a sound broke the stillness, were seasons of enjoyment to me. The turmoil of my life, the restlessness of dissipation, and the pursuit of novelty, had wearied out my capacity for enjoyments, which depended upon great animal spirits, and bodily force, and I craved stillness and soberness, as the body craves rest from fatigue.

Himself something of a philosopher, I joined him in his scientific researches. We studied entomology and astronomy together. We rambled over the country in pursuit of curious bugs and plants, car-

rying our bug-box and basket; and in the clear summer nights, we sat on the house-top with our telescope and globe, and I listened to strains of natural eloquence, and bursts of devout feelings, which shame all studied arrangements of words.

I could easily obtain from him, too, all the books I wished, upon the subject of the Friends. I read diligently, but observed more. I adopted, in part, the Quaker garb, and found it very convenient and easy. It is not improbable that the fashions of the world may come round to this garb, at some distant day. The broad hat is certainly more useful, in rain or sunshine, than the narrow sugar-loaf of the present day. The neckcloth is easier than the stock. The collar of the shirt is already discarded, as an useless incumbrance. The color of drab is more durable, and more neat, than any other; and the coat, with its single row of buttons, and large pockets, and standing collar, unites the conveniences of the frock-coat, and the succinctness of the 'straight-body.' Square-toed boots are now adopted, and so on with other particulars. Each has some good reason for its adoption and continuance. Their dress was adopted, not as a badge, as many suppose, but it has been the dress of the sect from the time of its origin; at which time it was the dress of all plain people, who were opposed to the tawdriness and extravagance of the followers of the court of Charles. They have seen no good reason to alter it, and if it is conspicuous, it has become so more from the changes of others, than of themselves.

I have ever been led to view the garb of the Quakers as having a high moral influence upon their lives. By it they are constantly reminded of the virtue of consistency. A plain garb begets plain thoughts and meek manners. They must rely upon other sources, with strangers, than external effect. They feel themselves shut out from the empty vanities of the world, and bearing with them in their dress a sign to that effect.

One can hardly meet a more interesting character than a Quaker gentleman of easy fortune, who lives upon the estate of his father, in the country. His house and grounds are the pattern of neatness. There is a venerable and respectable air in the large shade trees, and well-trodden walks that surround his antique dwelling. He rides in a square-topped chaise, drawn by a sleek, fat horse, which has never been abused, and looks as contented, and patient, and well satisfied, as his master. His salutation is cordial and independent. He has a dignity of deportment which flows from an internal peace of mind. You may rely in perfect confidence upon what he says. You will find him well acquainted with agriculture, and with general science. He reads more than men of his rank among the world's people, and is better versed in governments. His children, being constantly surrounded by such examples, are well educated by the mere act of keeping their eyes open; for every point of conduct is a bright lesson to them of what is right. If this character does not approach to the true dignity and honor of man, I should like to know what does.

The Quakers read but little poetry. They worship nature. Their poetry is 'unwritten.' They drink in their inspiration from the fountain head. They worship God in the stars and in the sun. They regard him in the storm. They see him in his majesty, and glory,

and bounty, spreading the earth with plenty, and adorning the abode of man with pure streams, and pleasant pastures. In the shade they thank Him — by the way side, and in the woods. In peace, is his home to them; and they retire to think, alone, upon his goodness. This is their poetry, and they teach it to their children. It is not a well-spring of bitterness to them, as high-wrought poetry often is to the sensitive scholar; filling his heart full of dreams of imaginary bliss — a bliss he can never possess or realize in this world; making his life, as he lives on, one series of disappointments: for

—— ‘charm by charm unwinds
Which robbed our idols, and we see to sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind’s
Ideal shape of such.’

I know something about this sentiment, for I have felt it. It is not a ridiculous subject; its victims are not common men; but they are cursed with too nice a sensibility, and they yield to the influences of a literature, now common in all the towns and villages in our country — thanks to our patriotic booksellers! — as common as the Bible.

Young men and young women get thoughts that belong to the age of chivalry, and the land of song, and poetry, and romance; the plains of Italy, the orange groves of Spain, and the ‘vine-clad hills of France,’ and they expect an Eden will spring up about themselves, in this every-day working country. They are ushered into the world with these high hopes, and their airy castles fall, and they are desolate. Educated out of, and away from, the standard of things as they are, they are not calculated to excite the sympathies of the people among whom they live. They belong either to the age gone by, or the one to come, or to none at all, and they look in vain for the realization of their hopes.

CHAPTER XVII.

‘COULD I escape the guilt of having stopped
The pulse of hope in the most innocent soul
That ever passion ruffled!’

I HAD now lived with this quiet family for more than a year, when an event occurred which changed all my plans, and threw me once more into the bustle of the world. But I went forth strong in my own estimation. My time had been devoted to reflection; and, re-tracing the steps of my life, I could see the rock on which I had split — irresolution, or the yielding to impulse. I had thought more than I had read, and conversed much with men, the very antipodes of myself, in habits of action and thinking. From them I drew large stores of wisdom. I learned to distinguish the false from the true, the alluring from the useful. The familiarity of Quaker habits, and a taste of the sweetness of its simple life, had won me from love of passion and excitement, as I thought. But I afterward discovered that this very quietness was excitement of a different order. I had been, all the time that I prided myself so much upon my change of

character, the creature of a deep enthusiasm. I had been burning inwardly ; and the fire which before seared me on the outside, had been kept alive by preying inwardly, and consuming my vitals. The old disease still raged on, and only sought opportunity to break out with redoubled force. So little hope can those who have wasted their youth have, of ever shaking off the penalty of sin. I then learned to appreciate the words of an elderly friend, who once, in answering a letter from me, in which I had written in praise of my regularity and studious attention, after some time of wild dissipation, said : ' The marked self-complacency of your letter constrains me to repeat a remark I have often made to you, that the calm and placid state which is sometimes experienced after the subsidence of irregular passion, far from proving the mind sound, is but a symptom of inherent disease. In such moments—moments so different from those which preceded, and in the comparison so hallowed—there is and must be great quietness of spirit, and indescribable satisfaction ; but believe me, all this delightful consciousness does not constitute a truly wonderful change, nor any change at all. Let me add, no man was ever astonished at his own proficiency in goodness, who was not at the same time under the strongest and most dangerous delusion in the power of self-love to produce. Remember that the heart is deceitful chiefly in its pleadings in its own favor.'

I have quoted largely from this letter, because it seems to me that the remarks contain a great deal of truth ; and beside, if these pages ever reach the eye of him who wrote it, that he may know that though his words were disregarded, yet they were never unappreciated, nor his friendship forgotten. Yes, I fully felt the truth of his words, when circumstances called upon me to give up my seclusion, and I rushed into the world, strong and confident of my power.

My father, in answering a draft I had made upon him, told me that he feared it was the last money he could send me ; that losses in trade had reduced him almost to want. This came upon me quite unexpectedly. I had never thought of this chance. But there was no alternative, and I set about to consider what I should do. I could think of no plan. I was entirely disqualified by education, habits, and by unmeaning pride, for acting in such a case.

At last, as a desperate result, I made up my mind that I could work, if it came to the worst, and get my bread by the sweat of my brow. I knew that any man can live in this country by manual labor.

Here I was placed in a situation which overtakes many Americans, born and educated as I was. The result is, that it either leads them into crime, and the lowest depths of vice, or brings out the energies of their characters, and works for their good. Here we see a fault in that system of education which forms for prosperity, but stores no treasures for adversity.

I bade adieu to my kind friends, the Quakers, with regret. William gave me letters to two of his friends in the city. I did not see their contents. In looking over my finances, after my arrival there, I found in the bottom of my trunk a letter addressed to myself. I opened it, and what was my surprise to find that it contained the full amount of the money I had insisted upon paying for my ex-

penses, during my residence with my friend. 'Friend,' it read, 'thee is in distress; and although I yielded to thy entreaty to take money for thy board, I did so to avoid opposing thy will at the time. In giving it back, I have done even as I would that others should do to me. If we could change places, I feel assured that thee would have acted as I have done. Accept it, as a loan, at least; and when convenient, return it, if thee pleases. We are all amply recompensed for thy expenses, by the mutual kindness and improvement we have reaped from thy tarrying with us. May heaven bless thee! Call upon Friend Bond. He can employ thee, as I think.'

I lost no time in calling upon Friend Bond, whom I found to be a merchant of high standing, retired from business, upon an easy fortune, which he spent in works of benevolence and christianity.

He promptly opened his subject, and after saying he was perfectly satisfied with the letter I brought him, offered me a home in his house, if I would consent to keep his accounts. I found that William Garrets had transacted the whole business for me, probably seeing my unfitness to make any application in my own behalf. And on the second day of my arrival, I found myself partaking of the simple refinements of Quaker life in a city, than which nothing is in truer taste. I soon got acquainted with his wishes, though I made but a sad beginning; but he corrected my errors so kindly, and by never appearing other than satisfied, I became pleased with myself, and more anxious to please him. Occupation, which is the secret of happiness, kept out morbid states of mind, and I was really happy, for a time, in the exercise of constant labor.

Six months rolled on, and still found me improved, and the source of improvement to others; but my early disposition to love, soon wrecked all my prospects.

Friend Bond's eldest daughter was nearly seventeen; an artless girl, who had read more than was for her own good. Under her cold exterior, she covered a heart all passion and fire. It was not art that concealed it, but native modesty; and I hardly believe she herself knew the depth of her own enthusiasm. I can scarcely tell how it was, but an attachment certainly grew between us; involuntary on my part — perhaps so on hers. I know how I ought to have acted. I should have fled from this peaceful family; but then I should only have left the effect to have been produced by others, while I should have escaped. Yes! I should have fled; but, blinded by my own passion, I kept on, and 'nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.' It was so new to be loved, simply and honestly, with no guile or plan; to trust to the feeling itself, and not to artificial aids to passion, which most people are obliged to resort to, to keep up the illusion, that I loved now better than ever, and while I indulged an old passion, by the novelty of the attending circumstances, it was almost like a new one. Beside, I got room to draw some philosophical deductions about the passion; to find out the falsity of that theory of love, which makes it impossible for us to love but one object during life. The truth of the whole matter is this: We feel but once that headlong ardor, that intensity of passion, which is spurred on by novelty and inexperience, and which places woman

above humanity—a being to be idolized, and looked up to, and prayed to. When such a love is not consummated, the passing away of the illusion is like taking the vital breath from the body; it is like the escape of air condensed by artificial means, which sometimes destroys the vessel that contains it. This sudden change of habit, of feeling sometimes, if acting upon a sickly imagination, destroys life. So that people do die for love, as well as for loss of property, and other misfortunes which take away interest in life, and leave a canker at the heart. But shall we conclude from this, that we may not feel attachment twice? Deprived, by freak, of one object of affection, though we may mourn the loss, if we discover qualities to admire in another, may we not wish to bring ourselves within the sphere of their influence?—to possess them? This is love. Is it inconsistent to have shades of remembrance of past friends? Are we unjust to the present, by reflecting upon the noble qualities of those we have lost? Is not the present possession raised in value, by feeling that it is something really true, and common, and rational, and lasting, that we possess? Young men, mad with wine, and tobacco, and young ladies—nervous from late hours, and tight lacing, and cologne water—may sneer at such reasoning; but we shall find it to be true in life.

There are many incentives to loving. The beauty of the object, the thought that we are beloved, the desire of returning an honorable attachment, the fear of wounding the pride of a delicate girl. I cannot say whether I felt most pleasure or pain, in suspecting that I had gained the affections of Rebecca Bond. If I had thought that she knew me, if she could have known all my weaknesses, and crimes, and faults, and *then* have loved me, I should have been thankful for her affection. But now she only knew me by present appearances. She was giving her earliest affections, her virgin feelings, to one who had run through the whole catalogue of vices. To not deceive her, seemed like theft; and yet I could not do it. So that in reflecting upon the subject, I began in earnest to love her.

One evening I was about to start upon a journey to a distant part of the country, on urgent business for her father, and it so happened that we were left alone in the library. I began to talk of my contemplated absence, and to hope she would study a great deal, etc. I looked in her face, and it was suffused with tears. She felt the secret was out. Her simplicity could not save her; and all she could do, was to hide her face in my bosom. What could I have done? Upon the instant I determined to marry her. I saw no other ground I could honorably take. I consoled her grief, cautioned her about her feelings, assured her of my happiness, and said all I should have said, and perhaps more. The next morning I departed.

During my journey, she occupied my whole thoughts, and every stage only increased my passion. 'How superior,' thought I, 'is the love of this young girl, unaccustomed to the world, to that of the heartless and false doll of dress, whose every word is for effect, and every thought a desire for admiration; who can sacrifice all domestic pleasures, and follow fashion and vice—vice of thought; who lives only in crowds, and is miserable alone; who loves self supremely,



and takes a husband for his carriage and house, and enters into matrimony for the liberties it allows her.' There are such women; the idols of the ball-room, and the belles of watering-places. They enjoy a butterfly celebrity, and then decay early, in mind and body; the victims to fashion, or worse. What thoughts must linger around the bosoms of such women, on their dying beds, as they think of their neglected children, their neglected God! Young men know not what they follow, as they glide on in the wake of the pluméd syren of the dance. They are the false lights which meteors hold out to draw the tumbling ships upon the rocks. They lure us on with music, and the pattering of tiny feet, and their jewelled fingers, and false smiles, and falser hearts; and when the victim is caught, like the veiled prophet, they display their awful hideousness. No, no! Love is found in gentle hearts. It dwells not amid the riots of pleasure; it dies in the glare of splendor, and cannot live in the heart devoted to dress, and weak follies. It is more nurtured in quietness, than in loud applause, or the world's praise. Give me the hardly defined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave to you the confessions of the gaudy coquette. Give me the beaming glance of a liquid eye, and I yield the bright and flashing blaze of the proud beauty to others. I would not trust a *belle* nor a *blue*. They are each too philosophical in their own way.

His heart would have been cold indeed, that would not have been touched with the proofs of love I received from the gentle Rebecca, on my return. She had grown thin and pale, during my absence. The first time we were alone together, she wished the assurance of my affection, and I gave it to her, as truly as tears now blot the page for her sufferings. I explained to her as much as I could of myself, and warned her to be circumspect. I felt guilty in cherishing this secret attachment, but who can resist the fascinations of woman's love? The good Quaker suspected nothing wrong; and there was nothing wrong; though to be secret, might be wrong. I came to love her extravagantly, and was fast approaching the climacteric of my feelings. Her affections seemed pure from the hand of nature. Like the young bud of the wilderness, human eye had never looked upon her heart. Her heart was a bud blossoming because it was ripe, and I happened to be the first passer-by to snatch its fragrance. Would to God we had never met!

I am drawing near to the end of my story. I have got as far as it can do good for any one to know. Why must I harrow up my own feelings, by telling of the base suspicions that rested upon me? Yes, I was charged by the simple-hearted old man with the ruin of his daughter. The same simplicity that gave me all liberties, now was turned into the opposite scale. A kiss betrayed us.

William Garrets excupated me, in his own mind, but he could not convince his friend. My eyes were open to the evil I had unconsciously committed. 'This,' said I, 'adds another heart, blighted by contact with mine, and one more link to the long chain of my unhappiness.'

* * * * *

SHE clung to me as if for life. Suddenly I felt a quivering sensation run through her body, and with a shrill cry of agony, she dropped

THE TRUE HERO.

'*INANIAS curas, studiumque ignobile vulgi talia, mens horum sobria post habuit; sed quasi per latebras et amena silentia vallis, innocuam vitam sustinere viam.*'

DEEP in the vale of humble life,
Oft have I seen the mortal strife
By village hero waged;
Stretched on his pallet cold and scant,
With destitution, sickness, want,
And pain at once engaged.

Deserted in his hour of need
By friends as false as broken reed,
He to himself is true!
Though unsupported by the loud
But senseless clamors of the crowd,
Or plaudits of the few.

One EYE there is, and that alone
This moral grandeur from His throne
Contemplates, and sustains:
More high doth He that peasant hold
Than him who, canopied by gold,
O'er subject millions reigns.

Then think no more that Virtue stands
More firm, because admiring bands
Of friends or flatterers cheer;
Through darkness, silence, solitude,
By none sustained, by nought subdued,
She holds her bright career.

Friendless, forlorn, with pain to cope,
And peril doom'd, till faith and hope
Are in fruition lost;
Each ill surmounted or o'erthrown,
She courts the ken of One alone,
But finds that One a host!

Thus, throned on rocks, Missouri takes
His giant leap, and thundering shakes
The depth of woods below!
His lone magnificence displays,
Where not an eye the pomp surveys,
But His that bade him flow.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE TIDES OF THE OCEAN AND THE 'GULF STREAM.'

BY MOSES MONAWK.

In every operation of nature, which we profess clearly to understand, we may remark that the most striking feature is *SIMPLICITY*. We find nothing at variance with, or in the least degree differing from, the plainest notions or conceptions of propriety and common sense. And not unfrequently, when we have removed a seeming veil, and unfolded a hidden mystery, our admiration and wonder are excited, as we are made acquainted with the apparently artless means by which Nature accomplishes her works. This is a prominent feature every where, and in every thing. It is this which so powerfully captivates our 'wondering sense,' and here we may trace the true source of the 'sublime and beautiful.' And yet, notwithstanding these manifestations, men are too much disposed to look to far distant causes of certain effects, when those very causes lie spread before them. Hence we find, that some investigators soar into the regions of space, and others plunge into the bowels of the earth, in search of facts and arguments to substantiate a favorite theory, when the causes they would endeavor to explain, surround them like the air they breathe, and are sometimes palpable to the touch.

The tides of the ocean have been an enigma to learned men through all time, and until within a late period, their movements were a mystery as incomprehensible as the structure of the heavens.

The Newtonian theory is now *generally* received as unquestionable truth, and is, I believe, the only one that is studied and taught in all literary institutions. Yet it is well understood, that many scientific men have long doubted its correctness, although they yield their acquiescence in its soundness, because no one has yet been found capable of substituting a better. Nor do I believe the secret will ever be revealed to man, so as to be made clearly intelligible, until it shall please the Great Founder of the system to infuse into some one of his humble creatures a double portion of his own incomprehensible and all-pervading spirit.

The theory of the tides, as explained in the present day, is so perfectly plausible, from its strict conformity with certain movements and operations, continually taking place, that few are disposed to call it in question, while most men readily yield it their unqualified conviction. With many, it would probably be deemed a waste of time, if not an evidence of presumption, to doubt its entire correctness, or withhold from it unreserved and implicit faith. To such I would say, I have no desire to disturb or unhinge their settled impressions, and therefore I address myself to those who are not so thoroughly wedded to preconceived and long-established notions, as to believe that no reasonable arguments can be brought forward to show their fallacy, or illustrate any new position.

The grand defence in favor of the prevailing theory, is the uniform action of the tides, in certain latitudes, corresponding with the position of the moon in the heavens, and this uniformity has served to confirm it in the opinion of numerous philosophers throughout the world. Many there are who maintain its unalterable truth; but with all becoming deference, I shall presume to call in question its correctness, and to express my full persuasion of its utter impossibility.

It is evident, to my understanding, that what is strictly a *coincidence* between the position of the planets and the tides of the ocean, has been interpreted into a law, or agency, of a very different character. There was to be a fulfilment of certain great designs, and this was to be done by simple and natural means, and not by resorting to a process so entirely strange as to be impracticable in itself, and so ill devised as to impeach the wisdom even of the Great Architect himself. In consequence of this coincidence, a most potent agency is ascribed to a secondary planet, at an immense distance, which, in my judgment, is as false in fact as it is absurd in theory. I am thoroughly convinced that no such agency exists, not only from the facts which shall be brought forward, and which are indisputable, but from the plainest analogy, and the evident fitness of things. It is at variance with all the obvious indications and purposes of nature, so far as they are made known, and plainly repugnant to the dictates of common sense. Let me but ask, why the power to impart so important and indispensable an impulse, should be placed in a secondary planet, at the distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles, when it could be so much more conveniently and beneficially placed in the primary planet itself? And if the moon must be admitted to exercise so decisive and commanding an influence on the earth, what then must be the influence of the earth upon the moon? for we must suppose the operation to be reciprocal. And if the

moon must be admitted to exercise so decisive and commanding an influence on the earth, what then must be the influence of the earth upon the moon?—for we must suppose the operation to be reciprocal. And if the influence of the earth on the moon corresponds with its superior magnitude and importance, then are we authorized to suppose that the lunar oceans would be subject to a tremendous agitation indeed. How does this agree with the simplicity of nature's works, and her acknowledged wisdom and economy? I can imagine nothing more ridiculous than such suppositions, nor anything more adverse to the general impressions of mankind, in relation to the decrees of eternal wisdom.

I think a plausible, and to my mind a very rational opinion, can be advanced, why it is that at the full and change of the moon we invariably see what are denominated *spring tides*. It is known that the earth acts to the moon as a moon, and that, according to the opinion of astronomers, as seen by the inhabitants of the moon, it is the 'most magnificent object visible in the heavens.' Now this harmony of action, this remarkable coincidence, in all probability fulfils a law that is of infinite importance to the moon and its inhabitants. It may be fairly presumed, without any extravagance, that whenever she reaches the above points in her orbit, she requires a greater portion of light to be thrown from the earth than is done under ordinary circumstances. For let it be remembered that at such times there are many more millions of acres of land covered with water than is the case with the usual tides, and that consequently the light is increased in that proportion, and reflected upon the moon in a corresponding degree. By this means, important objects may be accomplished; and while in countless ways the advantages may be felt by the earth, and its swarms of inhabitants, an equally important advantage may be conferred on the inhabitants of the moon. Here, it would seem to me, we may perceive some of the great and signal benefits imparted by a coincidence which is as wise as it is beneficial and beautiful.

Philosophers, however, have thought proper, from the fact of a forever recurring regularity, to invest in a secondary planet an all-powerful agency in the movements of the great oceans of the primary, and that too in direct contravention of all those plain and simple operations, which, as far as they are comprehended, agree so perfectly with the ordinary perceptions of mankind every where. And however universal may be such belief, I have no more faith in this presumed control of the moon, than I should have if I were told that by the same means our blood was propelled from the heart to the extremities, and back again to the heart. I should deem one quite as rational as the other, and quite as consistent with truth, and with those principles of order which are known to be 'heaven's first law.'

It is well known that under the line there is very little tide. Now this would appear extraordinary, if we are to believe that the influence of the moon is such as to produce tides so singular in their effects as continually occur. It must be clear to every one, that the surface of the earth under the line is much nearer the moon than it is in high northern or southern latitudes; and it would therefore

seem to follow, as a fair consequence, that there, owing to the convexity of the earth, the tides ought to be much the highest. The fact, however, is precisely the reverse of this; showing, contrary to all established laws, that in proportion as we recede from the centre of power, or the first impulse, so it increases in force, and that too to a surprising extent. In New-York, for instance, the ordinary tides are about six feet, and even two in Albany; in Boston ten to twelve, and in the Bay of Fundy forty to fifty. How such facts are to be reconciled with that theory which places this wonderful influence in the moon, I am utterly unable to conceive. It appears to me to be wholly inconsistent with all those causes and effects with which we are most familiar, and disagrees entirely with those principles of philosophy which are known to be well established in other respects, and which so universally accord with the reasoning faculties and perceptions of men.

I think my notions will be still farther illustrated, by a reference to the Mediterranean, the Black, and the Caspian seas. Surely, these are of sufficient magnitude to be subject to the influence of the moon, if such influence existed; yet in the first named sea it is barely perceptible, and in the others it is not felt at all. The same remark will apply to the great inland seas of America, where it is known, also, there is not the slightest appearance of tide. Now if we admit that the moon does really exercise the extraordinary power ascribed to it, how can we account for its controlling power being thus partial? Why should its force be restricted to the great oceans only, and even on these found to operate so unequally? If in some places the tides are strong and full, in others they are partial and feeble. In a certain latitude on the Pacific, they rise very high, and in a corresponding latitude on the Atlantic, there is very little; the tides in both oceans making nearly at the same time.

THERE is one phenomenon in the Atlantic ocean, which may perhaps be considered its greatest wonder, but which remains the least satisfactorily explained. This is that extraordinary movement denominated the *Gulf Stream*, which commences in the Bay of Mexico, and stretches along contiguous to the whole coast of North America, and after sweeping in a circular manner almost across the ocean, is lost not far from the confines of Africa. This prodigious current is estimated, by some navigators, to be sixty miles in width, and to move, for an immense distance, at the rate of not less than two-and-a-half miles an hour.

Theories are not wanting to account for this inexplicable and deep mystery. The most prevalent, though by no means one that is satisfactory, is that which traces it to a great accumulation of water in the Bay of Mexico, occasioned by the trade winds, and which finds an outlet in this way. This would lead to the supposition that there must be a strong pressure from the Atlantic into the Caribbean Sea, and so around through the Bay of Mexico. But we have no knowledge of any such operation. Hence the explanation given I deem neither conclusive nor carrying with it a very strong probability. It is moreover disbelieved by many scientific men, of profound reflection and

observation. Nor can it be deemed the least singular feature in this great mystery, that the water is found to be of a considerably higher temperature than that on either side of it, and which indicates the usual degree of warmth in the ocean. Where shall we seek for the source of this perpetual heat?

I shall here assume an hypothesis, which to some may seem strange, from its entire newness, but which, from long reflection, and the best view I have been able to take of the subject, appears to me the only correct one. That some portion of the substratum of the Bay of Mexico covers a vast volcano, there rests on my mind no manner of doubt. The high temperature communicated to the Gulf Stream can only be produced by such a cause; and I hesitate not to say, it can originate in no other. Hence the unceasing action and unchanging warmth of the water must proceed from its contiguity to a mighty deposit of unquenchable fires. Its natural effect is, to beget perpetual motion; and here, I think we are justified in believing, is the grand secret. This immense mass of heated water must have vent. There is but one way in which this can be accomplished, and that is, by making a current in an *easterly direction*. This must be the plain and simple operation, and that too for very obvious reasons. It cannot go south or west, for reasons that are at once evident and conclusive. The whole of that portion of the ocean comprised between North and South America and the West India Islands, partakes of a higher degree of warmth than any other; beside, in those directions, there is no escape; whereas the broad Atlantic to the east is colder, by many degrees, than is the case in the Caribbean Sea, and among the islands. How much more so, indeed, when we take into view the vast islands of ice which are floated by cold northern currents from the coasts of Greenland, Norway, etc., (and these currents I believe to be perpetual,) and which almost every season are encountered by vessels in temperate and even in warm latitudes. Here, in my opinion, are abundant causes, and the perfectly natural and true causes, why the Gulf Stream must necessarily take this course, and why it can take no other. It is neither more nor less than that well-established principle in physical laws, which seeks to bring about an equilibrium in the elements, wherever, by force of circumstances, an inequality is created. This operation is both natural and simple; and according to the view that presents itself to my mind, here are the concealed but actual agents, which occasion one of the most extraordinary movements in the ocean, that has ever engaged the attention of mankind. Whether there be a subterraneous communication between the Pacific and the Bay of Mexico, must be conjectural. Should my hypothesis be admitted as truth, it still remains a matter of amazement, and deep wonder. The chief cause can only exist in an immense deposit of those hidden fires which the Creator has treasured up in the bowels of the earth, to be called forth at the appointed time, and employed for inscrutable but wise purposes. The earthquakes that shook the Mississippi country, in such a frightful manner, a number of years ago, are ample proof of the existence of these fires. And that they do not burst forth and convulse the earth, in a way still more destructive and terrific, is no evidence that they will sleep for ever.

We have before us, then, the everlasting results of two inconceivably powerful as well as permanent impulses, one of which, according to general belief, (though I think most preposterously,) is lodged in the moon, and the other, by universal assent, admitted to exist in the earth itself. How such hypotheses are to be reconciled with each other, or with that plainness and simplicity which are indisputable characteristics of Nature, in her accustomed displays and purposes, and which in all cases, where understood, agree so well with the ordinary judgment and reasoning powers of men, is beyond the reach of my ken or comprehension.

HAVING expressed my entire disbelief in the prevailing theory that the tides are produced through the instrumentality of the moon, I shall now submit to the reader certain facts, which no one will presume to doubt, or attempt to controvert; and I think they will be found to corroborate my position, beyond the reach of dispute or cavil. They are the result of recent observations and experiments, and their authority cannot be questioned. The first in order here follows.

Observations copied from 'An Account of Levellings carried across the Isthmus of Panama, to ascertain the relative height of the Pacific Ocean at Panama, and of the Atlantic at the mouth of the river Chagres, accompanied by geographical and topographical notices of the Isthmus. By John Augustus Lloyd, Esq. Communicated by Capt. Sabine, Secretary of the Royal Society.'

'By careful and continued observations, I found the rise and fall of the tide in the Pacific, at Panama, as follows: Between the extreme elevation and depression of the water by occasional tides, there is a difference of 27.44 feet, and the mean actual rise and fall, two days after full moon, 21.22 feet.

'At Chagres I observed the rise and fall of the tide at the close of the dry season, in April, 1829, to be 1.16 feet, and being there subsequently, during the rainy season, I had an opportunity of observing that the high water mark was the same in both seasons.

'The time of high water is nearly the same at Chagres and at Panama, namely, at 3 h. 20 m., at full and change. Hence the following interesting and curious phenomena are deducible, in respect to the difference of level of the two seas:

'1st. High water mark at Panama is 13.55 feet above high water mark of the Atlantic at Chagres. Half the rise and fall of spring tides at Panama is 10.61 feet, and at Chagres, 0.58 of a foot; and assuming half the rise and fall above the low water of spring tides to be the respective mean levels, the mean height of the Pacific at Panama is 3.52 feet higher than that of the Atlantic at Chagres.

'2d. At high water, the time of which is nearly the same on both sides the Isthmus, the Pacific is raised at mean tides 10.61 feet, and the Atlantic 0.58 of a foot above their respective mean levels. The Pacific is therefore the highest at such times (10.61—0.58—3.52) 13.55 feet.

'3d. At low water, both seas are the same quantities below their respective mean levels; therefore at such times the Pacific is lower than the Atlantic by (10.61—0.55—3.52) 6.51 feet.

'In every twelve hours, therefore, and commencing with high tides, the level of the Pacific is first several feet higher than that of the Atlantic; it becomes then of the same height, and at low tide several feet lower; again, as the tide rises, the two seas are of one height; and finally, at high tide, the Pacific is again the same number of feet above the Atlantic as at first.'

Several years since I became acquainted with an intelligent and well-educated American naval officer, who had traversed that region of country, and who confirmed the above facts, in all the essential particulars. He stated that in the Bay of Panama the ordinary tides were about twelve feet, and the spring tides frequently twenty-two. At the mouths of the Chagres and St. John's rivers, the ordinary tide was only a foot and seven or eight inches.

Here are two great contiguous oceans, in both of which the tides make nearly at the same time, and yet the difference in their elevation ascertained to be most extraordinary, and showing incontestibly that an agency very different from that presumed to be placed in the moon, is employed in producing this unexplained mystery.

The next important fact, and one on which entire reliance may be placed, is copied from Williams' 'Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands.' This is a work of unusual merit; for, in addition to a full and very instructive detail of all the important circumstances immediately connected with his mission, it abounds with sketches of natural history, and with topographical and geographical remarks, the whole of which are highly interesting and valuable. An excellent edition of this work has been recently republished in New-York, by Messrs. Appleton and Company. The writer's remarks on the tides are:

'Upon a variety of other interesting topics in reference to Rarotonga, I must be equally brief. Some, indeed, I must pass over altogether. An observation or two, however, upon the tides, should not be omitted. It is to the Missionaries a well known fact, that the tides in Tahiti, and the Society Islands, are uniform throughout the year, both as to the time of the ebb and flow, and the height of the rise and fall, it being high water *invariably* at noon and midnight, and consequently the water is at its lowest point at six o'clock in the morning and evening. The rise is seldom more than eighteen inches or two feet above low water mark. It must be observed, that mostly once, and frequently twice, in the year, a very heavy sea rolls over the reef, and bursts with great violence upon the shore. But the most remarkable feature in the periodically high sea, is that it *invariably* comes from W. and S. W., which is the *opposite direction* to that from which the trade wind blows. The eastern sides of the islands are, I believe, never injured by these periodical inundations.'

The third fact to which I shall refer, will be found in 'Topographical Sketches of Florida,' published a few years since. Not having the work at command, I must quote from memory. Speaking of the tides on the west coast of the peninsula, the writer says,

that in one district, the tides ebb and flow *once in three hours*, and in another only *once in twelve hours* ; and that these movements are believed to take place with as much uniformity as are usually characteristic of these phenomena. Ordinary tides are known to have their flux and reflux once in about six hours.

To conclude. It is known that there are two stupendous agents exercising incessant influence in the movements of the Atlantic ocean. The effects are continually manifest, but the power itself is concealed. The secret is beyond our comprehension, and therefore we are left to conjecture. We can reason only from analogy, and from the few familiar facts which, through a series of ages, have been revealed to us. One leading truth we must concede, which is, that the operations of nature are neither complicated nor ambiguous ; for wherever we are made acquainted with them, we find nothing crude or mystified ; nothing strained, nothing far-fetched. The adaptation of means to ends is both natural and easy, and the process by which they go on, may be compared to the grace and beauty of the flowing stream.

From these circumstances, which are undeniable, I think we are authorized to believe, that wherever may be the origin of the impulses given to the oceans, varied and singular as the effects are known to be, these impulses cannot be rationally sought for in remote or distant depositories. And I would beg leave to repeat a question already asked : ' Why should that power which governs the tides, be placed in a secondary planet, at an immense distance, when, as we may suppose, it could be much more conveniently and advantageously lodged in the primary itself ? ' That the sole and original powers which beget consequences so extraordinary as the incessant rushing in, and recession of the tides, and the perpetual motion and warmth of the Gulf Stream, are the certain results of natural and wise lodgments in the earth itself, I have little more doubt than I have that the sun is the fountain of light and heat. And if I were asked how and by what means are all those wonders effected, I could answer by asking another question, equally pertinent : ' By what means does the sun turn on his own axis ? ' But throwing aside all hyperbole, I shall presume to offer an opinion respecting these phenomena, whatever of extravagance may be attached to it. My thorough persuasion, therefore, is, that they are all the result of INTERNAL ORGANIZATION — PERFECT ORGANIZATION. I do not believe the moon exercises the slightest influence in relation to one more than the other, and this I think must be admitted, as a reasonable and fair conclusion, from the evident weight and importance of the facts adduced. And, viewed in any other light, the subject appears to me not only enveloped in far-sought and impenetrable mystery, but wrapped in the mantle of inexplicable absurdity.

FORGOTTEN HEROES.

Morn lay on crowned Olympus' steep,
And silver Peneus' tide;
And the giant mists wound slowly up
Along piled Ossa's side.

And fair as in the elder time,
Beneath lay Tempe's vale;
And afar flashed Æta's fabled height,
And Malia's distant sail.

Morning in storied Greece — and song,
Like the startling trumpet's clang,
From the olive-gatherers on the heights,
Through the leafy branches rang.

And where the purple dropping fruit,
Uppiled each teeming wain,
O'er the grape-wreathed hills, the vintagers,
Swelled out the Homeric strain.

And the peasant mother at her door,
To the babe that climbed her knee,
Sang aloud the land's heroic songs —
Sang of Thermopylæ!

Sang of Mycæ! of Marathon!
Of proud Plataea's day!
And back the ringing ancient hills
Echoed the glorious lay!

O godlike name, and godlike deed,
Ye had your Bard — ARISTIDES!
Ye are sounds to thrill like a battle-shout!
LEONIDAS! — MILTIADES!

But they who lived, ere o'er the land
Rome's conquering cohorts poured,
Ere the free earth echoed the charger tramp,
Of the hostile Asian horde:

Or ere o'er fallen Ilium's domes,
High blazed her funeral pyre —
Ages, ere Chios' bard to praise
Of heroes, turned the lyre.

Dwelt they where proud Eurotas' stream,
The crownéd river, lay?
Or where bright Ilissus wandered on
Through flowery Attica?

Where closed the fight at eve? What grove
With songs triumphal rang,
While high on the waving boughs their shields
To the cooling breezes swang?

Who were the mighty? say! No voice
Breaks from their hidden urns;
From the dim funereal cypress grove,
No answering sound returns.

Forgotten all! — for them no bard
The heroic lay might swell;
There were none for them to raise the song,
Or strike the sounding shell.

And the land hath now no memory
Of their old battle day;
With the fiery breath of their charging steeds,
They have passed from earth away.

THE STUDENT.*

'DESIRE to know, without the means, is given
To some, by the mysterious will of heaven,
Among the tortures of the nether zone.' DANTE'S 'PURGATORIO'.

'With the stars,
And the quick spirit of the universe,
He held his dialogues; and they did teach,
To him the magic of their mysteries.'

BYRON.

THE red rays of an autumn sunset spread a halo over the turrets of Castle D —, which in its ruins seemed as an eloquent wreck of the mighty past appealing to the future; a melancholy voice, telling of power and magnificence, when all had departed. 'Proud though in desolation,' it stood like some hoary representative of a fallen house, whose lofty bearing and unconquerable spirit are all that remain of the fairy tale of life. Below lay the ancient shadows of the Black Forest; and now its paths grew dimmer, and its long vistas darker; and at last not a ray was seen over the mingled gloom, save the red glow on the western tower of the venerable castle. Passing through one of its narrow casements, the mild warm sunlight streamed along a small desolate apartment; and lighted the pale cheek of a student, who sat with brow resting on his hand, and compressed lips, and bright but restless gaze. Papers and folios lay in confusion around him, evidently flung aside in some mood of impatience or abstraction; for his intellectual eye was fixed, now on vacancy, now on the clear and beautiful sunset; and its rapid flashes seemed movements of thought, whose energies were concentrated on some one all-absorbing subject. Yet it was not the deep and constant expression of the searcher for hidden truths; but as if the soul felt the restraining bars of its prison-house press upon its energies, like the closing dungeon of the Italian, whose walls at last crushed its prisoner. It was the mighty struggle of a mind to whom years of patient plodding through the tomes of learning, had brought this meed of knowledge — that nothing had been learned; that the unexplored area beyond was too vast for the term of human existence; and that if all were grasped that mind has accomplished, it were still but the superficies of things, isolated facts, or a train of circumstances whose very premises are effects; and that *cause* in nature or philosophy sleeps in its own unfathomed ocean.

There were other and gentler characters in the soul of Kriesler than thirst for knowledge, though this was the all-pervading passion, through every action and every dream of his quiet existence; quiet, that the world mingled not its turmoil with the occupations of the student, yet feverish and excited with the restless energies of its own unquiet and onward nature. There was extreme veneration,

* THE vivid imagination, and the German spirit and imagery, which pervade 'The Student,' would doubtless have elicited warm praise from COLERIDGE, and should certainly secure the hearty applause of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.' To the especial admirers of each of these writers, therefore, as well as to the general reader, we commend this tale of the past.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

that passed to the Creator from all the grand and wonderful of his creation, and heard in the thunder-storm the voice of his power, and saw the light of his presence. And there were kindly sympathies and gentle affections, that clung freshly and beautifully around every object, that seemed like kindred love in the isolated life of Kriesler. And most devotedly did it cling to his desolate home, and to the one gentle being who shared the dying prayers and blessing of their mother — Annette, whose life was blended with her brother's, till every thought, and wish, and purpose, seemed incomplete, till he was the sharer. Sweet Annette! — there was somewhat of melancholy mingled with her playful smile, a light shade cast through life from the gloom that gathered round the death-bed of her mother, and darkened the hours of her early childhood with the loneliness of an orphan.

The storm of persecution, that gathering in France and Italy, spread wide over Europe, and darkened the history of the thirteenth century with a stain which the tide of time can never wash away, overwhelmed many a noble house, for no other crime than refusing to join the blood-hounds that were hunting down the proscribed order of the Templars. Nor would even now the hatred of the powerful accusers leave the Castle D — and its inmates in peace, had its first destroying course left aught to excite either their tears or their avarice. But the lonely widow who returned to that castle with her children, to die, and leave them no protection nor patrimony, save the shades of their ruined and desolate home, and those children, whose whole world of intercourse was their ancient nurse and the gray-haired porter, were too utterly harmless for even their unprovoked malice.

Yet those old people would sit for hours and draw pictures of the future prosperity of their young master and lady; when their broad domains would be restored, and the old hall be filled with crowds such as long ago gathered round its hospitable hearth; pictures colored by their own affectionate and simple hearts, that believed not injustice could have power over those whose infancy they had watched, and whose ancestral roof had protected their own infancy; whose only wish for themselves was to live and die beneath it. They spoke of the day when he would go forth, the legal representative of his house, to claim his rights; when a hundred knightly swords would be drawn, and a hundred baronial banners unfurled in his cause; and the red cross of the Templars, for whose sake he suffered, would gleam from its snowy standard, and the black and white banner float with their allies over the gallant and united band. Then, in imagination, they saw the steel harness and gorgeous penons glitter in the sunshine, and heard the hauberk rattle to the armor of the war-horse, as his rider sprang to the saddle. And Annette was the star of every feast, and princely gathering, and queen of every tourney. Thus they talked, till they were happy in the world of their own creation; yet years and years were passing away, while the phantom of their hopes ever receded in the future, and each one brought surer forgetfulness for the orphan children.

The hour of retribution was not to be. The rapacity that wrested, acknowledged no obligation to restore. And though Kriesler talked

to his sister of the future, and tinged it with the glow of a believing fancy, when the something would have been done to restore their place and friends and the world of enjoyment they dreamed of, yet *that* something was a shadow to which he vainly sought to give a form. His fathers had bled on the hills and plains of Palestine, and the battle-axe and banner in his hall had glanced proudly and fearfully through the ranks of many foes, and even that young heart sprang to the excitement of danger; but alone and powerless, even his vassals dependant on another master, what could he accomplish? Then a hope, born in the mystic tendencies of his spirit, and nurtured by its surpassing enthusiasm, saw in the depths of nature's mysteries the source and secret of a power, where mind might rule mind; and he turned to the lore of other days, where he saw once more the phantom of a bright future, for the glory of his father's house and for Annette.

Annette grew to girlhood, a lonely yet not unhappy being; for to her the future wore no darkness, and the past no regret. A habit of humble and daily trust for daily support, and a temperament that suffered not the heart to be troubled by that future which might never arrive, gave an evenness to her disposition, and serenity and quiet joy, that seemed like sweet sunshine over her unclouded brow. Kriesler looked on his sister, and felt strong with a superhuman strength to do all things for her; and then, in the consciousness of his utter inability, he would seek the solitude of his own apartment, and let the torrent of his emotions pass. And yet, he asked himself, 'What is it?—what is any earthly event, that the mighty mind should bow before it? Petty contingencies, that weigh down the balance of more worthy things; the sleeping giant chained by pigmies! Eternal in duration, independent in existence, sufficient to itself, what has the mind to do with extrinsic circumstances, and why is it not free and powerful, whether the body, created only for its use, pines in deprivation, or writhes in pain, or rejoices in strength? Chained in a prison, and subject to laws that govern the material atoms around it; perceiving things but by their visible species, yet conscious of an innate power of knowing their very nature; conscious that in its birth-right, and as portion of the divine essence, it could see in its own light, and penetrate by its own subtlety the mysteries of things it now beholds only by the senses. Then he applied more deeply to his studies, and dreamed of a potency in wisdom; for his philosophizing mind caught that shadow in early years, and its redundant and untutored fertility ran wild in its undirected course; as the strong and luxuriant vines of the Indies twine round the Upas that poisons their roots.

The same disposition that directed him to find in wisdom the secret of an undefined power, led him on in its paths by a fascination that often left behind the first object of his pursuit; and he passed days and nights in that western tower, poring over the secrets of the unseen; for scarcely could sleep be called a cessation of that intellectual current in which his thoughts seemed flowing onward, with ever-increasing rapidity, to their ocean of boundless knowledge; and even then, there were gleams that afterward he treasured as revealings of a higher existence. Mental philosophy pretends to explain the

phenomena of the wild yet partial action of the mind in sleep; but to a soul fed from childhood with philosophical mysticism, it were not strange if waking hours were tinged with some colors reflected from the mirror of dreams. To such, they were messengers from the world of spirits; and soul held communion with soul, and the free intelligence revelled in a wider field, when the senses were locked in slumber, and its visions were all scenes from some part of the wide creation.

The character of Kriesler was, as has been said, strongly devotional; and it was the mystic devotion that lives amid beings of a more ethereal existence, and whose daily companions are spirits of the invisible world. He heard their voices in the moanings of the forest, and saw their shadows in the changing forms of the mountain mist; and his heart swelled, as he seemed exalted to their nature and communion. And he said: 'Oh that I could know as they know, and traverse the earth, and stars, and read their mysteries! Oh that I could learn! I seem in a prison, and suffocate without light, or air, or knowledge. Surely he thought thus, the sage, who looked on all the beautiful stars till he was bewildered, and at last threw himself into the sea where he saw them reflected, to know in the world of spirits what he could not learn in this.' Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the student, as he sat in the red light of that autumn sunset, and his soul bowed to the torrent of its reigning passion — 'desire to know.' A passion not less imperious, nor less unquiet than any the world excites, perhaps more absorbing that it is nurtured in seclusion, and more intense, that it has no visible expression, like deep waters wearing away foundations, and fires consuming the mine that suffers them not to burn outward, and scatter and lose their heat in the free atmosphere of the world.

Kriesler felt that his heaven should be where he might look through all the grand creation, and hear the music of its million spheres, as they sweep their orbits; where his spirit's burning thirst would be satisfied, or it would almost be no heaven for him. And then he knelt and offered his life for sacrifice, and his soul for torture, through all time, if at last he might be as those who pass through the boundless universe, with powers to comprehend its wonders. It was a wild and unholy prayer; for it arraigned the Being who thus wrapped his works in mystery, and prisoned the aspiring soul; who gave it capacities at once too great and too small for earth, that it might find its home and treasure in another state of existence. And yet, is it strange that, looking on the glorious and perfect creation, man should scorn the littleness of his human nature, and sigh for the freedom of the thinking, feeling, wondering soul, to mingle with the beautiful and holy things whose love, even here, exalts and purifies, and sheds over the heart the serenity and quiet joy of nature itself? No changes chill that love; no disappointment, no delusion, no awakening to forgetfulness or to sorrow; and ever it leads upward from the perfect to the source of perfection, from the beautiful to the element of beauty, from the excellent to the pure idea of all that we call good and lovely; from the waters to the fountain of knowledge, which is Truth, increated, without error, without imperfection, which

is a sort of error; distinct from the universe, for this has no independent existence, distinct from every highest and holiest created spirit; even the supreme and incomprehensible Intelligence, which alone is perfection, because alone uniting all the powers of all the properties of perfection. Yet the wing is weak though daring, and a shadow from earthly things may darken the light of the soul's contemplation.

The rich light of a stained gothic window spread a mosaic enamelling over the pavements of a silent oratory, as, with quick and noiseless tread, Annette approached and knelt before the altar, and the coloring faded in darkness, and her light figure seemed a very shadow in the gloom, before she rose to depart. There had been a weight of unwonted gloom on her pure heart, and a mingling of undefined fears in the earnestness of her prayer, which scarcely could the habitual trust of her meek and holy spirit subdue. The day had passed slowly and sadly, for the chase, which was Kriesler's occasional and necessary occupation, had detained him from the castle, and the sort of outlawry proclaimed against him, conjured up a thousand evil phantoms, which only his presence could dissipate. Yet now glad voices reached her, and words of welcome, and she hastened to meet him.

'You were gone long to-day, brother,' said Annette, as she removed the dust from his hunting garb.


'Yes, yon beast ran well, and led us a wild race, far beyond the narrow bounds the churls have set to our domains; and when at bay, he was so ready at all points, so brave and desperate, by my sword! I was almost grieved to kill him, though he did give me a scratch with his brown antler,' and he shook off a few drops of blood from his wrist, where the horn had grazed.

'Ay, and an ill wound it is, sometimes,' said Pierre, approaching with a sort of prescriptive right of interest, in an old and tried servant. 'I remember the son of the Baron de Courci, in my respected old master's time, came to his death by the thrust of an antler, and there was the young Count Neuilly who, in chase, one day——'

'In the name of patience, Pierre, let us have no more histories; you are an evil comforter, by my soul! Good mother Alice, give us supper as soon as may be, for this day's work has given me an appetite.'

Supper was prepared, but not before Annette had bound up the wounded arm, according to her best knowledge, and Alice's prescriptions, for not a small part of the accomplishments of a lady of that day, was skill in surgery; and while her fair hands did works of mercy, her heart was as gentle and feeling as when custom or false sensibility removed her from scenes requiring them.

Annette's gaze had been anxious, and her cheek a little flushed, while Pierre was speaking; but she soon laughed away fears that she trembled to think of, and the supper hour passed cheerfully as was wont. Kriesler described the day's chase; how the stag was started from his covert, and followed, by rock and ravine, through many a perilous way; how he plunged in the thicket and reappeared far in the vale below, and sprang along the mountain side, where from the base appeared hardly footing for the mountain-goat; every where



followed by the practised hunter ; and how, when he turned for the last desperate effort, the wary dogs were held at bay, till at last the victory was decided, and the animal dragged homeward through bush and brake ; and all the details were listened to, with warm interest, by the secluded family. And thus the evening passed gaily and swiftly.

The hour of retiring came, and Kriesler sought his apartment, but not for rest. Visions, driven away by the excitement of the chase, by the bright sunshine and green fields, returned ; or rather, they were phantoms that ever dwelt among the mystic associations of his study. And if, in the day-time's toil and venture, his heart seemed ready to own that such daring was its stirring life ; that to breathe the fresh, pure air, and look on the glowing skies, and fair, broad earth, were enough of heaven's blessings ; yet, when he returned to his solitude, the very recollection of that congeniality with the beautiful universe, taught him how blessed are they whose sympathies find kindred spirits, how his heart would leap forth in the glorious sunlight of kindred love, as the ocean when the morning sun bursts over its bosom. The thought of the world from which they were shut out, and of Annette, his gentle sister, whose voice was ever sweet music, and whose brow was ever placid — Annette, who had no anxiety for that future in which her brother vainly sought to see and brighten the picture of her fate. Were he alone, he might go abroad, and with his own arm retrieve his fortunes, and find honor in life and death ; but not for worlds would he leave her, that prisoned bird, whose heart was twined with his in infancy, and year by year clung more closely and fondly in the holy strength of a sister's love. Yet would that coming years might divide their weal and wo ; would that he could suffer alone ; and in the deep passion of his soul, he believed it might be, for he felt a blight stealing over his own existence, and he would not think that it was all in vain.

The lamp was expiring, and the gray morning began to color the east, before Kriesler threw himself on his couch. The fatigues of the previous day, the strong mental excitement produced by the succeeding thoughts, affected his nervous temperament to the last degree of excessive action, preventing all drowsiness, until, completely exhausted, he sunk into a heavy but troubled slumber. He was wandering with Annette along shady walks, and gathering flowers, as in early childhood ; and the trees, and sunshine, all wore that strange and passing enchantment, that they wear to the young gazer, which is one of the soul's and nature's mysteries ; and thought of in after years, the heart can only describe it to itself, as the passing of a veil which covered them ; some rosy and charmed medium, through which they were seen once, but seen no more. For in those holy and blessed years, there is a fountain deep in the soul's wilderness of flowers, and manna is strewn around its sweet waters ; and while the heart is pure and happy, it drinks and eats that food of angels ; but when it passes on, and the world's rough contact has brushed the down from its dove-like wings, and storms of sorrow have shadowed the earth beneath its gaze ; then is the fountain dried, and the manna ceases, and its portion ever after is with the unmingled realities of life. It may go forth, and find glory and power ; yet, looking back

to that garden to which it may never return, its own testimony will most surely be, that all would be gladly given, to live again as in those unhonored, blessed years. He dreamed of those early days, and their beautiful enchantment, when suddenly the sky was darkened, and the waters seemed far off and gloomy; he saw that the first was delusion, and childhood's slumber, that years break gradually, was broken in an instant. He started, and the dream was changed, though the dreamer did not awake. He was weary, and resting on that self-same couch; and his mother, that one remembered and sainted image, entered and sat near him. He watched and expected Annette, but she did not come. Then his mother talked long and earnestly, but he was drowsy, and the tones sounded like distant waters; and presently he heard another voice. It was soft and low; it was not singing, yet more musical than speaking, and a sort of cadence seemed to linger on the air, like the tone of music, when its material nature has passed away. He distinguished these words, 'She is dead! — she is dead!' and they were breathed out more softly and sweetly than human voice ever spoke. Then he was chasing the red deer along paths that he followed yesterday; and often the creature turned and gazed at him with its dark, sad eyes, when the dogs sprang toward it and drove it onward; and it would turn again and again, and look so piteously, that the hunter's heart trembled, and his arm was powerless; then hounds and game were out of sight; yet he saw in a thicket the same large, full, melancholy eyes, and he heard a voice of strange sweet music — and with a shudder he awoke!

A light tap at the door broke a long and troubled train of thought, if such might be called the incoherent images that chased each other through his fancy. It seemed like a painful dream, of which he was conscious, yet without the power of breaking it. Starting up, he opened the door; and Annette, with a sweet smile, bade him come to dinner, for he had slept so soundly, that it was in vain he had been summoned to breakfast.

'Oh yes, certainly!' cried he; 'you should have called me before; I must hunt to-day.'

'To-day?' said Annette, 'why, you went yesterday; beside ——'

'Oh, not yesterday; to-day I go; what has mother Alice for dinner, since I have shot nothing in so long?'

Annette approached him anxiously, and inquired if he had slept well.

'Well?' oh yes! — slept, did you say? Annette' — and his voice fell to a low whisper — 'some one told me you were dead! It is false! — thank God, it is false!' — and he grasped her hand. That touch thrilled to her heart, for it was cold as the touch of the dead; yet his face was flushed, and his eyes burned with a strange and unwonted lustre.

THE wind sighed mournfully among the old turrets of the castle; and ever and anon it sent such wild and mournful echoes from the forest below, it was as if the spirits of its dark sanctuary were abroad, and whispering their indistinct and incomprehensible sentences; yet

sometimes swelling out more clearly, till the gust seemed to bring some spell-word of their mysteries. Often it was like the distant ocean, and coming nearer and louder, with the sounds of a sudden and destroying torrent, and mingled with the crash of trees, and the wail of the drowning. The serf shuddered in his cot, as the wild uproar came to his very door, and said: 'The evil genii of the mountains have left their caves this night, and are come to destroy us!' The wind eddied round old trees, and uprooted them, and bore their branches onward, as by some unearthly power; and the whole forest bent, even as eastern travellers before the simoon of the desert. It was not total darkness; pale gray clouds overspread the skies, and threw a dim light across the scene; and the benighted peasant, who looked toward the castle, and saw its changing shadows as the clouds swept along the heavens, and marked the light in its western tower, and the form that sometimes passed before its casement, turned from it and fled; for superstition had invested it with mystery, and its inmates, so secluded, so separated from human intercourse, were supposed to hold companionship with powers of other spheres. Very different was the scene in the castle that night, from any thus imagined. In that western tower, and still surrounded by the tomes of 'varied lore,' lay the pale and sleeping student, while near him sat his sister, still paler from many days and nights of anxious watching; for seldom had she left that melancholy chamber since the first morning of her brother's illness; and to cool his feverish hands, and sooth his wild fancies, and in moments of distincter recollection, cheer and amuse him, was the sad yet sought and unremitted task of the gentle sister.

Annette had, a few hours previously, insisted that Alice should retire to rest, and she watched alone by her brother, listening in awe and silence to the ceaseless war without. For a moment there was a deep and fearful pause, as if the powers of the air were gathering their energies; and again the blast came fiercely, till the towers trembled, and an old parapet was torn away; its fall shook the castle as an earthquake, and its noise was like rolling thunder, as it passed downward among the ivied terraces and battlements.

Starting from his sleep, Kriesler was in an instant by the window; and Annette crept beside him. His arm was stretched toward the forest, his eye kindled, and his lip quivered, and he exclaimed: 'Spirits of yon misty darkness, ye come! ye come! Like the divine soul, crushed and chained in its vile prison of flesh, so is your glory dim this night, for ye have left your bright free home, and your way is through the thick atmosphere of earth. I see ye speeding along yon forest tops, and beautifully do they bend to your footsteps, and the rushing sound of your train is music! I have waited and watched — at last ye come!'

'My brother!' said the trembling Annette; and instantly that wild and sublime tone and gesture sank to the utmost gentleness, and turning toward her, he said:

'My sister, the work is done that I have labored for years to do. Dost thou know what it is, Annette? I did not tell thee till I was assured of success; and thou hast marvelled to see me plodding through all yon mystic pages. Now listen, dear sister: I knew that

in their mysteries was a fount of wisdom, whereof the patient searcher should drink, and whose waters have power the world wots not of, to control and rule it, and bend it like a slave to his will. And now, Annette, that it is done, and the mine of earthly treasures is open for thee and me to choose, I will tell thee how I have toiled, and suffered, to gain it; how I have striven, till my very heart seemed worn away in its own ceaseless exertions. Weep not, dear sister; it is all over now, and it should not be sad but pleasant to recall those days, since they have brought such stores of happiness. It was for thee, my sister, that I sought them; and day and night a beautiful vision haunted me, and drew me on, on to its accomplishment; for it was to dissipate the clouds that gathered around future years, and make all thy life blessed, and bright, and rich with the ancient power and splendor of our house. And if those days had suffering, it was when their toil seemed in vain, and I thought of thee, so lone, so separated from the world, even now, when all its gifts of pleasure should be around thee, and it should be thy happy home. But the power is won, and the secret, and we shall be most happy. To-morrow — to-morrow —'

He flung himself on the bed; and as Annette bent beside him, he pressed her cold hand to his feverish forehead, and fell into a profound sleep.

But not thus did that wandering yet pure and noble spirit depart. As some spark that seems smothered in ashes, burns out with the splendor of its intrinsic element, ere it dies, so did it return to the holiness of its nature, and the last hours of the student were peaceful, and his spirit passed humbly and trustingly to the presence of its God.

And does any ask where is Annette? Ask where is the streamlet, when summer heats have dried up its fountain; ask where is the spring flower, when the frosts of winter have returned in May; ask where is the singing bird, when the icy storm has passed over its nest.

HINDA.

SONNET.

ON BIEN AIMÉ'S STATUE OF JOHN.

How pure! how beautiful! how chaste!
 Conceived, methinks, in quiet hour of prayer,
 In contemplation's deep retirement, where,
 Endowed meanwhile with more than mortal taste,
 The artist sought his spirit to prepare
 For the pure fellowship of heaven! — and traced
 As his embodied image, perfect, fair,
 Of what the body would be, were the soul
 From the foul leprosy of sin made whole!
 It hath an angel's beauty: wouldst thou be
 So very fair and lovely? Go then, train
 Thy soul, with care, to truth and purity.
 Thou'lt be thus fair in heaven, if heaven thou gain —
 That form fit vestment seems for souls without a stain.

W. C.

STANZAS.

'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'

MYSTERIOUS realm beyond the dead,
Home of true hearts, that once I met!
The music of whose tones, though fled,
Still live in echo round me yet!
Though curtained from my weary eye,
Bedimmed with weeping here below,
I know that heaven's own placid sky
Bends o'er thy streams, that gently flow!

One lonely star is shining o'er
The world, now wrapt in dreamy sleep;
But brighter beams it on *thy* shore,
And beams on none that wake to weep;
There gladly would my spirit rove,
Where oft my thoughts in transport rise,
To hear once more the voice of love,
From kindred passed into the skies.

But oh! this trembling flesh recoils,
And shudders at the valley's gloom —
Would sooner bear life's myriad toils,
Than moulder in the dreary tomb!
Than moulder where warm Friendship's clasp
And Love's dear smile can never come,
Where hand no friendly hand can grasp —
Companion of the loathsome worm!

Cassville, (Ga.,) April, 1838.

G. Z. A.

THE POWER OF MIND.

PART TWO.

IN discussing the means of increasing mental power, a difficult yet important inquiry is: 'How far is it favored by attempts at originality?' That extreme originality, which cannot at all combine its results with the products of other minds — which stands so aloof and insulated from all others, that although it may cause admiration, it has not ideas and principles enough in common with the generality of men, to convince them of the justness of its own convictions, or persuade them to its own purposes — is manifestly unfavorable to the increase of its relative power. Such win our admiration, frequently, but do not commend themselves to our judgments, as fit or safe examples for imitation. Neither constant attempts at originality, nor a servile dependence on other minds, is so favorable to the improvement of our own, as a union of original conceptions with that species of knowledge which may be appropriately called common sense.

If we know not what others have known, we may be very original, and yet add nothing to the common stock; because we shall have only discovered what was as well known before. And yet it can scarcely be decided which is most inimical to a successful pursuit of truth, that quiet submission to authority which takes every

absurdity upon trust, or that intoxicating fondness for originality, which estimates the value of principles by their novelty, not their use; which, of all the suggestions of its own fancy, believes those the most true which are most surprising; and of all the opinions of others, most readily adopts those which are singular and paradoxical. Indeed, they may most safely indulge originality, who have most learning, for they are prepared to judge of their own discoveries. Just as those generals may be boldest, who have most skill in military tactics, and those vessels may carry most sail, which are well provided with ballast.

The advantage of instructors, as one means of mental improvement, is obvious enough; but in what qualifications the peculiar excellence of such instructors as shall best promote this object consists, is not always distinctly understood. They should certainly be well acquainted with what they teach, in order that the information they impart be neither erroneous nor defective. But this is not the only, and we would even say it is not the chief qualification of an instructor, calculated to give the most effectual aid. It is not the mere knowledge imparted, and passively received, which can exalt or strengthen the mind. These instructions, whether orally communicated, or derived from the pages before him, are but preparatory to what the learner must afterward acquire by his own mental exertion. A mind of decided power is not so purely factitious, as to be a mere compound of what has entered his eyes from books, or his ears from a teacher; he is intrusted principally with his own management; and may be more accurately compared to vessels which move by their own fires, than to such as are taken in tow by others, or are driven by some external forces. Yet instructors are highly desirable, and in instructors, a love of what they teach, an enthusiasm in imparting instruction, is essentially requisite. They must impart heat as well as light. The mind must be excited to seek its own resources; an impulse must be communicated, and a zeal enkindled, which shall impel to the pursuit of the proposed object, when the instructors are no longer present. Even if the teacher, in any particular branch, overrates the comparative importance of his favorite study, it will have a tendency rather favorable than otherwise on the minds of his pupils. He who teaches the mathematics, may be allowed to dwell with the same enamored fondness upon a proposition, that another feels in perusing a fine poem. A chemical instructor may feel something of the zeal of its early students, who expected by that art to change all substances to gold. When in his 'golden views' he is 'supremely blest,' attention is awakened, and not only present instruction is received under the most favorable circumstances, but also a spirit for future acquisitions. Were we to attend lectures on oratory, we should value the enthusiasm of a Cicero for his art, more than the studied correctness of Adams or Blair; and should estimate the glowing ardor of Longinus more highly, than the full and various particularity of Quintilian, or the profound philosophy of Campbell.

The genius of eloquence will be effectually aided only by him who unites the influence of example with the authority of precept; whose voice, and hand, and eye, and every feature, illustrate and enforce the sentiments which his mind has digested, and who, while

he thus rises to the sources of eloquence, and portrays all things beautiful, all things grand, all things sublime, in native loveliness, appears himself sublime as in his imagery; and while exhibiting to others the power and charms of eloquence, is enamored of his subject, and largely partakes, while he communicates, 'the richest pleasures of fruition.'

We have no disposition to sermonize on this subject, or to inflict on the reader a moral essay; and yet there is no good reason why morality and religion should not be noticed, so far as our subject demands, or in other words, so far as they may be shown to exert an influence in increasing the power of the mind. No intellect can be considerably advanced, or strengthened, without industry, and no important intellectual achievement can be secured, without a more steady pursuit than those are capable of, who are devoted to their pleasures or their passions. That vice enervates the mind, is a remark which deserves to be made familiar, on account of its truth and importance.

When the imagination finds its delight in gross satisfactions, cool and patient thinking is insipid and irksome. Honorable pursuits are then easily relinquished. Even aspiring ambition, in such cases, stoops and submits to the dominion of the senses. Hence the sad spectacle of those lost to themselves and the community; respecting whom it must be said, they have only the melancholy pleasure of hearing what they might have been, and the remorse and shame of knowing what they are. But candor should lead us to acknowledge, that if morals are thus important to the cultivation of the mind, religion is essential to morality. Would we practice self-government, would we control our appetites and passions, so that they shall not interfere with mental improvement, it is a religious sense of Deity, and of his moral government, which enables us to do this with greatest care, and most perseverance.

This influence of religion on mind, though indirect, will readily be perceived to be not the less real and efficient. There is also a direct influence arising from the truths of natural and revealed religion; truths which, in comparison with all others, are the most sublime and powerful, and as such calculated to exalt and invigorate the mind that imbibes and contemplates them. True religion encourages the exertions of the understanding, by representing its high origin, nature, and destination, and by proposing the greatest objects of pursuit, and filling it with the noblest conceptions. But lest we should be deemed official in our opinion, on this part of the subject, it becomes us to adduce examples, and show the opinion of others. Is not Milton one of the most sublime writers in the English language? And is he recommended to those who would improve and exalt their understandings? His pious acknowledgment of dependence on the Supreme Being, when seeking some theme for his epic talent, deserves to be remembered. 'This,' says he, 'is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance, and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases!' Was Chatham eloquent? Had he power over the minds of men?—and can we have any confidence that he understood the aid which it most requires? Lord Littleton, who will not be

suspected of a prejudice in favor of the Bible, says of Chatham, that not content to correct and instruct his mind by the works of mortal men, he borrowed his noblest images and most elevating principles from the language of inspiration. If familiar with the sacred writings, we can scarcely read the 'speeches of that great man, and observe the majesty of his thoughts and the simplicity of his diction, without perceiving some resemblance to the inspired descriptions of Deity, and the prophetic denunciation against the foes of God. Instances of this kind, scarcely less illustrious, might be selected from our own statesmen, especially in the earlier periods of our history, when our national Senate, which has been our pride, and the admiration of foreigners, as the most dignified deliberative assembly in the world, had not been disgraced by quotations from that holy book, made in the lowest and most irreverent manner. But it may be said, that however favorable religious contemplations may be to poetry or eloquence, they cannot be supposed to aid the genius of philosophy, where a minute and accurate research is necessary. Not to mention others, was Sir Robert Boyle a philosopher? One of his intimate acquaintances testified that for twenty years, he had never known that extraordinary man to utter the name of God without a perceptible and reverent pause, both before and after it. His religion and philosophy went hand in hand. Examination of Nature led him to its Author, and devotion to its author induced him to examine his works. His reverence for the Deity, forbade him to consider the least particle of dust beneath his study, since nothing had been formed in vain. To him we are indebted for the invention of the air-pump, and for an extent and accuracy of individual investigation, unequalled in his own, and perhaps in any age. The eminent Bôerhave pronounces him the ornament of his age and country, and asserts that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge.

But we need not here, by arguments or example, sustain the position that piety and morality eminently tend to increase our knowledge, and invigorate and strengthen our minds. What aid the mind may derive from the healthful state of the body which it tenants; what from emulation, and a vigorous, but friendly and well-regulated collision with other minds, our limits forbid us to inquire.

Reserved for the last of the means by which strength of mind may be increased, is a consoling consideration, though it may appear a paradox. The mind is strengthened by impediments. Too often is it found inactive, while surrounded by advantages, and needing to be awakened by its fears. It has indeed been said,

'Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.'

Still facts would lead us to conclude, that poverty is more propitious to the first expansion of the mind than affluence. Necessity will best prompt to those first efforts, many times painful, which the mind, in order to become vigorous, must exert. Such is the love of ease and indulgence, that most men would doubtless choose to recline, if possible, upon the lap of wealth. Had such men as Clay, Van Buren and Webster, been cradled in opulence, they probably would never have called into exercise that mental power which has

raised them to the proud eminence where they now fill the eyes of so many millions of freemen. Franklin might never have arisen from the drudgery of mechanical labor, to the courts of the most illustrious nations, if the severity of an elder brother had not early alienated him from the paternal roof. Rittenhouse might not have left following the plough, to walk among the stars, nor Fulton, a poor unfriended youth, have evolved and applied a new and most magnificent power, which will hereafter mark an era in the world, had not each of them struggled with difficulties in the outset, and overcame them, thereby attaining confidence for loftier attempts. Defects in personal appearance have often led to superior mental attainments. Pope probably strove to gain advantages from his mind, which the plainness and inferiority of his person denied him; and to the deformity of his figure we may be, in some measure, indebted for the surpassing beauty and grace of his poetical numbers. The coldness of neglect, the frown of superiority, the opposition of rivals and enemies, endeavoring to depress the mind, have, in many instances, only demonstrated more clearly its elasticity and reaction. It is the effect of such obstacles, to raise the streams they are intended to impede. Such defects and obstructions, while they produce diffidence, also inspire resolution, and that mysterious combination of humility to distrust, and confidence to attempt, which are at once the characteristics, and the most effectual aid, of genius.

If any youthful mind thirsting for improvement, yet repressed and almost desponding from the want of leisure and other facilities, will procure the first part of the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,' one of the publications of the British Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, or 'Edward's Biography of Self-made Men,' he will, in the perusal, find his heart lifted up, and his way cheered by the companionship of a goodly number of choice spirits, who have travelled the same path, and whose success will not fail to kindle in his bosom a more intense ardor in the same pursuit.

It is a sage remark, which abundant experience and observation serve to illustrate and confirm — not the less acceptable, surely, because made by a lady, Madame Roland — that 'leisure will always be found by persons who know how to employ their time. Those who are complaining of want of time, are the people who do nothing.' Such are some of the obvious and indispensable means by which the power of mind may be increased.

The final inquiry proposed, to which, necessarily, a very inadequate space can be allowed, is: 'Why should we desire this increase of power, and to what end direct it?'

Should it be desired, sought for, and used, merely for our personal gratification? If there be no higher principle than base selfishness called into exercise by it, the fact that it had sought a higher road, and a more shining mark, than that of the mere voluptuary, would not, in a righteous moral scale, raise its votaries to any very enviable distinction. Beside, if this were all, a very plausible argument might be raised to oppose all efforts for mental elevation and improvement. It would not be found difficult to maintain such a negative with most potent reasons, such as the labor and anxiety of mind frequently expended to little purpose; the want of satisfaction in

any given amount of these attainments; the perpetual and usually increasing thirst for more; and above all, the perverse use that many highly furnished minds have made of their power.

Such arguments might be allowed some weight, if mere selfishness were the only principle to be consulted. But we sustain almost innumerable relations to those around us, out of which arise duties of a most interesting character, for the performance of some of which this high mental power is indispensable, and to all, it may prove a most desirable auxiliary. This fact presents to every one, desirous of escape from the stings of an accusing conscience, for the neglect of imperative obligations, a new motive for desiring this power. Desiring it, not because it will excite the admiration of others, and much less their envy. Not because it will elicit their praise, and thus gratify our love of fame, or enable us to make them subservient to any selfish purpose of our own, and thus pamper our ambition for acting the tyrant's part; but because it puts into our hands an instrument of mighty efficiency, which we may wield for their benefit. I know it may be sneeringly asked, implying the entire denial, are such illustrations of the use of this power any where to be found? It is humbling indeed to be forced to confess that they are few. But let us not despair. The history of the world presents some bright examples of those who have been distinguished alike for high mental energy, and most expansive and wisely-directed benevolence. If their contemporaries have not, in every instance, done full justice to their merits, an impartial posterity has eventually meted out to them the high award becoming their desert. On the other hand, most of those who have perverted this power, and, under the imposing name of heroes, have been in truth tyrants, 'from Macedonia's madman to the Swede;' before whom flattery and adulation were offered up as incense at the shrine of a deity, so long as a dread of their power, or blindness produced by the glare of their exploits, extorted them from their fellow creatures, have been justly requited, as soon as these motives had subsided, by having every opprobrious epithet heaped upon their names that hatred or horror could suggest. The student of ancient history will recollect a striking instance of this kind, in Sejanus, the favorite of the Emperor Tiberius, who was elevated by that remorseless despot to the second dignity of the empire, and swayed, in fact, the sceptre of the immense Roman world. During the continuance of his power and greatness, nought was heard with respect to him save boundless panegyric. Every tongue was employed in sounding his praises, every pen in recording his deeds. Men swore by his statues, and honors were paid to him, scarcely inferior to those accorded to the gods. But he abused this power, and his all-grasping ambition overreached itself. Mark the reverse of this picture. He forfeits the favor of the emperor, suffers ignominious death, his statues are thrown down and made fuel for bonfires, and his memory is spared no indignity nor insult which the most vindictive fury could supply. History is full of such illustrations, while it has not failed to chronicle in brighter characters those who have directed their noblest energies to instruct, improve, and thus render more happy, the world around them. While those who have toiled in other departments for the

public good, have received the due award of praise, have not those wise and benevolent men, who, at the commencement of our own federal government, and perhaps of other organized governments, labored so indefatigably to persuade their fellow-countrymen to merge their individual rights in a civil compact, been comparatively overlooked ? The brave soldiers and their leaders who fought our glorious battles, and the statesmen who, in the halls of legislation, have lifted up a voice of strength for the public welfare, are necessarily brought out to public view, and they concentrate upon themselves the united and grateful admiration of their country, and the world. But those who behind the scenes — perhaps anonymously, through the medium of the press, or by persevering individual exertion, in each private circle where they moved — corrected the public sentiment, restrained the wildness of an untamed democracy, and brought over a whole people, proverbially jealous of their rights, to acquiesce in the wisdom and necessity of giving up a portion of their individual independence to secure a nation's union, and strength, and welfare — such men have not yet received the high eulogium which their noble though unobtrusive patriotism claims.

Nor has the occasion for such efforts yet passed away ; nor, of course, the opportunity for the exertion of each one, capable of wielding any influence over his fellow men. Public sentiment needs yet to be rendered more pure and potent ; for nothing else can here restrain the wild madness of ambition, that would seek self-aggrandizement, even on the ruins of a nation's freedom. Noisy and pretending patriots, who in heart are real demagogues, will never be wanting in sufficient numbers, ever ready to raise a tumult, and join in the popular clamor for liberty, only intending to ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm, for their own personal advancements. But we must have patriots of another stamp, whose love of country, divorced from this vile self-seeking, shall not expend itself in loud professions, but in acts of healing, healthful, and ennobling influence upon the body politic. For the opportunities of exerting such influence, many are looking too far off. They may be found by us, if we will seek them, not in the metropolis only, but at each fireside, in every social circle, where whatever power of mind we possess may exert itself to allay the rancour of party, to divert the public mind from angry personalities, to the high and common duties of American citizenship ; to elevate and strengthen the public sentiment, and thus erect the most formidable barriers against corruption, that only but sure inlet to the ruin of republics.

The leaders of parties, who make the most solemn and frequent assurances of the purity of their purposes, are from that very circumstance the more to be suspected. Their purity will never exceed that of the mass of the community around them, while, from the perverting influence of ambition, it may fall far short of it. Nor will the number of parties and of leaders furnish any effectual guaranty that the public shall receive no injury. Pilate and Herod can easily become friends, whenever an object of personal importance to each of them requires the sacrifice. The fallacy of trusting to such guardianship, may be illustrated by a review of that particular period of Roman history, which presents us with Julius Cæsar,

Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Atticus, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, as contemporaries. The close observer of human nature, who takes nothing on trust, who, undazzled by the lustre, calmly inquires into the use, will not be contented with a bare examination of the causes that conspired to produce such a marvellous union of talent, but will farther ask how it happened, that men whose examples have been so fertile of instruction to future ages, were so barren of improvement and utility to their own. For it must be admitted, that Rome was then cruelly divided against herself, split into factions, and torn to pieces by a most bloody civil war, at the very moment she was in proud possession of all this profusion of talents, by which she was consumed rather than comforted, and scorched rather than enlightened. Perhaps the conclusion forced upon us, by a review of this period, is neither consolatory nor honorable to our nature. It would seem to be this : that a state of civil freedom is absolutely essential to the training up and furnishing of great and noble minds ; but that society has no guaranty that minds so formed shall not aspire to govern rather than obey ; no security that they shall not affect a greatness greater than the laws, and ultimately destroy that very freedom to which alone they were indebted for their superiority. Such men have too often begun by subjecting all things to their country, and ended by subjecting their country to themselves.

The result of these inquiries seems briefly this : nothing but a benevolent desire to render the increase of our mental power useful to those around us, can fully warrant and sustain us in the highest efforts necessary for its attainment ; and the possession of this power by one or many in the state, is no security that it will not be woefully perverted to the destruction of that very liberty which has warmed it into being. Nor is there any effectual safeguard against this perversion, but the power of public sentiment, of which public we form a part, and on whose sentiments we may continually exert an influence, to purify, elevate, and strengthen it, till no aspiring innovator shall dare, for base purposes, to lift his hand or voice against it. The illustrations I have chosen, have all been taken from the highest sphere of mental action—the power of mind over mind. But the appropriateness of the principles of benevolence for the control of this power, when brought to energize in other departments, may at once be made obvious. If the question be asked, ‘Whether the creation, by mechanical skill, or in other words by the power of mind, of labor-saving machinery is to be esteemed a blessing or a curse,’ so far as our own happy country is concerned, it may be easily settled. For until our population reaches that highest possible amount, compatible with the resources of the country, until ‘every rood of ground supports its man,’ and, in order to do so, is not only reclaimed from its wildness, but receives the highest improvement from the hand of cultivation of which it is susceptible—until then, manifestly, every contrivance for the saving of labor must be, on the whole, benevolent, and none need want for profitable employment. So, too, of that prodigy of mental invention, the safety-lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy ; if the inquiry be, whether an invention so directly calculated to rescue life from the most dis-

tressing peril, falls within the line of approval, by the principle above stated, it cannot seriously be questioned. The perversion of its benefits, by those too eager for the promotion of their self-interest, is at most an incidental, and not a necessary or usual, concomitant; and it no more deserves mention, as detracting from the real merit of the invention, than does the incidental though unanticipated result, that the use of gunpowder has made warfare less destructive of human life, augment the claims of the monk who invented it, with so contrary a design, to be considered a merciful benefactor of mankind.

Let not then the ardor of inventive genius or mechanical skill be quenched by any cold uncertainties of perversion, to which there is nothing but what may be equally exposed. A noble field here lies open to the ingenuity of our countrymen. Our prayer is, that Franklin, who, by the power of mind, guided the fires of heaven innocuous, and Fulton, who, by the same power, caused the fires of earth to evolve a force which has increased almost an hundred fold the facilities of intercourse, and the dominion of man, may be but the morning stars of brighter succeeding luminaries. We close with the remark — and we would do it with becoming reverence — that while we seek to enlarge the sphere and increase the power of mental action, so long as we control it by the principle here suggested, we are rising to the contemplation, and with filial piety are imitating the excellence, of that Infinite Being, the source of all intelligence, the unlimited extent of whose power would render him to all unutterably dreadful, were not the assurance perfect, that his power is always directed by benevolence.

THE CAPTIVES.

‘We wept, as we remembered Zion.’

BESIDE the rushing Babylonian streams,
 With the blue summer sky above us glowing,
 And dewy flowers in beauteous thousands blowing,
 And glossy willow groves, and lovely gleams
 Of fountains, whose enchanting music crept
 Through the balm-breathing citron groves in bloom,
 A captive band, in bitterness we wept;
 And to the zephyrs, freighted with perfume,
 Poured forth our bitter, bitter sighs for thee,
 O hallowed Zion! On the willow tree
 Our long-neglected harps swayed to and fro,
 In the soft winds which thrilled their chords among,
 Yet we sang not, though bidden by the foe,
 Nor played the strains which once we played and sung.

Utica, (N. Y.) February, 1838.

H. W. B.

TO MY MOTHER.

* There is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.*

THE SKETCH BOOK.

I.

MY MOTHER! — 't is no poet's pen indites a lay to thee,
Unless the language of the heart be nature's poetry;
But in poetic warmth I lack what thou wilt not require —
The flame of love is more to thee than is a poet's fire.

II.

My fragile bark is briefly moored from life's eventful blast,
And in the silvery waters round, my former self is glass'd;
Oh! could my boyhood's wayward glance have read as now I read,
So little joy, so much of grief, had never been thy meed!

III.

I see the cradled form of one, whose features are my own,
And love incarnate o'er its rest her guardianship has thrown;
'T is true that eye of hope looks out from youth's untroubled shrine,
But oh, its wealth of tenderness! — dear mother, it is thine!

IV.

Soon from his cradle starts the babe, a happy, careless boy;
Enough of mother in his face, to be his father's joy;
Enough of father reigning there, to be his mother's pride;
And as their features he unites, so they his love divide.

V.

But soon he sees the church-yard take that father to its clod,
Unknowing that the righteous have a better rest with God;
And finds, ere yet his tender thought can grasp a father's worth,
One parent dear a saint in heaven, and one a saint on earth.

VI.

And now his arts essay to stem the spirit's overflow,
That channels the pale cheek of her whom death has left in wo;
It grieves him much his little arms and puny frame to scan;
He might so help his mother, if he only were a man!

VII.

Alas, alas! that childish love and piety should be
Such short-lived tenants of the heart, beyond the nursery;
Oh, saddest of time's ravages! sin's bitterest control!
Our hardening frames but harder make the casement of the soul.

VIII.

I see him now, yet why portray a path known unto all,
Who share most deeply in the fruits of our first father's fall:
Thou hast forgiven, and ah! thou mayst, but he can ne'er forget,
While memory lives to trace, as now, that pathway with regret!

IX.

If aught of light has beacons him in safety from its snares,
He blesses God for answering a wrestling mother's prayers;
And if the angel's trump shall sound his wanderings forgiven,
With his Redeemer's, he will hymn his mother's love, in heaven.

MY LOG-BOOK:

OR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

NUMBER ONE.

'How much alike are all you navy officers!' said a lady one day to me. The remark was just. Exclusive professions, whether civil or military, holy or profane, have, in general, a tendency to stamp a sameness and equiformity, an 'air of the shop,' upon the outward manner, and even upon the intrinsic character, of their members; I mean those professions whose members are educated *exclusively* for that one particular calling; grow up together, and pass a great portion of their lives intimately connected with each other, but almost disconnected, or but very slightly interested, with the rest of the world. Professions cloisteral — lay monasteries. Thus, few professions are more *ultra-exclusive* than the naval.

An officer enters the service at an early age, with a mind ductile to impressions, unexercised and immature, and ignorant of the world and its people, their interests and pursuits. From the pedagogue and the accident, he comes on board the ship of war. He is now within his wooden cloisters. He is in his monastery militant — confined to his own peculiar duties, his own exclusive associates. From the petted and wayward boy, he is at once transformed to the man; with the rights, the duties, and the responsibilities of manhood, and all its necessities for firmness, energy, and self-reliance. He receives his first strong impressions; his character forms itself upon the models he sees around. He naturally imbibes the prejudices of his naval companions, for he has had no opportunities to discover their errors; their modes of thought, for he has not yet learned to think for himself; their manners, for he is inexperienced to society; and even their feelings, for feelings are often formed by sympathy alone. The character thus formed is generally formed for life. His once waxen mind has become hardened, by his profession, to marble. The naval stamp is upon it, ineffaceably. He is like all in his little community, but he is like none else. His individuality is merged in what we may term a thorough *professionality*.

But I think this is not to be lamented. That similarity of habit, feeling, thought — that unity of interest and purpose — make the true *esprit de corps*, which strengthens and perfects the naval system, and weds officers and service imperdibly together. General society, too, is a gainer. When an officer strays into the great world, by being different from every one there, he passes for a kind of original; he is odd, piquant, and amusing. There is a freshness in his frank, off-hand, devil-may-care manner; and his ignorance of the forms and *bienséances* of society is considered only a diverting obliquity.

The fair lady, then, though I sadly fear her remark was dictated in a spirit of vexation, was right as to the general fact. But there is no rule without its exception. My old messmates of the sloop of war —, during her first cruise in the Mediterranean, in the years 1825-9, proved an exception to this; for a more original set of 'young gentlemen' never were cribbed together within the same narrow bulk-heads.

In the —'s steerage, almost every state had its representative. 'Down Easters' were antagonized, almost antipodally, with middies who had been 'raised' in the 'Far West'—Virginians with 'Hooshiers'—Georgians with 'Wolverines.' Tough knots they were, those midshipmen! Many had been educated for other professions, and, entering the navy later in life than usual, they never amalgamated sufficiently to sink their peculiarities of nature and education. However, they lived together within their wooden walls in tolerable harmony, though unlike. The oddities of each were matter of amusement to the whole; and this, perhaps, tended to keep them in mutual good humor. Then too, there was one predilection they possessed, with striking unanimity; a glorious bond of sympathy, I may call it—a true intermingling of the spiritual influences—an involution of all the particular *negatives* of their different natures into one integral *positive*; in short, a decided and much-cherished love for the good 'Old Columbia' of our very worthy Uncle Sam. Here they met on equal ground; that is, they all equally liked it, though with a difference. Warm, with sugar, tickled the drouhty palates of some; others were better pleased with it cold; tolerably diluted, met the approbation of a select minority; while, I regret to say, the greater number used the element, (not always of the purest, which perhaps was their excuse,) in very homœopathic quantities. But on the whole, they got on marvelously well.

Poor fellows! fond as they were of their 'bottle,' and it may be of their 'lass,' yet truer, kinder friends, or more honorable enemies, a man could never hope to find. But death has been busy among them! A few, a precious few, are still living, (long may they live!) and pleasantly crooking their necks with gazing upon the golden 'swab' that adorns their right shoulders; yet the greater number of my old messmates have long since 'gone aloft'—promoted, let me piously hope, to a higher station, in a better world. Fain would I linger awhile, in sorrowful meditation, as I recall their memories from the past; and much do I long for that exquisite power of portrait painting, which, with a few delicate strokes, conveys at once an exact and life-like resemblance, that I might present them to my readers as I once knew them, in the bloom of young manhood, and in all the rich raciness of their characters.

But alas! my portraits—rudest chalk sketches—will be at best, I fear, but faint, unfinished outlines—perhaps merest caricatures. Conscience almost rebukes me. It seems so like outrage upon the dead. I seem to hear the sorrowful reproaches of my defunct messmates, in the sighings of the wind. I imagine the frown of our august caterer, could the grave yield forth its victim, upon detecting me—the youngster of the mess—in the audacious attempt to hold up even a profile of his prominent features to the idle gaze of the 'general!'

But who can resist their fate? This now is mine, and TUDOR—'first in honor as in place'—'Cater of the Mess'—we will commence with thee, in spite of thy frowning shade.

Who could ever forget that form, ponderous as an elephant's? Thy face, square and massive as the royal lion's? Thy features, large

and solemn as an Egyptian Sphinx? Thy speech, slow and impressive as thy motions — thy opinions, grave and inflexible as thy countenance? Thy conversation, sententious and preceptual — much given to musty proverbs and time-honored saws? Thy true tory veneration for antiquity? — disconcerted at the flights of fancy — astonished and alarmed at innovation, or new-fangled theories?

What a thorough-bred aristocrat wert thou! But thou hadst reason. Thy blood had coursed through noble, even royal, veins. Tracing thine interminable pedigree back through the best pulses of old Virginia and of Britain, thou couldst prove, to thine own satisfaction, at least, that it joined issue with OWEN, of thy name — he from whom came the Henrys, and the Marys, and the Elizabeths, of the English throne. How patiently wouldst thou unravel the intricate thread of thine august lineage, to the wonder and edification of thy less fortunately-derived messmates!

'Foul scorn, didst thou think, O Tudor! of any thing plebeian. Gall and wormwood to thy noble heart was the name democracy! Proud wert thou, too, of thy profession — the most gallant, the most chivalrous, as, in thine enthusiasm, thou wouldst call it. Most orthodox thy contempt of trade! In the very words of ancient Pistol, thou calledst the whole tribe of money-getters 'dung-hill curs.' Thy southern pride made thee scorn too greatly thy northern brethren; 'darn'd yankee pedlars,' as thou wert wont to call us. Who could forget thy haughty frown, when once thou wert mistaken for a Boston tallow-chandler!

'Ha! that looks amazingly like a Boston friend of mine,' said a worthy ship-master to some middies of our ship, as they sat talking together in a café in Smyrna, as Tudor majestically stalked past the door.

'What was his name?' asked one of the middies.

'Mr. Rugg; but it can't be him, here in Smyrna.'

'Oh yes, that 's him!' quietly responded the waggish reefer, anticipating the consequences of such a mistake. 'I know him; pray call him in.'

The ship-master ran out, and hallooed after him; and finally coming up, slapped him on the shoulder.

'Why what the d — I brought *you* here! Candles? Out on spec?'

Tudor turned round, astonished and indignant. 'Sir!' said he, drawing himself up to his full height, 'explain yourself!'

'Oh, I beg pardon,' said the other, falling back, somewhat abashed; 'I thought you were a Boston friend of mine — Mr. Rugg — firm of Rugg and Slugg, No. 22, — Wharf, who sent out a speculation of candles by me last trip.'

This was too much. Tudor lost his temper. I fear, too, in the exacerbation of the moment, he somewhat forgot his dignity. He was in a frightful passion, and as the middies, who were secretly enjoying the scene from the café, said, he fairly foamed at the mouth. A horrible oath escaped his lips. A Yankee! — a candle maker! — Mr. Rugg!

'Sir!' said he, in a voice of thunder, 'I am NOT the base plebeian! I am Mr. Tudor, of the United States Navy — a *Virginian*, Sir!'

His detestation of the yankees in general, and of yankee ship-

masters in particular, became from that moment a fixed and unalterable principle.

As 'cater,' Tudor was the best I have ever seen. He felt the importance and responsibility of the office. With what solemn deliberation would he carve our diurnal cube of 'salt-junk,' and distribute the same in equal slices — he was a just man — to his hungry and impatient messmates! With what dignified gravity would he 'bale' from the large tin tureen before him most impartial allowances of our savory pea-soup — tri-weekly! And oh! that 'duff' — that *plum* duff! — plum-pudding, as land-lubbers would have awkwardly called it — of a Sunday! What though its specific gravity was not much less than that of our twenty-four pound shot, its tenacity somewhat greater than pure *caoutchouc*, and each separate raisin therein embedded, bearing much resemblance to the date-fish in his rock? No matter. Our spirits were more elastic than our pudding, and we had never yet felt that we had a ventricle for indigestion.

Who does not sigh to recall those pleasant days? — the days of youth — vigorous, healthy, ever-hungry, easily-satisfied youth; that can luxuriate even upon fare thus simple; can undergo even a midshipman's duff, without calling for the aid of a physician!

To return to 'our cater.' With an air, how courteous and hospitable, would he serve out our Sunday treat of plum-pudding! And when our table had undergone a 'sea change,' in the entire disappearance of the eatables, to see his glow of satisfaction, when, with a smile, he would repeat his invariable jest: 'Waiter, remove the cloth, and *show the mahogany*' — (i. e., ash plank, which *once* was white, 'though *we* could not tell when,') — the signal, likewise, that the whiskey and warm water were also wanted, a fact our intelligent waiter was the last to forget. Tudor considered 'the first pull at the halliards' the right of his office — a right there was none to dispute.' Important was his manner, as he nicely adjusted the exact proportions of that delectable beverage, warm with sugar! — then gracefully passing the precious bottle to the next in order.

'The next in order,' was hard-headed, rough-visaged, true-hearted JACK VINING — 'Old Hickory,' as we called him. Heavens! what a glorious 'ugly mug' was his! It really was good to look upon so much good-natured ugliness. Jack, however, was the last person in the world to be conscious of it, and would contend for his beauty, barring the small-pox scarifications, with much earnestness. When he was in *coats*, he would say, his beauty was so remarkable, that expectant mothers would send for him as a 'pattern child.' He could never understand our scepticism in relation to this fact, and would get well nigh angry at our want of belief. But who so blest with faith, as to believe that protruding eye and shaggy brow, that large mouth and stumpy nose, broad visage and carrotty hair, had ever, under any circumstances, been features of beauty?

Vining was greatly annoyed at the unfortunate resemblance between his visnomy and the grim-looking tigers' faces on our cat-heads, as discovered by waggish SPOTSWOOD. That on the larboard cat-head, the latter contended, was a most accurate portrait. There must have been something in it, however, for the sailors used familiarly to call the said tigers' heads, 'Mr. Vining's heads.'

Notwithstanding his grim looks, Jack was the soul of good humor. He was the antipodes of Tudor, both in principles and manners, being a democrat the most ultra; and as to pride, 'the fient ha' pride, nae pride had he.' Howbeit they never quarrelled. He used to laugh at the lofty pretensions of Tudor, and I suspect he only pitied his more humble messmate in return.

Vining had practiced law in his native state of Kentucky, before he entered the navy. He was much too old for the service, and did wrong to quit the bar. Nature never intended him for a sailor, but he was what the sailors term an excellent 'ship's lawyer.' His foible was fondness for argument, but his figures of speech were all of the Colonel Wildfire order. He would have been an admirable stump orator.

Champion of the steerage, when our rights were invaded, he was always our spokesman to the captain; for who among us could speak so well? How eloquent he would be upon the subject of liberty and equal rights! Equal rights on board a man of war! Poor Jack was the only one who did not see the absurdity.

I now recollect but few specimens of Jack's *westernisms*, and these I think were not his best; but as they were characteristic, I will relate them.

One day at table, mischievous Spotswood got Vining into a political argument with Tudor, in which the latter was very positive and very absurd, and Jack very voluble, with quite as much absurdity. In process, General Jackson came up, for whom Tudor had as much aversion as the other veneration. In the excitement produced by the discussion, the grog, and the waggish Spotswood, who would first take part with one of the combatants, then with the other, throwing in a hint here, and a sneer there, and a laugh every where, they both lost their temper. Tudor abused the General without measure, till finally Jack, loosing all patience, cried out: 'Sir! you are not worthy to be a pebble stone under the pedestal of the column of glory which will be raised to General Jackson, whose apex will pierce the heavens!' — ending with a round oath, and an emphatic blow upon the table, that made the glasses ring. Stump oratory could no farther go.

In better style was his reply to a lieutenant, who frequently boasted of a farm he owned in Virginia, which Vining said was worthless land, as Kentuckians are apt to say of the lands of the 'Old Dominion.' 'Your land is so poor, that a single buck-rabbit would make a famine in your whole county, and run back to Laurel Mountain, with tears in his eyes, from hunger!'

One of the younger middies one night slept so soundly in his 'dream-bag,' that he did not hear the cry of 'all hands reef topsails, ahoy!' His absence from his station was noticed, and poor middle was arrested. Jack went to the captain to intercede in his behalf, and after a very moving appeal, curiously embellished in his own peculiar style, he said: 'Sir, there is not an officer in your ship that would more scorn to *play possum* than Mr. D —.'

This figure of speech not a little puzzled our little commander, though it did not excite his anger, as did a still more striking illustration of Jack's.

'Mr. Vining, what said the commodore to your application to go home?'

'Sir,' answered Vining, 'he said I should not go, and *looked as black as a nigger in a cotton field!*'

The next was P —, the dandy of our mess. He wore stays, and curled his hair, and used perfumery, and learned to lisp, to languish, and to look bored. Laughing he voted vulgar. Drinking grog, too — but from *respect* to his messmates, as he was pleased to say, he had no objection to joining them in a glass of weak toddy. He was devoted to the fair, and believing himself irresistible, he was ever revelling in the thoughts of his fancied conquests. Every pretty girl he had ever spoken to, or danced with, he thought breaking her heart for him. He used to pity them, and wish, with a sigh, he was not quite so killing. He acquired the guitar — after incessant study, for he had but little native talent for music — sufficiently to accompany his voice, when he would sing, and roll up his eyes, as old Vining said, 'like a duck in a thunder-storm.' He was filled with affectations, yet at heart was an honorable, generous fellow, and would have been an excellent companion, had he been little less a coxcomb.

In odd contrast with dandy P —, was reckless, rattle-pated, merry Spotswood — at once the delight and torment of the mess. No mortal ever cared less about his personal appearance than he; and truth to say it was often any thing but *point device*. But he cared as little about any thing else — save his joke. His whole life was a laugh — laughing *at* every body and *with* every body, and turning all things into good-natured ridicule. His keen perceptions of the ridiculous, and happy faculty of showing off the oddities of human nature, had a fine field for their exercise, which he took care to improve, in our odd steerage.

He was always endeavoring to foment political disputes between those moral opposites, Tudor and Vining. He it was, who confirmed the Boston ship-master in his impressions that our majestic caterer was his quondam friend, Mr. Rugg, tallow-chandler. He was a continual torment to the Virginian, who liked him notwithstanding, as did every one else; but in proportion as Tudor was annoyed, Spotswood would be delighted.

A pig, belonging to the captain, was to be slaughtered during Spotswood's morning watch. He sent a green middie, who was a stranger to the service, and to the officers of the ship, down to tell Tudor to come on deck, and kill the captain's pig; adding that he was 'ship's butcher,' an office of great trust and emolument, he said, the butcher being responsible that the animal died without much pain, or any unseamanlike noise; for which he received the kidneys and tail as perquisites! Tudor, having had the middle watch, was highly incensed at being awakened from his sound sleep. It was some time before he could understand what the midshipman wanted.

'Did I understand you to say I was wanted to kill the captain's pig? What have I to do with the captain's pig?'

Spotswood had told the middie that Tudor was a great 'skulk,' and would probably be reluctant to turn out, but that it was his duty to stick by him until he had ousted him from his hammock. So the

youngster thought harsh measures quite justifiable, with one so sluggish.

'Come, come, Mr. Ship's-butcher, said he, giving the hammock a terrible shake, 'that wont do; rouse out! Do n't be skulking below, when you've got to kill the captain's pig.'

'What in h — ll do you mean, Mister What-the-devil's-your-name, by taking such liberties with me?' roared out the enraged cater, as he started up in his hammock, and looked ferociously upon the poor middie. But the latter would not yield the point; his orders being very positive from Spotswood, who was now listening at the hatch, in great delight.

'Oh, ho! Mister Butcher, you forget your tail and your kidneys! You'd better turn out, or the captain will be down upon you.'

'Mister Butcher!' who the devil do you take me for?' said the cater, in great excitement. 'My 'tail! my kidneys!' Are you mad?'

'Come,' said the middie, 'that's *too* good! I heard you were a skulk, and now I believe it. But I must obey orders, and if you do n't turn out, I'll just cut you down.'

'Cut me down! you young villain! — cut me down!' said Tudor, almost gasping for breath, as he sprung out *à demi nué*, and seized the hapless youngster by the collar, giving him a hearty shake before he threw him up the hatch to the other deek. 'You young dog! if you wake me again with any more of your monkey tricks, I'll crack every bone in your skin!'

By this time, all in the steerage were awake, and shouting with laughter, while the offended caterer shrunk back to his hammock, like a chafed tiger to his lair, growling over his rage.

Such waggeries are necessarily ephemeral, and I fear will not pass for much here. One should know the persons intimately, the time, place, circumstances, and other local affairs, that gave such jokes their peculiar relish. Beside, middies on shipboard are easily amused, and perhaps the same jests that once well nigh set me into convulsions, would now scarce move a muscle of even my own countenance. I remember very vividly many of Spotswood's merry pranks, 'that were wont to set our table in a roar,' but I dare not here hazard their narration. But in truth, 'he was a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy.'

It has been said, that almost every man is mad upon some particular point. Some ruling passion, or some peculiar theory, that from long indulgence, or from having long been the subject of intense meditation, obtains an ascendancy over every other, and is often a prolific cause of much absurdity. Spotswood had quick perception of such weaknesses, and adroitness in making them minister to his amusement. With old Vining he would discourse learnedly of civil law and democratic principles; and though he did think old Hickory's countenance much like the ornament of our larboard cathead, yet in general he allowed that Vining was still a handsome man, with an expression that would captivate the ladies; an admission that always put Vining in the best possible humor. With dandy P —, he would talk of fashion; ask the most approved mode of dressing the hair — rally him upon his conquests — and get him to sing, his 'tune-

ful madrigals.' With Rawlins, he would talk of cards, and the rules of Hoyle. With Ford, of fine horses. With M —, of the *code d'honneur*; and could extinguish the incredible stories of Longbow F —, with stories still more incredible. The grandeur of Old Virginia, the nobility of birth, the pride of profession, were his subjects with Tudor; and when he could get him to relate, with all important gravity, the whole intricate story of his genealogy, his satisfaction was complete.

In Spotswood's wit, however, there was nothing malicious, nor in his heart. His was a spirit overflowing with mirth; and with an uncontrollable propensity to mischief, he combined the most generous feelings of our nature. He would freely risk his own life to save that of a friend, and perhaps the next moment chalk a blazing star upon his back. He once had the temerity to smut a fearful looking moustache upon the lip of our grave cater, when asleep. When he came on deck, at the customary call to quarters, he saw all eyes directed to him, and heard the suppressed titters of the men, with mute surprise. He looked his sternest to check what he deemed such ill-timed levity; which made him appear still more ridiculous, and a subdued laugh, to his horror and astonishment, was heard along his whole division. Tudor thought his men all drunk, and after bestowing upon them various harsh epithets, he strode, with indignant steps, to the quarter-deck, to report the fact. As he passed the other divisions, officers and men were in a broad grin. With a lofty air, he saluted the captain, and began making his report of the shocking breach of discipline, but was interrupted with a very undignified roar of laughter from the captain, who had striven in vain to preserve his gravity, which of course, much to the scandal of discipline, was echoed by the men. Tudor stood a moment, staring with blackest amazement. An explanation ensued, and, boiling with rage, he returned to his quarters, endeavoring to efface his sable ornament with his handkerchief, but, in his embarrassment, curiously diversifying his expressive countenance with a variety of streaks and blotches. As soon as 'Retreat,' he rushed down below to hide his confusion, and meditate vengeance. He knew to whom he was indebted for his shadowy moustache, and to be made ridiculous before the captain, and the whole ship's company, was not to be forgiven. A challenge ensued. They went out, and after two shots, *both* of which Spotswood, in his reckless generosity, fired into the air, Tudor consented to a settlement. The unfortunate issue of this practical joke did not, however, deter the former from making himself as merry with the cater, as with every one else.

Then there was R —, remarkable principally for his incurable passion for gambling. He left the service a ruined man.

And F —, from Virginia, whose passion of passions was a love for fine horses. He was deeply read in all the records of the turf. The jockey club book, the sporting calendar, were the only books he thought worth the mind's employment. He knew the pedigree of every celebrated courser since the time of the Godolphin Arabian. He was out of his element on ship-board. His true place was the paddock, or the stable. He would have made a capital jockey, if by any possibility he could have steamed himself down to weight. He was marvellously fat.

And there was N — ! What a sad fate was his ! Poor fellow ! His mind was essentially sad and melancholy ; soft as a summer's eve — dreamy, poetical. His dearest pleasure was to pass hours alone, in idle reverie, spinning out the fine, misty webs of fancy, and revelling in an imaginary world. Far too sensitive, gentle, and indolent, for the stirring profession of a naval officer, his somewhat rude and turbulent messmates loved him for his almost feminine softness, although they pitied, and perhaps scorned, his incapacity, and want of active energy. He was the most amiable of men, but a mere dreamer, and ill-calculated to struggle with this rough, work-day world ; and a few years afterward, he resigned the life that he felt was without usefulness, and without respect.

But avast ! I am paying out a little too fast. Let us take a turn, and belay. Many other well known shapes rise to my vision, and more and better anecdotes of my old friends spring to memory, as I write. But what careth my readers for these poor middies, or the gossip and jokes of a place so humble as a steerage ? Like the baffled Scot, ' I 'll see no more ' — or be they mine in private.

Yet one more shade I would call a moment from the tomb ; first, because he was my most endeared and intimate friend, and a better specimen of the young naval officer than any I have yet named, whom I selected principally because they were so much unlike the generality of midshipmen ; and secondly, that I have a longer and not uninteresting story to relate of him, in the adventures of which I participated ; and which may perhaps indemnify the patient reader for condescending to follow me thus far in my somewhat tiresome steerage sketches.

MEADOWS was about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, with a light, active form, and singularly handsome. A fine commanding brow, over which clustered a profusion of dark locks, large, intelligent gray eyes, and firm, finely-chiselled lips and chin, gave great spirit and expression to his naturally pale countenance. He was much older to the service than myself. The four or five years he had passed on ship-board had matured his character, and developed his extraordinary energies ; and when I first saw him, I thought him the very *beau ideal* of a young naval officer. His various accomplishments, his warm heart, and gay vivacity, made him popular in the steerage, while his spirit and decision, and ambitious attention to duty, made him a most efficient deck officer. He was the idol of the crew. Under his direction, they seemed capable of performing more than under those of other officers. To use their own, not very polite, but I doubt not, sincere, expression, they would have ' gone through h — ll with him.'

With all his fine qualities, Meadows became, in after life, fatally given to strong waters, that bane of many a fine fellow, both in the navy and out of it. But at this time, his dissipation was only occasional, and seemed merely the natural excesses of an active mind, fond of society, and seeking stimulus and exercise in convivial enjoyment. Pleasure, perhaps, first sapped the foundation of his virtues, but a long series of injuries :

' From mighty wrong to petty perfdy,'

afterward pursued him, and led to their final overthrow. The bottle became at last his only but fatal resource.

Poor Meadows! — his ruin — 't is a sad tale, and 'a sad tale is best for winter;' therefore, in the merry spring time, we'll none of it. Yet this that I am about to relate, is none of the merriest. Perhaps the ladies will pronounce it even dull, for it has no 'love,' although 'murder' enough; and it is said the sex do not object to a sprinkling of the latter ingredient, provided a tale is spiced with the former, to their taste. However, my story is of Meadows, and he, noble fellow! was a man well worth a lady's eye; so I may be pardoned, for his sake.

SMYRNA is an odd city. Like Constantinople, nothing can be finer than its natural situation — nothing more wretched than its internal appearance. Nestling at the foot of a lofty hill, at the very extremity of a deep, noble bay, its situation is as fair to the eye, as convenient for all the purposes of commerce. Islands or islets, that seem, in their perennial verdure, almost like droppings from paradise, speckle the broad entrance into this most beautiful of bays, and lofty, picturesque hills slope in gentle undulations down to the very margin of the emerald waters. Ancient forts, villages, villas, groves, and gardens, variegate the smiling prospect; and over the densely-built city, looming darkly into the pure blue of the Asiatic sky, are the massive towers and hoary walls of the now desolate fortress of the Knights of St. John — the last strong hold of Christianity on this Paynim land.

Within the city, the doctrine of chance almost seems to be verified. The houses appear to have been rained from heaven, and sticking where they fell, to have accidentally formed the strange involutions of streets, alleys, blind courts, etc., that render an excursion through the town, to a stranger, somewhat of a 'comedy of errors.' It would be almost as easy to discover the north-west passage, as to find one's way, undirected, out of the perplexing labyrinth of Smyrna. The streets, if such strange tortuosities may be thus dignified, are so narrow that a horseman or camel (there are no wheeled vehicles) occupies the whole breadth, to the infinite annoyance of the pedestrian; and if the occasional caravan of 'desert ships,' slowly winding through the town, one camel following the other, happens to make a halt — perhaps while the devout drivers perform their prostrations at the call of the Muezzin, or sip their mocha and puff their pipes before one of the numerous kafénas — there is formed as fine a street barricade as a Parisian *sans culotte* would desire. No way is left for the foot-passer but to climb over the backs of the patient animals, that, following the example of their not more sagacious masters, have settled themselves quietly on the ground.

The multifarious population of Smyrna inhabit distinct parts of the city. The largest proportion, of course, are the followers of the prophet. 'Turk-town' is said to contain one hundred thousand inhabitants. Most of the bazaars, the baths, mosques, Pacha's palace, etc., are in this quarter. Formerly it was dangerous for a Christian to penetrate within its Moslem precincts; now the Frank may explore its narrow streets, if he has philosophy enough to forgive a

chance stone or so, thrown by some unlucky anti-Christian little urchin, who may have sucked with his milk the hereditary antipathies of his parents, without yet having learned their newly-acquired toleration of the 'Christian dogs.'

'Jew-town' is remarkable for nothing but its dogs and dirt. It would be considered the filthiest spot under the sun, if 'Greek-town' was not there to out-do it.

'Frank-town' skirts the harbor. Here, of course, the 'merchants most do congregate.' But, with the exception of the consular residences, houses of European merchants, etc., a viler conglomeration of wretched buildings, inhabited by a more degraded class of human beings, could not be found in the wide world. The vicious purlious of our large cities are pure and comfortable, in comparison.

The Turks, who, in their way, are a moral people, with very orthodox notions of propriety, do not tolerate among themselves any of those open places of profligacy, which, to the shame of christendom, are found all over Europe, as well as in our own country. But Frank-town, to the Turks, is almost a foreign city. Few ever enter it; and the Government, in their extreme toleration toward the Christian population, never interfere with any of the interior arrangements of Frank-town, except when called in to suppress an occasional tumult, or to punish the not unfrequent bloodshed and murders that take place within its detested quarters. From the great commerce of Smyrna, Frank-town swarms with adventurers from all parts of the world; the very scum of christendom, living in the practice of every vice, degraded and desperate. The stranger sickens with disgust, even if he does not tremble with fear, when necessity or scarce excusable curiosity, leads him among those dens of iniquity.

To this region of 'damned souls,' Meadows and myself were one day sent, on the dangerous and disagreeable duty of hunting for a deserter. Armed only with our dirks, but with resolute spirits, we penetrated into every cell of infamy that is found in the hives of Frank-town. It would spin out my records to too great length, were I to recount the extraordinary adventures, and more extraordinary people, we met with in our pererration. But I, young to the world, ignorant of foreign parts, equally so of the vast varieties of the human race, and of their pursuits, passions, and propensities, saw sights, heard sounds, and witnessed actions, that unassisted imagination never could have conceived, but which made an impression as odious as lasting. Of these I shall speak hereafter.

AMBITION.

O thou that bidd'st the brightest close
 Their intellectual eye,
 And to thy dizzy, dangerous height,
 Like hooded falcons fly;
 What is thy summit, but the source
 Whence tears and blood career?
 A height that leaves us nought to hope,
 But every thing to fear!

A WISH AT PARTING.

I.

THY harp, thy harp, how wild it rings!
What spirit bides upon its strings!
It wakes triumphant music now,
And a new lustre lights thy brow.

II.

I see thee, lady, bending o'er
Its thrilling, mastering chords, to pour
That deep, mysterious melody,
Like night-winds through the hollow sky!

III.

It comes — as in my dreams I've heard
Sounds that old memories have stirr'd,
Of things too beautiful to last —
The memories of the buried past!

IV.

Ere yet my spirit had been reft
As by the lightning bolt — and left
To mourn above the wrecks which Time
Had scatter'd round me in my prime!

V.

But years have fled — and Heaven again
Hath waked me from that dream of pain!
And I grow wild with music now,
Where once I could insensate bow.

VI.

Then to high harmony awake
Once more thy wires! — till round me break
The visions of a better sphere,
Beyond the storms that meet us here.

VII.

And, pure one! when to wo or mirth
Thou wak'st no more the harps of earth,
Then to thy angel hand be given
To strike a golden lyre in Heaven!

New-York, April, 1838.

GREENVILLE MELLER.

SONNET.

THE watching stars, the bright ascending moon,
The sunset dying on the western hills,
The glad streams wandering by, with pleasant tune,
The murmuring wind, whose witching language fills
The nodding reeds, with voices eloquent,
The cloud-wrapt tempest on the mountain's brow,
Communing with the Spirit of the Night,
'Mid hoary rocks, and oaks, and cedars rent,
And torrents thundering with impetuous flow;
The mystery, and the magic of that light
Which beams from woman's dark poetic eye,
These are the things which plume young Fancy's flight,
And win the poet wreaths which may not die,
As long as radiant Fame shakes hands with Immortality.

Utica, 1838.

H. W. R.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER XXIV.

It is no long time, respected Reader, since we communed together. Yet how many matters have happened since that period, which should give us pause, and solemn meditation! *We* are still extant; the beams of our spirit still shine from *our* eyes; yet there are many who, since last my sentences came to yours, have drooped their lids for ever upon things of earth. Numberless ties have been severed; numberless hearts rest from their pantings — and sleep — ‘no more to fold the robe o’er secret pain.’ All the deceits — the masks of life — are ended with them. *Policy* no more bids them to kindle the eye with deceitful lustre; no more prompts to *semblance*, which feeling condemns. They are gone! — ‘ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;’ and when I think of the numbers who thus pass away, I am pained within me; for I know from them, that our life is not only as a dream which passeth away, but that the garniture, or the carnival of it, is indeed a vapor — sun-gilt for a moment, then colored with the dun hues of death — or stretching its dim folds afar, until their remotest outlines catch the imperishable glory of eternity. Such is life; made up of successful or successless accidents; its movers and actors, from the cradle to three-score-and-ten, pushed about by Fate: not their own; aspiring but impotent — impelled as by visions, and rapt in a dream — which who can dispel?

To THOSE who take every event in their lives as a matter of ‘special providence’ — who make a shop-keeper and supercargo of Omnipotence — who refer to celestial interposition the recovery of a debt, the acknowledgment of a larceny, or the profits on a box of candles, or a bundle of ten-penny nails; who perceive something *more* than a special providence in the death of a sparrow, or the fall of a brick-bat, sent from vagrant hand; to those, all argument of reason would be useless, even if they who employed it were warm and sincere, as I know *I* am, in a belief of the *general* watchfulness of my Creator over men’s wo and weal. But, as in things that are of the earth earthy, there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, as was said by the great captain of his age, so it appears to me is it with things celestial. It seems impossible for the human intellect to appreciate that *trifling* ubiquity of supervision which some credulous persons — more devout than intelligent — impute to the supervision of the Almighty. That God is every where, admits of no dispute; but when we ramify his discernments into the scrutiny of those minutest matters which would scarcely attract for a moment the observation even of low-minded men, we create an anomaly which has, in proportion to its indifference, an aspect of frivolity, and an attitude of common-place. It seems to establish or defend that theory, which pronounces that whatever *is*, is right. This is a phrase of PORE’S, which in my humble opinion contains

much more poetry than philosophy. To maintain that all which *is*, is right, does away, in my poor sense, with all true appreciation of rectitude and wrong. It nullifies the Decalogue. If the postulate be true, why the tablets of the law, or that divine mountainous sermon? What need of statutes, or the jury of a man's peers? Why arraign a man who abstracts the horse from his stable, without a 'by y'r leave' from the owner, or seduces a ram from the pasture, without clover or salt? Why should penitentiaries be filled? Why Auburn or Sing-Sing hear the groans of the prisoners? If all that *is*, is right, these prisoners have but done their duty; counterfeiting is but a pastime, though fruitful; perjury is a species of verbal romance, sanctified by a kiss on calf or sheep-skin; larceny and burglary, the acts of brief visitors who make strong *attachments*; and even murder itself, a modification of the *code d'honneur* — a kind of 'popping the question' in the great matter of the future; sometimes put with lead to the aorta, or with steel to the jugular.

BUT while I impugn the philosophy of Pope, in the phrase here-inbefore mentioned, let me not arraign his verse, or cast one doubtful shade upon the brightness of his thoughts, or the sweet harmony of his numbers. How often have their cadences satisfied my ear, and enriched my mind! In his *Elôise*, the actual, solemn swell of the music which distracted the nun betwixt the choice of Earth or Heaven, seems pouring from the strain. He brings to my mind those sunny seasons when my sense of harmony, though less acute, was perhaps more rapturous, than now; when the rustle of leaves, the casual trills of summer birds, the chiming dance of waters, and the zephyrs, floating from the fragrant south or balmy west, seemed to breathe of the concords, and herald the dulcet airs, of *Paradise*. Sometimes, in the jostling din and bustle of active life, I lose these harmonies for a little season, and I feel oppressed with the spirit of discontent and complaining; and could say within me, as do the Hebrews in their service of the morning of the ninth of Ab, lamenting the sweet bells lost from the priestly robes of Israel — the lost language of seers and poets — the ephod, and the memorials — 'The voice of wailing hath passed over my melodious psalteries; wo is me!'

Is there any poetry equal in severe simplicity, and quiet, natural beauty, to that of the Hebrews of Israel? I confess that I think not. In his inspired wanderings, I can conceive that Shakspeare walked as it were arm-in-arm with Moses and the prophets; with that complaining man of Uz, who held colloquies with the Almighty, in whirlwind and storm. In truth, as I have pored over some of the beautiful inspirations of the Dispersed of modern days, they come to my spirit like 'the airs of Palestine.' Indeed, I have had great doubts, whenas I have overlooked the pages which have been lent me by a Rabbi of the Synagogue — written on one page with mysterious characters, and on the other with the *pure* English version of those venerated Scriptures — whether the renderings of YARCHI

and LEESER, and others, were not more beautiful than those which have given to us the Word, from the sovereign command of the First James of England. Let us list the following, as read in the Fast of the ninth of Ab. 'The lot of the Lord's inheritance is Jacob. He encircled him, and he watched him, and he guarded him as the apple of his eye. *As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth her young, spreadeth abroad her wing, taketh them, beareth them aloft on her pinions,* so the Lord did lead him.' And how eloquently do they complain! 'Where,' they ask, in their deep and briefest language, 'where is the residence of the Divine Glory? the house of the Levitic order, and their desk? Where the glory of the faithful city? *Where are the chiefs of thy schools, and where thy judges?* Who arrange the answers to them? — who ask concerning thy mysteries? Where are they *who walk in the paths of truth, enlightened by the brightness of thy shining?*'

There is something extremely touching to me in these Israelitish lamentations. They were wailed *con amore*, and by the card. I truly believe, that all the sackcloth poetry of modern time, put together, would give a mere dividend of the great capital of dolor employed by the olden-time Hebrews. They wept and howled copiously — yea, abundantly. There is something, after all, sacred in sorrow. It has a *dignity*, which joy never possesses. The sufferings of Medea in Euripides — the scenes betwixt Andromache and Hector — the pangs of Virginius — these are remembered, and will be, when the glittering treasures of Cræsus at Delphi shall be forgotten, and the gay measures of Gyges be lost to men. Here is a strain in this kind; one that was spent at the close of a summer day, some year or so ago. It needs a little preliminary blazon.

You must know, reader, that there lieth, some three miles or so from Brotherly Love — a city of this continent, a delectable city — a place of burial, 'Laurel Hill' by name. On a sweeter spot, the great sun never threw the day-spring of the morning, nor the blush of the evening West. There the odors and colors of nature profusely repose; there, to rest of a spring or summer afternoon, on some rural seat, looking at trees, and dancing waters, and the like, you would wonder at that curious question addressed of Dean Swift, on his death-bed, to a friend at his side: 'Did you ever know of any really *good weather* in this world?' You would take the affirmative. Well, thus I sang:

HERE the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er — its labors done;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which Grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh —
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming — that the loved should die ?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene —
Soon, rainbow colors on the woods will fall ;
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall :

Yet, when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring,
Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,
The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,
And liberal nature break the spell of death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed Dead to endless youth shall rise ;
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand ;
Where Love her crown attains — her trials past —
And, filled with rapture, hails the better land !

Thus I strummed the old harpsichord, from which I have aforetime, at drowsy hours and midnight intervals, extracted a few accidental numbers, (more pleasant doubtless to beget than read) 'sleepless myself, to give to others sleep !'

WELL, that is the only way to write without fatigue, both to author and reader. In all that pertains to the petty businesses which bow us to the routine of this work-day world, I am as it were at home. I am distinctly a mover in the great tide of Action sweeping on around me ; yet when I enter into the sanctuary of the muses, lo ! at one wave of the spiritual wand, this 'dim and ignorant present' disappears. I breathe a rarer atmosphere. Visions of childhood throng upon my soul ; the blue mountain-tops — the aerial circles of far-off landscapes — the hazy horizon of ocean-waters ; the wind-tossed verdure of summer — the hills that burst into singing — and the sweet harmonies of nature — Universal Parent ! — all appeal to my spirit. This dismemberment of the ideal from the actual, is a fountain of enjoyment, which whoso knows not, has yet the brightest lessons of life to learn. He has yet to enter that fairy dominion which seems the intermediate territory betwixt the airy realms conceived of in this world, and the more radiant glories of that undiscovered country,

——— 'from whose bourne
No traveller returns.'

There is something in the feeling, beyond the impulses of fame, beyond the 'mouth honor, breath,' which the falsest of the world are the most ready to bestow ; something beyond the empty plaudits, the spurious honors, of the multitude, given to-day — withheld to-morrow. Anathemas a moment gone — benedictions now — these are the marks and signals of the multitude. I would not seek their favor, for their disapproval is the same in the end. It is a curious

truth, that no man realizes fame, until he is *beyond* it; that the tardy honors which men receive from kingly or from republican powers, generally come too late to be appreciated — or rather, too late to be of value.

Yet there is something exceedingly solemn in the mutability of a name. 'T is indeed as a vapor, which appeareth but for a little season, and then vanisheth away. I like not this life-after-death repute — this post-mortem vitality. 'Give it to me, if I deserve it, while the breath of existence sports in my nostrils; while I can walk, and hear, and see, and jostle among men!' Such are my aspirations — malgré the littleness of it. To have antiquaries puzzling themselves with one's merits — supposing that they might reach beyond his sepulture — is to my mind a dry and arid prospect. One wants to be quiet. 'To subsist in bones,' saith my old friend, Sir Thomas Browne, 'and to be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of Names, Persons, Times, and Sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes of pride. Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men, without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana — he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse — confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodius with one; and who had not rather, have been the good thief, than *Pilate*? Who knows whether the best of men be known? Or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known accout of time?' These be puzzling queries.

In our own country, methinks I can depaint the means and methods of posthumous fame. Here, if one who had attained to some eminence in his life-time, could awake fifty years after he had been quietly inurned, and be permitted to read the newspapers, he might find that a steamer of his name, had burst her boiler — 'a terrible accident, with loss of lives,' on river Mississippi or Ohio; or mayhap that a horse, commemorating his cognomen, had been beaten at the Eagle or other course — with the particulars. Perhaps that he had devoted himself to posterity — to be cited in other years as the source whence sanguinary mixtures of renown had sprung; advertised in hand-bills — and to aid, perhaps, in promoting to the legislature his owner, or guardian, or friend. This is fame, or a part of its mode of bestowment, here below. Fame! — a bet-word — a paragraph — a *feuille volante* — a hand-bill. Thank the powers! I have precious little thereof. And the most I would have, reader, is to write myself your friend,

OLLAPOD.

LIFE AND POWER OF TRUTH.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

UPON this wonderful and glorious ALL
 I look, and see there's nought destroyed, or lost,
 Though all things change. The rain-drops gently fall,
 But die not where they fall. Some part doth post
 Swiftly away on wings of air, to accost
 The summer clouds, and ask to sail the deep
 With them, as vapory travellers, or frost.
 Some part anon into the ground doth creep,
 And maketh the sweet herbs and flowers to grow,
 Or oozeth softly through the dark, deep earth,
 Teaching the streamlet under ground to flow,
 'Till forth it breaks with a glad sunshine birth —
 Ripples a dancing brook — then flows a river —
 Then mingles with the sea, the air, circling for ever.

Even so I looked on the vast realm of Truth,
 And saw it filled with spirit, life, and power.
 Nought TRUE did ever die. Immortal youth
 Filled it with balmy odors, from the hour
 It first dropped gently from its upper shower
 On high; swiftly it flew away, or sank.
 Awhile amid the darkness that doth lower
 Below, it seemed to struggle. But earth drank
 The drop. From heart to wakening heart it sped —
 From sire to son — from age to age it ran;
 It swelled the stream of Truth. It is not dead,
 But flowing, filleth every want of man.
 It NEVER dieth — nor *can* ever die,
 Circling from God to God, through all eternity!

Yea, Truth, immortal as its primal source,
 Once uttered, once set free, shall never rest.
 O, Father! hath it such undying force
 When unrevealed, and left without attest
 Of miracle from Thee, and unconfessed
 By man; and shall not thine own word go forth,
 In all its fulness, through these times unblest,
 'Till it shall reach all corners of the earth?
 If one small trembling drop is ne'er destroyed,
 But runneth, a bright messenger from Thee,
 Shall thy own living streams 'return back void,'
 And not fulfil their saving ministry?
 O, no! Even now I see them spreading wide,
 With life and beauty, on the pure, deep, swelling tide!

A NAME.

Videt, Rude.

THE card-built house amused our infant age —
 The child was pleased — but is the man more sage?
 A breath could level childhood's tottering toy;
 See manhood, effort, art, and time employ,
 To build that brittle name, a whisper can destroy!

There is a Book where nought our name can spot,
 If we ourselves refuse to fix the blot;
 'Tis kept by ONE that sets alike at nought
 The tale with malice or with flattery fraught —
 HE reads the heart, and sees the whisper in the thought.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRAT, OR HINTS ON THE SOCIAL AND CIVIC RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. In one volume. pp. 192. Cooperstown: H. AND E. PHINNEY. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE 'American Democrat' opens with a brief preface, from which we learn that the work was written in consequence of its author 'having had many occasions to observe the manner in which principles that are of the last importance to the happiness of the community, are getting to be confounded in the popular mind;' and that the intention of the book is, 'to make a commencement toward a more just discrimination between truth and prejudice.' Mr. COOPER says, in conclusion: 'Had a suitable compound offered, the title of the book would have been something like 'Anti-Cant,' for such a term expresses the intention of the writer better, perhaps, than the one he has actually chosen. The work is written more in the spirit of censure than of praise, for its aim is correction; and virtues bring their own reward, while errors are dangerous.' From these sentences, the reader will infer, that the 'American Democrat' is a plain-speaking volume—and such is the fact. It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. COOPER no where loses sight of what he deems distinctive American principles, and what is due to the American character.

Our limits will not admit of the extracts we had selected for insertion, from those portions of the volume which treat of government, the republic, executive powers, advantages and disadvantages of monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, public and private duties of station, etc. In the remarks on 'American Equality,' the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will find the very same grounds maintained, which were assumed and defended by the author of 'The Nobility of Nature,' published a few months since in these pages. If the writers had been identical, they could scarcely have reasoned more alike. Mr. COOPER pays very little court to the American press; indeed, his observations upon this theme are more severe and bitter than any he has here put forth. Passing these, and other topics, however, we proceed to make a few extracts from those sections which touch upon language, manners, deportment, etc. We take the following random paragraphs from the last-named division:

"The American people are superior in deportment, in several particulars, to the people of Europe, and inferior in others. The gentlemen have less fineness, but more frankness of manner, while the other classes have less vulgarity and servility, relieved by an agreeable attention to each other's rights, and to the laws of humanity in general. On the whole, the national deportment is good, without being polished, supplying the deficiency in this last essential, by great kindness and civility. In that part of deportment which affects the rights of all, such as the admission of general and common laws of civility, the absence of social selfishness, and a strict regard to the wants and feebleness of woman, all other nations might be benefited by imitating this.

"The Americans are reproached with the want of a proper deference for social station; the lower classes manifesting their indifference by an unnecessary insolence. As a rule, this charge is unmerited, civility being an inherent quality of the American character; still, there are some who mistake a vulgar audacity for independence. Men and women of this disposition, require to be told that, in thus betraying their propensities, they are

giving the strongest proofs that they are not what their idle vanity would give reason to suppose they fancy themselves, the equals of those whom they insult by their coarseness.

"Some men imagine they have a right to ridicule what are termed 'airs,' in others. If it could be clearly established what are 'airs,' and what not, a corrective of this sort might not be misapplied. But the term is conventional, one man experiencing disgust at what enters into the daily habits of another. It is exceedingly hazardous, therefore, for any but those who are familiar with the best usages of the world, to pronounce any thing 'airs,' because it is new to them, since what has this appearance to such persons, may be no more than a proof of cultivation, and of a good tone of manners.

"On the other hand, many who have been thrown accidentally, and for short periods, into the society of the more refined classes, adopt their usages without feeling or understanding their reasons and advantages, caricaturing delicacy and sentiment, and laying stress on habits, which, though possibly convenient in themselves, are not deemed at all essential by men and women of the world. These affectations of breeding are laughed at, as the 'silver-forkisms' of pretenders. To the man of the world it is unnecessary to point out the want of taste in placing such undue stress on these immaterial things, but it may not be unnecessary to the novice in the usages of the better circles, to warn him that his ignorance will be more easily seen by his exaggerations, than by his deficiencies of manner. The Duc de Richlieu is said to have detected an impostor by his *not* taking olives with his fingers.

"But these are points of little interest with the mass, while civility and decency lie at the root of civilization. There is no doubt that, in general, America has retrograded in manners, within the last thirty years. Boys, and even men, wear their hats in the houses of all classes, and before persons of all ages and conditions. This is not independence, but vulgarity, for nothing sooner distinguishes a gentleman from a black-guard, than the habitual attention of the former to the minor civilities established by custom. It has been truly said, that the man who is well dressed respects himself more, and behaves himself better, than the man that is ill-dressed; but it is still more true, that the man who commences with a strict observance of the commoner civilities, will be the most apt to admit of the influence of refinement on his whole character."

Mr. COOPER cites the following examples of the abuse of significations and pronunciation, as common to Americans. Some of his amendments strike us as peculiar, if not inelegant:

"The limits of this work will not permit an enumeration of the popular abuses of significations, but a few shall be mentioned, in order that the student may possess a general clue to the faults. 'Creek,' a word that signifies an *inlet* of the sea, or of a lake, is misapplied to running streams, and frequently to the *outlets* of lakes. A 'square' is called a 'park'; 'lakes' are often called 'ponds'; and 'arms of the sea' are sometimes termed 'rivers.'

"In pronunciation, the faults are still more numerous, partaking decidedly of provincialisms. The letter *u*, sounded like double *o*, or *oo*, or like *i*, as in *virtuo*, *fortin*, *fortinate*; and *eu*, pronounced also like *oo*, are common errors. This is an exceedingly vicious pronunciation, rendering the language mean and vulgar. 'New,' pronounced as 'noo,' is an example, and 'few,' as 'foo,' the true sounds are 'nu' and 'fu,' the *u* retaining its proper soft sound, and not that of 'oo.'

"The attempt to reduce the pronunciation of the English language to a common rule, produces much confusion, and taking the usages of polite life as the standard, many uncouth innovations. All know the pronunciation of *тловен*; but it will scarcely do to take this sound as the only power of the same combination of final letters, for we should be compelled to call *тловен*, thou; *тнловен*, throu; and *тоугн*, too."

"False accentuation is a common American fault. Ensign (inain,) is called *ensyne*, and engine (injin,) *engyne*. Indeed, it is a common fault of narrow associations, to suppose that words are to be pronounced as they are spelled.

"Many words are in a state of mutation, the pronunciation being unsettled even in the best society, a result that must often arise, where language is as variable and undetermined as the English. To this class belong 'clerk,' 'cucumber' and 'gold,' which are often pronounced as spelt, though it were better, and more in conformity with polite usage, to say 'clark,' 'cow-cumber,' (not *cowcumber*;) and 'goold.' For *loutenant* (lieutenant) there is not sufficient authority, the true pronunciation being '*lieutenant*.' By making a familiar compound of this word, we see the uselessness of attempting to reduce the language to any other laws than those of the usages of polite life, for they who affect to say *loutenant*, do not say '*loutenant-co-lo-nel*,' but '*loutenant-kurnel*.'

"The polite pronunciation of 'either' and 'neither,' is 'i-ther' and 'ni-ther,' and not 'eether' and 'neethër.' This is a case in which the better usage of the language has respected derivations, for 'ei,' in German are pronounced as in 'height' and 'sleight,' 'ei' making the sound of 'ee.' We see the arbitrary usages of the English, however, by comparing these legitimate sounds with those of the words '*lieutenant-colonel*,'

which are derived from the French, in which language the latter word is called 'colonel.'"

While our author admits that property is desirable, as the ground-work of moral independence, as a means of improving the faculties, and of doing good to others, he nevertheless considers mere wealth, of all the sources of human pride, as the basest and most vulgar-minded. 'A people,' says he, 'that deems the possession of riches its highest source of distinction, admits one of the most degrading of all influences to preside over its opinions. At no time should money be ever ranked as more than a means; and he who lives as if the acquisition of property were the sole end of his existence, betrays the dominion of the most sordid, base, and grovelling motive, that life offers.'

There are many other subjects treated of in this little book, beside those to which we have alluded, or from which we have quoted; but we must recommend the reader to the work itself, for a more comprehensive taste of its quality.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI. Edited by 'Boz.' In two volumes. pp. 428. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE life of a dramatic clown would scarcely appear, at first sight, to possess much attraction; but the author of the 'Pickwick Papers' has thrown around the whole history of Grimaldi an unusual interest; and the reader follows the eminent mime through his childhood, young affections, and theatrical pursuits and vicissitudes, without any sensations of weariness or labor. Much of the felicity of thought and language, which is the characteristic of Mr. DICKENS' style, is apparent in parts of these volumes. As a specimen we subjoin the following description of the celebrated 'O. P' riot, at Covent Garden Theatre, (of which American readers have only 'by parcels something heard,') which lasted for upward of seventy consecutive nights:

"Every body knows that the O. P. row originated in the indignation with which the play-going public regarded an increase in the prices of admission of one shilling each person to the boxes, and sixpence to the pit, with which was coupled a considerable increase in the number of private boxes; and every body knows, moreover, that the before mentioned play-going public expressed their dissatisfaction night after night in scenes of the most extraordinary and unparalleled nature. The noises made by the audience utterly overwhelmed every attempt that the actors could make to render themselves audible. Not a word that was said on the stage could be distinguished even in the front row of the pit, and the O. P. (Old Price) rioters, fearful that the exercise of their voices would not create a sufficient uproar, were in the habit of bringing the most extraordinary variety of curious and ill-toned instruments with them, to add to the noise and discordance of the scene. One gentleman, who constantly seated himself in the boxes, regaled himself and the company with a watchman's rattle, which he sprang vigorously at short intervals throughout the performances; another took his seat regularly every night in the centre of the pit, armed with a large dustman's bell, which he rang with a perseverance and strength of arm quite astounding to all beholders; and a party of three or four pleasant fellows brought live pigs, which were pinched at the proper times, and added considerably to the effect of the performances.

"But rattles, bells, pigs, trumpets, French horns, sticks, umbrellas, cat-calls, and bugles, were not the only vocal weapons used upon these occasions: Kemble was constantly called for, constantly came on, and constantly went off again, without being able to obtain a hearing. Numbers of Bow-street officers were in regular attendance; whenever they endeavored to seize the ring-leaders, the ring-leaders were defended by their partisans, and numerous fights (in one of which a man was nearly killed) resulted. Scarce an evening passed without flaming speeches being made from pit, boxes, and gallery; and sometimes half a dozen speeches would be in course of delivery at the same time. The greater portion of the time of the magistrates was occupied in investigations connected with the disturbances, and this state of things continued for nearly seventy nights. Placards were exhibited in every part of the house, principally from the pit; of the quality of which effusions the following may be taken as specimens:

"'Notice to the Public. — This house and furniture to be sold — Messrs. John Kemble and Co. declining business.'

"*Notice to the Public.* — The work-house in Covent Garden has been repaired and greatly enlarged for the use of the public."

"*Cause of Justice.* — John Bull *versus* John Kemble — verdict for the plaintiff."

"A large coffin, with the inscription, 'Here lies the body of New Prices, who died of the whooping-cough, Sep. 23, 1809, aged six days.'"

"The instant the performances began, the audience, who had been previously sitting with their faces to the stage, as audiences generally do, wheeled round to a man, and turned their backs upon it. When they concluded, which, in consequence of the fearful uproar, was frequently as early as half-past nine o'clock, they united in singing a parody on God save the King, of which the first verse ran thus :

" ' God save great Johnny Bull,
Long live our noble Bull,
God save John Bull !
Send him victorious,
Loud and uproarious,
With lungs like Boreas :
God save John Bull ! "

"Then followed the O. P. dance, and a variety of speeches, and then the rioters would quietly disperse.

"The opinions of the press being, as a matter of course, divided on every question, were necessarily divided upon this. The Times and Post supported the new system; in consequence of which, a placard was exhibited from the pit every evening, for at least a week, with the inscription,

" ' The Times and Post are bought and sold,
By Kemble's pride, and Kemble's gold. '

The Chronicle, on the other hand, took up the opposite side of the question, and supported the O. P. rioters with great fervor and constancy. In its columns one of the most popular of the numerous squibs on the subject appeared, which is here inserted. It may be necessary to premise that 'Jack' was John Kemble; that the 'Cat' was Madame Catalani, then engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and who was much opposed at that time, in consequence of her being a foreigner; and that the 'boxes' were the new private boxes, among the great objects of popular execration.

" ' THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. '

" ' This is the House that Jack Built.

" ' These are the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

" ' These are the pigeon holes over the boxes, let to the great that visit the house that Jack built.

" ' This is the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

" ' This is John Bull, with a bugle-horn, that hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

" ' This is the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,

" ' That took up John Bull, with his bugle-horn, who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built.

" ' This is the manager full of scorn,

" ' Who raised the prices to the people forlorn,

" ' And directed the thief-taker, shaven and shorn,

" ' To take up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hissed the Cat, engaged to squall to the poor, in the pigeon-holes, over the boxes, let to the great, that visit the house that Jack built. '

"When this had gone on for several nights Kemble sent for Grimaldi, and said, that as the people would not hear dialogue, they would try pantomime, which might perhaps suit their tastes better, and accordingly Don Juan was put up for the next night, Grimaldi sustaining his old part of Scaramouch. He was received on his entrance with great applause, and it happened, oddly enough, that on that night there was little or no disturbance. This circumstance, which he naturally attributed in some degree to himself, pleased him amazingly, as indeed it did Kemble also, who, shaking him cordially by the hand, when he came off, said, ' Bravo, Joe ! we have got them now ; we 'll act this again to-morrow night. ' And so they did ; but it appeared that they had not ' got them ' either, for the uproar re-commenced with, if possible, greater fury than before, all the performers agreeing that until that moment they had never heard such a mighty and indecipherable din.

Eventually, on the 15th of December, the famous O. P. row terminated, on the pro-

prietors of the theatre lowering the price of admission to the pit, removing the obnoxious private boxes, rescinding Madame Catalani's engagement, discharging Mr. James Brandon, house and box book-keeper, who had rendered himself very offensive to the O. P. people, abandoning all prosecutions against those who had been required to answer for their misconduct at the sessions, and offering a public apology. The ungracious task of making it, fell upon Mr. Kemble, who delivered what it was deemed necessary to say, with remarkable self-possession and dignity. It was received by the audience with great applause, and a placard was hoisted in the pit, bearing the words, 'We are satisfied;' it was speedily followed by a similar announcement in the boxes; and thus terminated the famous O. P. war, wholly unparalleled in dramatic or indeed in any other annals."

An audience at the theatre, convulsed, it may be, by the powers of a comic favorite, little know the circumstances of discomfort and pain under which, oftentimes, he comes before them. As an instance of the severe mental trials which an actor has sometimes to undergo, it has been mentioned, that during the time his father-in-law was lying dead, Grimaldi was engaged, for many hours each day, in rehearsing broadly humorous pantomime; and, as if to render the contrast more striking, he was compelled, on the day of the funeral, to rehearse part of his clown's character on the stage, to run to the melancholy death-ceremony, to get back from the church-yard to the theatre, to finish the rehearsal, and to exert all his comic powers at night to set the audience in a roar. An affecting account is given of his closing theatrical career, while yet in the prime of life. His constant labors had brought on premature debility and painful disease. In the last piece in which he was a regular performer, says his biographer, 'even during the earlier nights of its very successful representation, he could scarcely struggle through his part. His frame was weak and debilitated, his joints stiff, and his muscles relaxed; every effort he made, was followed by cramps and spasms, of the most agonizing nature. Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side-scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him, while others chafed his limbs — which was obliged to be incessantly done, until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again. Every time he came off, his sinews were gathered up into huge knots by the cramps that followed his exertions, which could only be reduced by violent rubbing, and even that frequently failed to produce the desired effect. The spectators, who were convulsed with laughter while he was on the stage, little thought, that while their applause was resounding through the house, he was suffering the most excruciating and horrible pains. But so it was, until the twenty-fourth night of the piece, when he had no alternative, in consequence of his intense sufferings, but to throw up the part.'

This work will well repay perusal, and is especially calculated for a travelling companion. Every chapter has some interesting story or incident, without contingency as to what may precede or follow it. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

BUDS OF SPRING. Poetical Remains of AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE. With Addenda. One volume. pp. 150. Boston: PERKINS AND MARVIN: New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE religious and moral tone which pervades these 'remains' of a warm poetical spirit, early called home to the God who gave it, will recommend them to the favorable regards of the public. Candor compels us to add, however, that they are for the most part rather pleasing than powerful; and that while they are unexceptionable in tendency and sentiment, they cannot lay claim to great force of imagination, or originality of thought. There are passages, nevertheless, in some of the more ela-

borate portions, which serve to show what might have been anticipated from the manhood of so young an intellect. Take, for example, the following, from a poem entitled 'Humility,' a college effort :

"It was amid the visions of the night ;
Darkness lay like a mantle on the earth ;
I dreamed I stood upon heaven's battlements,
And lo ! an angel spread his mighty wings,
And took his flight along the golden wall,
That girds the courts of everlasting light ;
And, as he flew, he lifted up his voice,
And cried, 'Humility is dead !'
A strange convulsion came upon my frame,
And the cold sweat stood on my throbbing brow ;
Thrice did he spread his pinions to the wind,
And thrice I heard that melancholy cry,
'Humility is dead !'—and then he paused,
Even in mid heaven, and folded up his wings,
And bowed his head upon his breast, and died.
I looked to heaven ; and from its crystal columns
The banners of rebellion were hung out,
And on them written, 'God is King no more !'
Those harps, that late had breathed such rapturous strains,
Upon the jewelled pavement lay unstrung ;
Strange sounds of blasphemy broke on the ear,
And fearful shouts usurped the place of praise.
I looked to earth— and as I looked I wept :
Good men forgot their wonted gentleness,
And higher swelled the angry cry for blood,
The blood of rulers whom they late had loved ;
Earth seemed an amphitheatre, in which
Man's vilest passions strove for mastery.
A moment more ; a rushing, mighty sound,
Came like the noise of many chariot wheels,
And heaven and earth were hushed to quietness,
For both were still in universal death."

The work appears to have attained its magnitude, through a very intrepid and extensive application of the most approved recipes for book-making. The preface, introduction, notes, and 'addenda'—irrelevant miscellaneous verse, by the editor—make up the larger part of the volume. This savors of ostentation, or mistaken judgment. The whole is presented in a neat and tasteful dress.

CROMWELL. AN HISTORICAL NOVEL. By the author of 'The Brothers,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 542. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS long promised, and long anticipated work, is at last published. The fact that it is an emanation from the same vigorous and well-stored intellect, the same refined taste and accomplished scholarship, that enriched our literature with 'The Brothers,' and those grand historical 'Passages' which delighted the public in the early numbers of our worthy contemporary, the American Monthly Magazine, will insure for the new romance a host of eager and much-expecting readers. We have eagerly possessed ourselves of the contents of the two handsome volumes ; and the anticipations expressed in our February number, are more than realized. Mr. HERBERT has given us a great picture of Cromwell. He has placed him before us as we have never before seen him, in that strange blending of true and honest patriotism with ambition and wild fanaticism, which Scott's high monarchical prejudices hindered him from conceiving, and which no other that we know of has attempted. We have neither time nor room for such a review of this sterling production as its merits deserve ; but we hope to see it well and worthily examined in the New-York Review, or the North American. It is deserving of a full and elaborate article in either of those periodi-

cals; and no reviewer, we may hope, will omit to extract entire the fourteenth chapter of the second volume, recording a mutiny and military execution, in a manner every way worthy of Walter Scott. The engraved portrait of Cromwell, with which the first volume is embellished, bears on its front the stamp of authenticity. We are surprised, however, at the sweet smile about the mouth! Surely, the Protector looked not so lovingly.

COMPANION TO THE 'TOURIST IN EUROPE.' A NEW FRENCH MANUAL: Comprising a Guide to French Pronunciation, a copious Vocabulary, Selection of Phrases; a Series of Conversations on the Curiosities, Manners, and Amusements of Paris, and during various Tours in Europe; Models of Letters, etc. Designed as a Guide to the Traveller, and an attractive Class Book for the Student. By GABRIEL SUBRENNÉ, French Teacher to the Military and Naval Academy, Edinburgh. From the fourth Edinburgh edition. Revised and enlarged, by A. PESTIAUX, Professor of the French Language, New-York. In one volume. pp. 244. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

LITTLE need be added to the above copious title, in relation to the character of this excellent Manual. The student of French will soon be enabled, by the aid of this book, and with very little application, to become acquainted with such phrases as are used in conversation, and which it is absolutely necessary he should understand. An original and valuable feature in the work, is that portion of the volume entitled 'Modern Conversation, or Descriptive Dialogues in French and English,' composed expressly for this book, upon subjects of the greatest interest to the modern traveller. 'In these, the student or tourist will find a minute account of every object of curiosity in Paris, given in French and English, and the correct pronunciation of the former language, according to the most polite usages, exhibited by means of Italic letters and connecting marks.' The author has entirely succeeded, as it seems to us, in combining a concise and luminous view of the spoken language of France, with a valuable companion for the English or American traveller.

SONNETS. By EDWARD MOXON. In one volume. pp. 75. London, 1838. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE poetic *feeling* is apparent in all these sonnets, and many of them possess the added merits of beauty and grace in composition. A love of nature, and a due estimate of virtue and the gentle affections, are prominent features in this very handsome volume. We have room but for the following:

'HERE sleeps beneath this bank, where daisies grow,
The kindest sprite Earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go.
His only mate is now the minstrel lark,
Who chants her morning music o'er his bed,
Save she who comes each evening, ere the bark
Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister's tears. Kind Heaven, upon her head
Do thou in dove-like guise thy Spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flow'rets spread,
Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet!'

This sonnet refers to the lamented LAMB, and the daily visits to his grave of his affectionate sister, whom 'ELIA' has immortalized. Lamb was a warm friend of our author, and more than once alludes to him in his correspondence.

ALICE, OR THE MYSTERIES: A SEQUEL TO 'ERNEST MALTRAVERS.' By the author of 'Pelham,' 'Rienzi,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 448. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

BEFORE these pages can have reached our readers, this latest novel of Mr. BULWER will have become familiar to a large majority of his American admirers. We shall not, therefore, attempt a connected review of the work, but content ourselves with a few general and brief remarks in relation to its literary merits. Our author has evidently profited by the criticisms upon the production to which this is a sequel. While it is undeniable that 'Ernest Maltravers' could not fail to have a bad effect upon minds whose principles were not yet ossified, by shedding a mild lustre over gilded vice, it is equally true, that 'Alice' is mainly free from kindred blemishes. It is, indeed, a well conceived and admirably written novel. The prominent characters are drawn with exceeding skill, and the main incidents move on with increasing rapidity and force to the end of the volumes. The elegance of diction, the conciseness and felicity of expression, peculiar to Mr. BULWER, not less than the power of graphic description, for which he is remarkable, are here abundantly exhibited; while, ever and anon, new truths are brought forward, or old ones adorned, in those golden mazes of exquisite illustration, through which our author so loves to wind. We were about to commend the work to the reader's favorable regards, but that were a labor of supererogation.

AN HISTORICAL DISCOURSE ON THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS OF THE COLONY OF RHODE ISLAND. BY JOHN CALLENDER, M. A. With a Memoir of the Author; Biographical notices of some of his distinguished contemporaries; and annotations and original documents, illustrative of the History of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, from the first settlement to the end of the first century. By PROF. ELTON, of Brown University. Providence. New-York: APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE are glad to see this valuable historical document re-published, with the additions above enumerated. It was delivered and published in Newport, (R. I.,) just one hundred years since, and has always been considered a document of great interest, embracing a history of that state, during the first century of its existence as a colony; a period of deep interest, as the opinions then disseminated continue in full force, and have stamped the character of the people even to the present generation, with that freedom of opinion, that public spirit and enterprise, that simplicity of manners, which were the most prominent traits in her first colonists. It is pleasing, too, to contrast the manner in which Roger Williams and the little band which accompanied him, became possessed of their lands, with the disgraceful means resorted to, in the present civilized age, to obtain the lands of the aborigines, at the south. In addition to the discourse, which constitutes about one half the volume, are biographical sketches of John Callender, President Stiles, Roger Williams, Rev. William Blackstone, Bishop Berkley and others; beside many interesting documents relative to the several religious sects, of the period, Indian conveyances of land, charter of king Charles II., July 8, 1663, etc., etc. Professor Elton has done himself much credit, in bringing to light the present work in so satisfactory a manner, and we hope to see other historical documents as well illustrated.

The typographical execution of the volume is not surpassed by any similar American production. It reflects credit on the editor, as well as the Rhode Island Historical Society, under the auspices of which it was published.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'WILSON CONWORTH.' — The last chapter of this eventful history appears in the present number. It has been received with signal favor, portions of almost every successive chapter having been widely circulated in the journals of the Union. It may not be amiss to add, that the writer will continue a constant contributor to this Magazine. What ensues, will explain to those who have followed the fortunes of CONWORTH, how the *msa.* came into the hands of his editors. It was received with, and should have accompanied, the first number, published in January, 1837.

'WEARIED with the toils of professional life, I set out in the summer of 1833, to make the tour of the western states. I had scarcely shaken off the idea that I had really got away from clients, and the insufferable atmosphere of court rooms, when, one morning, by calculating my longitude, I found I was a thousand miles from home. Thanks to steam cars and steam-boats! But this rapidity of journeying, and loss of sleep, and being a thousand miles from home, after all, made me quite sick, and I was forced to engage a room for a week, and consider myself an invalid; although, as good luck would have it, I had fallen, about this time, upon a pleasant village. My physician was a very intelligent man, and agreeable companion, and did all he could to amuse me. Hearing from him, one day, that he had a gentleman under his care, of somewhat eccentric character, I expressed a desire to take the air, and accompany him in his visit.

'We passed a little out of the village, and came to a neat cottage, the grounds around which had the air of unusual refinement. We entered, and, lying upon the sofa, I beheld the form of my old friend and class-mate, Wilson Conworth. He did not speak, but a faint tinge passed over his face, and then a tear slowly gathered and rolled down his wasted cheek. His heart seemed too full for words. Every effort to speak, choked his utterance. I sat by him some time, holding his hand, although I knew not what to say, or how to address a man, whom I had supposed dead for years, and now found only a day's journey from his grave. The physician advised that I should leave him for the present, as he feared the consequences of any excitement.

'After we had left the house, I learnt that he had been a resident in the place about four years; that he was very retired and studious in his habits, and constantly employing the surplus of a not large property in assisting the poor. No one knew from whence he came, but all respected the purity of his life. I did not feel authorized to tell what I knew, but merely answered to my companion's inquiries, that he was an early acquaintance of mine. Afterward, I called upon my own account, and staid with Conworth until he died, which was but a few days. During all my visits, he declined giving me any information respecting himself, but seemed anxious to learn the history of my own tolerable fortune.

'The day before his dissolution, he put the following pages into my hands, and said: 'This will explain all. Do not read it until I am dead.'

'In giving it to the world, I have been influenced by the wishes of a dying man. It does not pretend to literary merit. It would be strange, too, if the opinions expressed by a man who confesses himself the victim to a faulty education, should be just in all respects. Indeed, I am aware the work has many faults — many crude opinions; the strugglings of a mind, chained by evil habits, and darkened by error, to free itself of its

shackles, and arise to truth. It may suggest some notions that can be carried out to valuable results. No man thinks in vain; and ungenerous wrong-thinking is better than slavishness of mind. I am inclined to think, too, that Conworth intended these pages as a kind of apology to those who once knew him. THE EDITOR.'

A LEAF FROM OUR NOTE-BOOK, wherein are recorded familiar thoughts, in a familiar way. It is proper to add, that whosoever will, may turn the leaf, and so escape the chances of an untried experiment.

ANIMAL BURLESQUE. — Did you never remark, reader, the exhibition of a species of burlesque, in the deportment of animals? Strong contrasts are often observable in the bearing of this 'portion of the community.' We could not resist a hearty laugh, recently, as we saw a pocket edition of a poodle, bedizzened with tinkling bells and red ribbon, following one of HARRINGTON's lordly St. Bernard mastiffs, and expressing its personal dislike of the canine giant, by a rapid series of fœtus barks, or *barklets*, as LAMB would have termed its small vociferations. With what indescribable contempt did the monster look down upon his little assailant, in the brief moment that he turned round his head, and then moved on, overshadowing the aspiring cur with his immense tail! Dignity was enthroned in his whole manner and aspect. A similar disparity is sometimes variously exhibited in a higher order of animals. The city reader will remember a menagerie incident, which occurred here some years since. A tiger, by some means or other, escaped from his cage, while the keeper was in the amphitheatre. He ran from side to side, 'seeking whom he might devour.' At length his fiery eye rested upon the keeper, who had taken up his position under the lee of a huge elephant, that had watched the motions of the enraged animal, from the beginning, with great gravity. The tiger sprang violently toward his master, but suddenly found himself encircled in the lithe proboscis of the elephant, and presently after, whirling in the air. Twice he returned to the charge, and twice he was sent half across the amphitheatre, the last time with a force that brought him to the ground, with exceeding emphasis, and in a state so disabled as to render his capture easy. The ponderous decorum with which the elephant conducted the affair, and the chagrin and discomfiture of his adversary, are said to have afforded a rich scene. It was a *pitched* battle, which the latter never forgot.

Apropos of elephants. A friend once described to us a laughable scene which he saw in Baltimore, wherein this 'half-reasoning parent of combs' (vide Dr. JOHNSON,) bore, as usual, a conspicuous and powerful part. Five or six men were 'being led' by the animal — they supposed they were leading him — to the steamboat at the wharf, where he was to embark, with a menagerie, for Philadelphia. He clanked up, in chains, to the end of the pier, just as a sudden puff of steam escaped from the valve, preparatory to starting. The elephant looked indolently up at the white vapor, flapped his ears, and turned doggedly round, saying, as plainly as actions could speak, 'I do n't go in *that* boat!' For the next twenty minutes, he was seen, by the passengers in waiting, slowly moving up the long street, in sullen dignity, while the attendants, uttering diverse soothing expostulations, pulled strenuously back upon the ropes and chains which lightly encumbered the resistless animal's legs. When the boat left the wharf, the party were still faintly discerned in the distance, continuing their toilsome and vexatious journey.

A CELESTIAL REVERIE. — There comes, to the thoughtful and contemplative man, a peculiar sense of serene majesty, when twilight falls upon the earth in the spring-time. The heart is then a devout worshipper in the great cathedral of nature. Low, deep-toned harmonies seem to vibrate in the still and solemn air; and faint, mellow beams, fading every moment, steal from the stained windows of the west, as one by one

the evening lights 'go up upon their watch.' But when twilight deepens into night, the wide o'erhanging firmament—that 'majestical roof, fretted with golden fires'—in its bright and countless hosts of worlds, overwhelms the rapt gazer with awe, at the power and majesty of the Great Architect. 'Are those bright orbs,' he exclaims, 'inhabitable worlds, like this of ours? Lo! even while we gaze, one falls far down the deep blue vault, and vanishes away. Was a world, in the inscrutable providence of the SUPREME, then blotted from being? Is our universe but as a star, to the dwellers in those suspended spheres, and will it be seen, ages hence, from yon far-gleaming orbs, suddenly to fall and fade, like a transient meteor in the sky?' He alone knoweth, who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and hangeth the earth upon nothing! Faint glimpses are indeed afforded to the searcher after the unseen—dim perceptions of Nature's sublime mysteries. We wonder and admire, when, at a moment for years foretold, one celestial system clips with its mighty shadow a fellow system, as far in space they sweep their awful cycles. We marvel when, commissioned by the All-powerful, a wan and misty orb, predicted for a century, 'streams its horrid heir' upon the midnight sky. But of even these phenomena, how limited is our knowledge! 'Our best philosophical system is none other than a dream-theorem; a net-quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown.'

'POOR MINO.'—'Good morning!' in a clear, sonorous voice, rang in our ears, the other day, as we stepped into the store of a bird-fancier, in Nassau-street. Seeing no one in the shop, we were pondering in our mind whence the courteous salutation could proceed, when a large, handsome bird, of glossy black, fixed his keen eye upon us, and cocking his head inquisitively, asked, 'What's your name?' Surprised beyond measure at the full and perfect pronunciation, and intonation of the voice, so unlike the mere parrot, we were actually on the point of answering the query, when the loquacious questioner, turning toward a door that opened into an adjoining apartment, called out, 'Uncle John! Uncle John!' An elderly Quaker gentleman, of taciturn manners, entered, when the bird broke out into one of the most hearty, infectious laughs it was ever our good fortune to hear, ending in a suppressed double chuckle, as if rounding off, *sotto voce*, a guffaw at a capital joke, which he had enjoyed with the utmost gusto. Oh, that joyous laugh! It was the very music of childhood. The next moment, in tones as pathetic and melting as those of Sterne's starling, he faltered out, 'Poor Mino!' But all sympathy with his captivity was at an end, when he presently commenced whistling a lively tune, apparently with great glee. Mino is a rare East Indian bird—a wonder and a marvel. Only five hundred dollars are demanded for him; and considering that his 'conversational powers' are of the first order, (although his rôle may be rather limited,) the price is not unreasonable. Endowed with this bird's voice, how far removed from certain fashionable bipeds would be an active monkey? How many live on the trottoirs of Broadway, who could hail him as a familiar and a brother!

THE STEAM SHIPS. — Since the advent of Noah's ark, that unique piece of naval architecture, there has probably not been more fervent curiosity excited by any water-craft, than has been awakened by the steam-ships that have recently come to, and gone from, us across the Atlantic. The whole town, 'populous, multifaced,' went on board of them. We confessed the general infection, and found no rest, until we stood where, 'extended long and large,' the 'GREAT WESTERN' lay at her moorings—nay, until we had wandered over her from stem to stern, high and low; admiring her stupendous scale, the appointments which render her spacious cabins luxurious drawing-rooms, and the might and majesty of her machinery. Her propelling force is embodied POWER. The moral sublime must be strikingly exemplified, when this immense structure, in mid ocean,

— 'walks the floods below,
While they roar on the shore,
And the stormy tempests blow!'

a huge animal, that heeds not the Deep, when it uttereth its voice, but makes it 'boil

like a pot? Spurning wind and wave, she parts the seething foam, and paws her resistless way to the haven where she would be! What a comment upon the wisdom of those *cui bono* men, who shook their sage heads at ROBERT FULTON, and ridiculed the bold and adventurous range of thought which foresaw the power of steam! It is to be hoped that that Solomon yet survives, who said to FULTON, when his brow was covered with the thick dew of mental anxiety, at an accidental mechanical inefficiency in his first experiment on the Hudson, 'I told you so! 'T won't do!—'t won't do!' There was such a contemner of imagination, and its fruitful offspring, inventive genius.

'WHO IS BLENERHASSET?'—Who that promenades in Broadway, but has seen, at some time or other of the day, a youngish man, of medium stature, adust or saturnine complexion, and mumping visnomy, with his hand full of gingerbread-cakes, which he nibbles ever and anon as he goes musingly along? He is known as the 'Gingerbread Man.' An undecided species of faded pantaloons, 'laxatively pendulous,' button up his nether anatomy. His coat, once black, has assumed, in the back, a mottled gingerbread hue. It is as if the color of his daily food had oozed, in saffron distillations, through his epidermis, breaking out externally in spots 'of a very aggravated type.' In front, the garment is placed on 'a short allowance of buttons,' which are for the most part shelled out like beans. Buttoned to the throat, it yawns in the skirts, which 'goe flippe-flappe' beneath the pockets, wherein stores of the wearer's favorite cake are garnered. If you know this personage, reader, you can answer the memorable question of WIRT, 'Who is BLENERHASSET?' Our hero is the only son of that distinguished man; and yet he seems but a stranger and a pilgrim in the metropolis:

'And where he goes, or how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.'

'THERE is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood.' WASHINGTON IRVING says truly. The haughtiest and the richest will answer for him. Sickness,' says the good SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 'is the mother of Modesty, and putteth us in mind of our mortality; and when we are in the full career of worldly pomp and jolity, she pulleth us by the ears, and makes us know ourselves.' But if they are 'broken down' in sickness, who have riches, and need of nothing, what is his condition, who—in a mart crowded with men thankful for leave to toil, though but for a pittance—relies upon the labor of his hands for his daily bread, and that of an innocent family? Let this picture, reader, painted by an 'old master,' (how time-honored is Want!) make answer: Laid on the bed of languishing, perhaps on the bed of death, he beholds his wife and children disconsolate around him. They can present to him none of the cordials and supports of sickness, for his interrupted labor deprives them of the staff of life. His distress and theirs are unknown to the ear of opulence. Those who employ him, recognise him only by the price of his labor. When fastened to a sick bed, which serves rather to augment than to alleviate his malady, he ceases to attend his work, he ceases also to be present to their minds. Another comes, occupies his place, receives the wages he used to earn, and the sick man is forgotten. Disease continues to prey upon his frame, until he expires! He is consigned to the grave, of difficult purchase, and to oblivion, or is remembered only by the beggary of his family, accounted importunate and troublesome. The midnight bell, that is booming over this great metropolis as these thoughts are recorded, sounds in the wakeful ear of many a family, made desolate like this!

A RARE place is a menagerie, both for exhibition of the animals observed, and the humans observing. Various are the drolleries in each, which pass before the keeper. 'Have you such an animal as a PROCK, in your *mentangentry*?' said a back-woods wag to the president of a western itinerating 'institute' of wild animals. No; never heard of him; what sort of a critter is he? 'He is a Wisconsin varmint, which it is difficult

sufficiently adequately for to describe. He is exceedingly fleet—in fact, very much so. He has four legs—two short ones on one side, and two long ones on the other. He always grazes on an inclined plane; and the way they catch him, is curious. They head him, make him turn round, and this brings his long legs on the up-hill-side; consequence of which, his short legs an't no account. He falls down, rolls over and over and is mighty soon caught.' The apparently credulous president offered a handsome sum for a live specimen; and proceeded to hoax the naturalist in return, while he was deeply interested in a cage of playful foxes. 'Them animals,' said he, 'comes from Iceland, a cold country, north of Canada, a piece. They are very fond of crows' eggs, which they steal from the precipices, on the sea-side. They are cunning critters—very. When they come to a spot where they expect to find a batch of nests, they make a ring, and begin to wrestle, to see which is the strongest. When they find out, the stoutest goes to the edge of the precipice, takes his next neighbor's tail in his teeth, and he takes another, and so on, till the string is long enough to hang over and reach the eggs, which are then handed up from one to another, (our greedy listener forgot to ask how,) until they arrive in safety at the top!' The 'prock' fabulist retired, filled with amazement at the marvellous vulpine string.

GRIEVOUS and 'considerably unpleasant, if not more,' to bear, is the burthen of a new coat. A hat is bad enough—but a new coat, with 'a tight fit!' What an amount of care and of personal solicitude it brings with it—to say nothing of that indescribable feeling, which makes an unoccupied arm a decided superfluity—a mere hang-on; a sensation, faintly shadowed forth, when the wearer's 'measure' was taken, and he was told to hold up his head, like a man, and drop his hands, which dangled so strangely far below the termination of sleeves that had always seemed long enough until then. See yonder victim, dodging fellow pedestrians, as if he feared that contact would collapse him, like a soap-bubble. Hear him think aloud, in the language of 'one who knows,' as he threads his devious way: 'Oh to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail revered; to coast a gutter, with horrible anticipations of the consequences!' There is, however, one consolation. The evil will soon wear off, and the draper shall benevolently rejoice that it has been removed.

THE 'TREE OF LEGAL KNOWLEDGE.'—A very large engraving, thus entitled, has been shown us by the author. The ingenuity and research manifested in its construction, demand high praise. In this legal tree, the lawyer or the student will find spread out before him, as on a map, the various methodical divisions and subdivisions of his abstruse science. All the great principles of the common law, with the enlargements and curtailments by statute, clothed in the garb of material objects, may here be traced. The whole is to the law what an atlas is to the study of geography, and can scarcely fail to command an extensive circulation among the legal fraternity of the United States. It is ornamented with well-executed and appropriate vignettes, and dedicated to Hon. WILLIAM GASTON, of North Carolina. We can confidently commend this 'tree' as one which bids fair to be favorably known by its fruits.

C. G. THOMSON, THE ARTIST. — We are glad to perceive the praise which is awarded to this young but gifted artist, in some of the public journals. He deserves it all; and we have not a little pleasure in finding that the justice of the encomiums with which we accompanied his first introduction to the lovers of art in this city, has been fully and substantially acknowledged by the public. The richness and fidelity of his coloring, the grace and ease of his drawing and positions, are themes of especial laud, particularly in his 'lady-portraits,' and likenesses of children. One of these latter has elicited the following lines from the pen of an esteemed correspondent :

S T A N Z A S

SUGGESTED BY THE 'NURSERY SCENE,' A PICTURE BY C. G. THOMSON, REPRESENTING THE HEAD OF A BOY RESTING ON THE BOSOM OF HIS SISTER.

How deep, beyond all utterance, is the joy
Which thou, fair sister of that gentle boy,
Dost feel, as on thy calm, untroubled breast,
He seeks his wonted welcome place of rest;
And in his warm and innocent caress,
His young eye beams with love and happiness.
How deep, and yet how tranquil, is its glow!
Who cannot read it in that living glow
Of pure affection, which thy heart hath sent
To thy fair brow, so mutely eloquent?

And can it be, that when a few short years
Have swiftly fled, your hearts can be so changed
By the world's cares, its jealousies, and fears,
That ye unconsciously may be estranged —
Your young hopes faded, your affections cold,
And hours like this forgotten? Can it be,
That if, in after time, ye should behold
This image of your joyous infancy,
Your hearts, unwarmed, unmelted by the view,
May doubt if e'er this pictured scene were true!

The thought is sad, where that young head may lie:
Perchance, when those few fleeting years have passed;
Beneath the burning heat of India's sky,
Or shivering in the northern tempests' blast:
And when the light shall leave that beaming eye,
Where it may sink, where it may lie, at last,
Perhaps o'er burdened with its weight of care,
It may sink down in sorrow to the dust;
Or, stung by shame, and tortured by despair,
Its weak and failing springs of life may burst:
Or, it may lie, in agony and pain,
On the rent battle-field or bloody deck;
Or mid the raging of the hurricane,
Go down in some storm-rent, night-foundered wreck,
To find its everlasting place of sleep
In the dark caverns of the boundless deep!

And when thy head, fair boy! is far away
From that loved pillow where it doth repose,
What unknown sorrows in that coming day,
Around that fond and gentle breast may close:
What gnawing cares to that warm heart may cling,
What baffled hope there ply its ceaseless sting;
What secret grief may then within it dwell,
What woes unspoken and unspeakable;
What life-consuming pangs that bosom hide,
Which, once, to shield from harm, thou wouldst have gladly died!

I love to gaze on your mute loveliness,
Forgetful of the magic work of art;
And while I feel the power which ye possess
To elevate and purify the heart,
I will not think what future years may bring
Of care, of sorrow, and of suffering:
No: still thus ever tranquil be that breast,
On which thy head, in innocence, doth rest,
Fair boy! — no heavier burden may it bear,
But be thy gentle head for ever pillowed there!

THE NATIONAL THEATRE is doing a 'profitable spring business.' Ernest Maltravers, a late novelty, repeatedly attracted crowded audiences. This was to have been expected, from the previous interest in the unfinished tale of Bulwer; but the dramatist, merely taking the hint from the novel, has worked up from her own imagination a piece of five acts, even still more exciting and immoral than the original story; and of course its tendency is none the less evil, for its being admirably represented, in a series of scenes and tableaux, effectively got up. This sort of drama, it is true, (and the fact is lamentable,) is the most likely to fill the house, and the manager's pocket; but still we hope there is good taste enough in the community to warrant the eschewing of the Bowery school, altogether. Is there not ample matériel for novelties of a more chaste and classical character, and which shall be equally attractive, withal? Surely Mr. WALLACK's excellent company are capable of adorning any branch of their profession. Their abilities were well displayed on the occasion of BROWNE's benefit, a few weeks since, in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife,' (VANDENHOFF as 'Leon,') 'The Adopted Child,' (WALLACK as 'Michael') and the new farce of 'The Good Looking Fellow.' The house was filled to the ceiling, for BROWNE is a jewel of an actor, and a great favorite.

Mr. VANDENHOFF, one of the first living tragedians, has, we regret to state, returned to England. Among his recent performances, was Cardinal Wolsey. The whole play of Henry VIII. (H. WALLACK, as the King, Miss E. WHEATLEY, Queen Catherine,) was never done so well in this country: but VANDENHOFF's Wolsey was indeed a rare specimen of the highest grade of acting; chaste, dignified, affecting. He has many warm personal friends among us, and carries with him the respect and hearty good wishes of all who know him. Mr. WALLACK deserves thanks for procuring the visit of such a man, and we rejoice that it will soon be repeated.

MRS. H. WALLACK, (late Miss TURPIN,) has appeared in the new and gorgeous spectacle of 'Leila,' which will undoubtedly have a great run. The scenery has proved equal to that of 'Telemachus,' which was a 'spectacle' worth seeing.

'LA PETITE AUGUSTA.' — This extraordinary little girl has been among us again, delighting, as before, large audiences at the Park, with her graceful dancing, and admirable action in pantomime. As the 'Dew-Drop,' in the 'Mountain Sylph,' she won all hearts. She has greatly improved, even in the short period which has elapsed since her first engagement at the Park. She is now on the seas, on her way to England and France, where she is to remain for a considerable period, to complete her education. She will return to us, we hesitate not to predict, one of the most accomplished artistes, in her department, that has ever appeared before the American public. We join her numerous friends and admirers in warm wishes for her welfare.

THE TIDES. — The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) Gazette — which we feel bound in courtesy to notice, since it largely honors the KNICKERBOCKER — mentions a remarkable recession of the tide, that occurred there on the 14th of November last, and which is especially worthy of record, in connection with our correspondent's remarks, in another place, upon similar phenomena. An alarming announcement, 'The sea is dry, and the ships are stranded!' brought the editor to the beach, where he found nearly the whole population of Honolulu; some of the natives dancing joyously in the slimy bed of the sea, among thousands of stranded fish, both of the finny and mollusca tribes, and others ferretting out the tender 'small fry' from the crannies of the coral rocks. On a similar occasion, if we remember rightly, the sudden reflux of the tide buried numbers in the resistless flood. Volcanic influences at Hawaii, or the islands at sea — an earthquake in some quarter of the island-group — the sudden draining of the ocean by the simultaneous spouting of a large body of whales! — and the sinking of some part of the foundation of the ocean — were among the suggestions, serious and jocular, as of the cause of the phenomena.

BATHING. — 'Took a sea-bath, that Lethe to a troubled mind, and best of all corporeal renovators.' So says BYRON, in a paragraph of his journal; and if our readers were thoroughly aware of the luxury of salt-water bathing — if they knew how much it conduces to health — how agreeably it acts upon the mind, through the medium of a renovated body — they would echo the opinions of the noble bard, and avail themselves, without prompting, of a 'creature comfort' in all respects so salutary and delightful. The annual anchoring of the 'NEW-YORK FLOATING BATHS,' opposite the Battery, near Castle-Garden, affords an appropriate occasion to remind our citizens — our literary and professional friends, especially — that they have within convenient reach a most pleasant resort, where salt-water bathing may be enjoyed in perfection; and if even one of our many metropolitan readers shall say, after having luxuriated, of a warm day, in these safe reservoirs of pure ocean brine, enjoyed the ever-springing breeze and the unmatched view of our glorious bay, with its picturesque shores, which may be commanded from the roof of the bath, if he (or *she*, for the ladies are also well provided for,) shall say that we have at all overrated this healthful luxury, the error shall stand publicly corrected, in our own pages!

We have seen it stated, that an attempt is to be made, by the capable and enterprising proprietor of the baths in question, to obtain permission from the mayor and city councils to secure a location for a more spacious establishment, with enlarged accommodations, to be placed upon permanent piers, between Castle-Garden and Whitehall, and another, of a kindred description, at some point of convenient access in the East River. We cannot doubt that the proposition will be received with favor at the hands of our public-spirited authorities. Such establishments, while they may be made ornaments to a city, with the increase and improvement of which they have hitherto scarcely kept pace, and the admiration of strangers, are also rendered a perpetual source of the purest enjoyment — that which springs from health.

A CORRESPONDENT modestly requests us to 'change the name' of our beloved KNICKERBOCKER. What a Goth he must be! A more renowned cognomen is not contained in the language. Why, man, look at the *effect* of our name. Since the establishment of this Magazine, how the days of history have come back upon us! What a number of 'Knickerbocker stages' — beautiful omnibii — have been started, and 'Knickerbocker barges' launched! The boys slide, in winter, on gaily-painted Knickerbocker sleds; 'Knickerbocker Halls,' and places of various entertainment, have arisen and multiplied; 'Knickerbocker Circulating Libraries' abound; whoso wishes to attract particular attention to a communication in a public journal, always adopts our ever-memorable patronymic as a signature; and half our letters, from abroad as well as at home, come directed to 'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, Jr.' 'Change the name!' Surely, sapient 'M. B. S.,' your intellectuals cannot be in a healthful state. 'Does your anxious mother know you are out?' 'Change the name!' We appreciate *now* the emotions of the parish work-house overseer, when Oliver Twist 'asked for more.' Change the name, indeed! Marry come up! We should as soon think of doing it, however, as of adopting our correspondent's suggestion in another particular — namely, to 'give more *solid* articles.' Our aim is to amuse and entertain, as well as to instruct and inform. Hence, *variety, and attractive light reading* — but not *too* light — enter largely into our plan. In giving, occasionally, substantial articles, we aim to avoid those which make the reader feel the *weight* of the matter too sensibly in a heavy style, and present those, rather, which bring down knowledge to the level of ordinary understanding, serving as a medium of communication between the profound mind, on the one hand, and the practical man of business, and the industrious mechanic or artisan, on the other; removing

prejudice, and increasing the aggregate of general intelligence, on which national happiness and improvement depend. These are our plans; and the substantial evidences that our course is acceptable, liberal as they have ever been, yet greatly increase with every issue. For all which we shall labor to be duly and practically grateful.

MR. GEORGE H. HILL. — This gentleman leaves us soon, for Europe; and we cannot permit the occasion to pass, without saying a few words in relation to his merits, both as an actor and as a man. Touching the former, we but echo public opinion, when we affirm, that in the exhibition of the quiet, dry humor, peculiar to the yankee, *par excellence*, he stands unrivalled. His acting is nature itself. As a gentleman, Mr. HILL is deservedly esteemed, in private life, for his correct deportment, and his entire freedom from those draw-backs which sometimes attach to gifted members of the histrionic corps. We cordially wish him a repetition of the favor which he has already met with abroad, and a timely return to his native country.

LITERARY RECORD.

THE PASSION FOR RICHES. — A pamphlet has been sent us — and we regret that it did not reach us in season for more extended notice — entitled, 'The Passion for Riches, and its Influence upon our Social, Literary, and Political Character,' being a Lecture delivered by J. W. WILLIAMS, Esq., before the Young Men's Association of the City of Utica, in February last. We should be glad to see this lecture widely disseminated, for the evil which it so forcibly exposes, in its various forms, has long been, and justly, a reproach to our country, and a fruitful theme for the derision of foreigners. An effect of this baneful passion upon our literary interests is thus set forth: 'We are apt, in this country, to think of a man who addicts himself to science and literature, that his time might be turned to more profitable account, were he engaged in some calling that would tend more directly to the increase of his fortune. We are all for the practical; by which we mean, that which has little to do with mental advancement, and every thing with gain. We appear to consider the modicum of knowledge which enables one to pursue business with profit, as all abundant in the way of education; and that whatever exceeds that, weakens the capacity for the affairs of every-day life. The consequence is, that shrewdness in turning a penny or driving a bargain has become a sort of national characteristic. Our enterprise, which is distinguished, is directed rather to the increase of our opulence, than to the elevation of our minds. We so much magnify the one, that we almost overlook the other. We seem to estimate the possession of riches as the chief good, and the want of them as a crime.' All this is undeniable; but the ridicule of other nations, and a growing self-respect, has somewhat lessened, and we trust will still farther diminish, this national reproach.

MEDICAL ADVISER. — We need do nothing more than announce the comprehensive title of the following work, recently published by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. The name of the author is a sufficient warrant for the character of the volume: 'Popular Medicine, or Family Adviser; consisting of Outlines of Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene, with such hints on the practice of Physic, Surgery, and the Diseases of Women and Children, as may prove useful in families, when regular physicians cannot be procured; being a companion and guide for intelligent principals of manufactories, plantations, and boarding-schools, heads of families, masters of vessels, missionaries, or travellers; and a useful sketch for young men about commencing the study of medicine. By REYNELL COATES, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians, etc.'

'HUMBUGS OF NEW-YORK: being a Remonstrance against Popular Delusion, whether in Science, Philosophy, or Religion. By DAVID MEREDITH REESE, M. D.' Such of our readers as remember the exposé awarded to Dr. REESE, in these pages, soon after his ridiculous attack of a valuable work by Dr. BRIGHAM, will agree with us, that no one could be better qualified to write upon *humbug*, than our author. He understands the matter perfectly; and has turned his practical knowledge and long experience to tolerable account, in exposing *some* of the humbugs of the day, and to poor account, as heretofore, in including *other* matters, which have nothing in common with 'popular delusions.' Our author's reputation, as an honest exponent of phrenology, has been pretty thoroughly established. 'Silence were best,' we should think, in this regard. But in discussing ultra-temperance, ultra-abolitionism, and ultra-sectarianism, he has done the public good service, the meed of which may be some atonement for the mortification attendant upon the 'making a Judy of himself' some twelvemonth or so since. But King Humbug will always rule, in provinces, notwithstanding the rebellion of his prime ministers. He was born to have sway, somewhere, in all time. 'Mighty ancient' is his family. His mother, we are told, was

—— 'Eden's madam,
For Satan he did humbug her,
And she did humbug Adam.'

'THE DESERTED BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS,' is the title of a volume recently given to the public, by COL. GEORGE P. MORRIS, of the 'New-York Mirror.' The poem occupying the place of honor in, and which gives the name to, the work, was originally communicated to the *KNICKERBOCKER*, by the author, and subsequently attained a wide circulation in the journals of the day. The other minor poems, including several theatrical addresses, and songs set to music, have also been made familiar to American newspaper-readers, having been proclaimed, as our persevering and indefatigable friend felicitously expresses it, 'from the house-tops of the press.' Not having been favored by the publishers with a copy of the volume — and 'wherefore we know not' — we are unable to speak of the book in detail; yet we may confidently predict, 'unsight, unseen,' as commercial juveniles have it, that there is not an objectionable sentiment in the work, nor the merest literary trifle without its agreeable characteristic, in a social, moral, or religious point of view. The volume is spoken of, we perceive, on all hands, as a very finished production, in its typography, and externals of paper and binding. New-York: ADLARD AND SAUNDERS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April, has been published. It reaches us late, and we have but glanced through its fair, clear pages. It has nine articles proper, and twelve brief critical notices. The reviews are, Original Italian Historical Romances, by our correspondent, G. W. GREENE, Esq., American Consul at Rome; Periodical Essays of the Age of ANNE; VARGAS DE BEDEMAR's Madeira and the Azores; Last years of MARIA LOUISA; Early History of Canada, (M'GREGOR's 'British America,' and SCHOOLCRAFT's Mississippi 'Expedition;') LOCKHART's Memoirs of SCOTT, CLARK's Documentary History of the American Revolution, and ROY's Hebrew Lexicon.

'THE ALBION.' — Our readers are aware of the prèminent rank in which we place this most capacious of our literary weekly journals. It has very naturally acquired an unsurpassed circulation. A plate, we are informed, exceeding in size and beauty any of the frequent fine engravings hitherto given in the work, will soon be issued, and subsequently a superb portrait of QUEEN VICTORIA. To its embellishments, and rare literary contents, are added, weekly, the most choice musical attractions. We hesitate not, therefore, to pronounce the ALBION the best, as, all things considered, it is certainly the cheapest, literary weekly journal in the United States; and this fact seems to have been thoroughly established.

NEW-YORK REVIEW. — The early issue of this work, for the April quarter, enables us to advert briefly to a portion of its contents. From a cursory perusal, we judge it to be a rich number. Chancellor KENT has a sound, and in some parts eloquent, article upon the Supreme Court of the United States; there is an interesting review of the *Antiquitates Americanae*, illustrating the discovery of America by the Northmen; a very capital paper upon the history and writings of the poet CHATTERTON; another upon the poetry of Giles Fletcher, and another on Lamartine's 'Jocelyn.' 'The Present State of the Church of England,' 'Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,' Williams' *South-Sea-Islands*, with numerous briefer notices, are among the remaining articles. The Quarterly List of New Publications, native and foreign, by Mr. PUTNAM, is an important addition to this now well-established periodical. Thus far, we have been in type since last month. We can only add, even now, that our favorable impressions of the number have been fully confirmed.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES. — MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have published a small volume, entitled 'Etiquette for Ladies, with Hints on the Preservation, Improvement, and Display of Female Beauty.' The merits of the book, in a literary point of view, are sufficiently small. It is possible that our friends the publishers have two kinds of authors, at two different prices — namely, those who do, and those who do not, write grammatically — and that they did not choose to put any of their best hands upon this work. Certain it is, that old Priscian's skull is so frequently fractured in its pages, that we are compelled to 'complain of his action of battery.' For the rest, there is much that may be made useful, and many things which are useless, in the volume. While some females may derive benefit from 'etiquette by the card,' others, more fortunate in the possession of innate delicacy of feeling, and propriety of the heart — for this, after all, is the true secret — can derive little from its pages in aid of their personal deportment. All, however, will find in them valuable hints upon the preservation and improvement of beauty.

NEW-YORK MIRROR. — This well-established periodical, whose typographical, pictorial, and literary merits have been too frequently 'flaunted in the public eye,' to require the repeated blazon of this Magazine, has received a valuable addition to its literary resources, in the person of EPH SARGEANT, Jr., Esq., of Boston, who will hereafter, as we learn, have control of the editorial department. He will worthily supply the place so well filled by Mr. HOFFMAN, who has won deserved applause, in this field, as in that of more elaborate authorship. Mr. SARGEANT is a young gentleman of fine talents, who has acquired a good repute with his pen, in a variety of intellectual efforts. We cordially welcome him among us, as a capable co-laborer in the good cause of national periodical literature.

NEW-YORK 'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.' — This journal, as a vehicle of English and American sporting and theatrical intelligence, has acquired a wide and deserved celebrity. Every department of field and other sports, foreign and domestic, is here spread out, including important information in relation to celebrated English and American winning horses, their pedigrees, etc., and indeed all matters connected with the turf. The copious theatrical intelligence, from abroad, and at home, is another interesting feature in the 'Times;' while as a journal of light literature, it competes well with its weekly contemporaries. It is especially rich in original and selected articles, and brief paragraphs, of a humorous character. We commend it confidently to American sportsmen, and lovers of fun, every where.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. — MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have issued a volume of some two hundred pages, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Moral and Religious Character of the American Government. The objects of this work, and the importance of

its expositions, in a national point of view, demand a more elaborate notice at our hands, than we have at present either time or space to afford. We shall refer to it again, and in the mean time commend it to the reader's attention. The typographical execution of the book is of the first order of excellence. This would have been readily inferred, however, had we merely mentioned the fact, that the volume is from the well-known press of Messrs. G. F. HOPKINS AND SON.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The thirteenth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design has recently been opened at Clinton Hall. In our next number, we shall notice the collection, which is considerably larger than that of last year, at length. Among the more prominent features, are two large landscapes, by COLE, a superb one by DURAND, which has no superior in the academy, small sketches by MOUNT, with fine heads by well-known artists—INMAN, INGHAM, CHAPMAN, C. G. THOMPSON, PAGE, HUNTINGTON, etc., etc. The collection is a fair one, and already attracts a multitude of visitors.

ST. JONATHAN, THE LAY OF A SCALD.—A small, thin pamphlet, with a pink paper cover, enclosing a dedication, eighty-eight stanzas, in the measure of 'Don Juan,' and sundry notes—all for one-and-sixpence. There is some cleverness in our young author—we judge of his years from internal evidence—and his facility in rhyming is remarkable. Some of his terminations, howbeit, can only be pronounced 'fine,' in the sense of *strained*. We have no room, at so late an hour, for extracts, by which we could make the 'Scald' appear to advantage, and to disadvantage, as well, since there are not a few weeds for the exterminating hoe of criticism, in this copious, disorderly, and desultory mélange. Yet 't is far from indifferent, as a whole. Try again, Sir Scald—try again.

'**KATE LESLIE**' is the title of a novel, in two volumes, by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY, who has written so many clever songs, which have been wedded to music, every where. It is pronounced an entertaining work, we perceive, by several critics who have perused it. We are not of the number, having seen quite enough of Mr. Bayley as a novel-writer, in reading 'David Dumps,' a very stupid production, in our humble judgment. The yearnings for humor, and the contemptible puns, of the first chapter, would deter the most inveterate fiction-reader from prosecuting a farther search for intellectual gratification.

'**THE HESPERIAN, OR WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**' is the title of a new and handsomely-executed work, the first number of which has just come to us from Columbus, (Ohio.) It reaches us too late to say more than that it is under the able editorship of WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER and OTWAY CURRIE, Esqrs., and in truth little need be added to this fact, save that the editors are to be assisted by some of the finest minds in the west. We cordially wish success, and a generous support, to our valued contemporary.

THE NEW VOLUME.—Our stores for the **TWELFTH VOLUME**, which will commence on the first of July, are accumulating. We have a *secret* pride in the belief that we shall not a little **SURPRISE** our readers by the extent and character of the literary resources which will be exhibited in this volume. We indulge the more confidently in this belief, because we are even now enabled to contrast what has been done, of which the reader can judge, with what may be done, of which *we* can judge. We may mention here, by way of explanation—having before alluded, in a 'promissory note,' to the subject—that 'The Atlantines, a Romance of America,' by JOHN GALT, Esq., author of 'Annals of the Parish,' 'Laurie Todd,' etc., dedicated to PHILIP HONE, Esq., will be reserved for continuous publication in the numbers of the new series.

☞ **SOME** of our readers are requested to peruse the '*Appeal to Unjust Subscribers,*' on the third page of the cover.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1838.

No. 6.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.

A TREATISE FOR THE TIMES.

'NOTHING is beautiful but what is true;' and the truth coincident with beauty embraces not alone the literal verity of affirmations, but also the fitness of things, the harmonies of reason and conduct, and moral emotion, and all genuine feeling. It is shown, in its most engaging forms, less in the demonstrations of Archimedes and Newton, than in the characters of men of signal but not erratic virtue; a Socrates, an Alfred, a More, a Washington; men of consistent, intelligible characters, possessed not merely of a wide reach of thought, but of the faculty of sober discrimination, the power to see things under their true aspects and relations, and a sufficient sense of character to act out the truth so clearly and justly apprehended; men who sometimes pass for cold, perhaps unfeeling, but who really, in their vigor and depth of feeling, almost as far surpass the children of an artificial sensibility, as the works of God transcend the imperfect and puny creations of man. But the beauty which flows from the moral harmonies of character, is often seen most palpably in the selection and adaptation of the outward utilities of life—the material possessions which subserve the various uses of men. Subject to numberless wants and desires, which tax to the utmost his productive and appropriating powers, which even pass beyond the limit of present realities, and reach far away into the depths of time and being, it is trite to remark, that the dignity and happiness of man depend upon the relative place which his several desires hold in his practical system of attaining their objects. And as PROPERTY is, in some way, the necessary instrument, not only of his subsistence and comfort, but likewise of gratifying his intellectual tastes, and aiding his moral progress, the main part of practical ethics must ever be made up of principles and questions touching the uses of property, or the right employment of industry, and its products: And the principles of *taste* connected with this subject will be found, in every case, in entire harmony with the principle of duty, and the rule of convenience.

Mr. SEDGWICK, in his volume upon 'Public and Private Economy,'* has done much toward elucidating the principles which should

* 'Public and Private Economy.' In one volume. By THEODORE SEDGWICK.

govern the unwealthy million of society, in the consumption of their earnings, and setting in a strong light the bad taste, as well as the pernicious folly, of a large portion of the expenditure of all classes of people. For this good service, we are disposed, even at this late day, to invoke a still wider circulation and more general perusal of his book. Before proceeding to detail some of the thoughts suggested by a late re-perusal, it behooves us to mark a few errors, which strike us as being of a glaring, if not reprehensible, character.

First, then, the author — and it often happens to men who devote much attention to any subject, to become impressed with its all-surpassing importance — appears to us to attach too transcendent a value to the possession of property, in comparison with other possessions, of a more enduring nature. ‘Knowledge and education,’ he says, ‘are often powerful, without the aid of property; so too they are often quite helpless; *but people who have wealth are never so.*’ True, knowledge is often of no avail toward the attainment of some specific utility. The man of learning and talent may be destitute of the means of subsistence, in circumstances where truth and noble thoughts cannot be bartered for bread. *Here a few pieces of silver would stand him more in stead than all his wisdom.* But would he be willing to exchange his radiant world of thought for these pieces of silver, and the gross utilities that know no other price? Not until physical suffering had first demented him! But are people who have wealth *never* helpless? Is all that makes up our physical and spiritual welfare, to be bought with gold? Vain thought! It is the mania of the most numerous class of dreamers that chase the painted bubbles on the stream of time. Is the possessor of wealth always able to apply balm to the bereaved heart? to administer sustaining counsel to the desponding spirit? — to command the unfeigned respect and discriminating affection which are awarded to wisdom, and virtue, and amiability of character? Say not that the possessors of wealth are *never* helpless! The sighs, the repinings, the hopeless wishes, breathed in many a noble mansion, where avarice has hoarded the earnings of thousands, and magnificence lavished the luxuries of every land, annul the baseless position. There is a worse helplessness than is implied in being destitute of property. True, the good we can do without property is indeed small; without a provision for his necessary wants, man cannot exercise his higher faculties to any purpose, and must remain in savage ignorance. But let the *instrument*, however necessary, be assigned to its proper place.

If we may trust our understanding of such passages as the ensuing, there is too great a similarity to a certain cant of radicalism, which would be quite out of place in so sensible a book as this of Mr. Sedgwick’s: ‘As all property comes from labor, and as these few favored persons have not been laborers — neither farmers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, nor professional men — their property has been derived from other sources than their own industry — unequal laws in their own favor, which is monopoly.’ ‘The idle class will be in proportion to the riches of the people, and the number of idlers that the people agree to support at the public expense. In England, there is a debt of eight hundred millions pounds sterling;

this, in one way and another, supports a great many idlers.' '*All idlers are, of course, supported at the expense of the industrious.*' Our author elsewhere speaks of the idle class as those who *live on their incomes*, without laboring in any business or profession. Now, we had supposed that the property of the rich could not yield an income, without being employed to assist the industrious in the work of production. Mr. Sedgwick quotes the pregnant maxims of Adam Smith, that capital is *hoarded labor* — labor laid up for future use; and that labor is the original price paid for all things. Both the working man, then, and the rich man who chooses not to work with his hands, have labor to bestow toward the production of new value. The labor of one is in the exertion of his personal strength; the labor of the other is hoarded, laid up, in implements, machinery, lands, buildings, or in money which can be exchanged for any or all of these things. Each must contribute to the work of production a portion of the productive power he has to bestow, or he can receive no return. If any among us will not work, will not bestow a portion of the labor which resides in his muscular strength, his invention, or his capital, he cannot eat of the fruit of this all-creating industry, unless he cheat or beg. Is the *right* of the capitalist to his share of the product of this combined labor, less sacred than that of the working man? Such a distinction is as repugnant to our instinctive sense of justice, as hostile to the existence of civilized society. Perhaps the right of property owes its stability less to any political consideration of its necessity to society, than to a less erring principle, the common sympathy with the possessory feeling, the instinct which connects man's spirit with the outward utilities which belong to his condition in this world. Theft and robbery are an outrage on this primary feeling, and it is chiefly against this insult to our common humanity, that the moral judgment of every society denounces the penalties of its criminal code. Priority of occupancy of any part of the common fund of nature, constitutes, to the unsophisticated apprehension of men, as good a foundation for the claim of the occupant, as the fact of his having incorporated with it a portion of his own labor — his own creative energy. A correct analysis, perhaps, would show the recognition of the right of the occupant, in either case, to depend upon the common sympathy with his sense of property, and his reasonable expectation of possessing and enjoying what he has created, or rightly appropriated. And this proprietary feeling, and the disposition to sustain and vindicate it, lose none of their strength from length of possession. In this potent instinct of our race — the instinct of appropriation — we see an effectual security against whatever is apprehended from the spirit of agrarianism, or any other spirit whose aim and impulse is against the established laws of property and order. We should almost as soon expect to see a society assent to a plan of mutual extermination, as agree to carry into practice the principle of an equal division of property. In France, when anarchy and oppression made the most fearful demonstrations of their united strength, political crime was made the pretext for spoliation. Some such assumption was necessary to reconcile the spirit of Jacobinism to stripping a hated aristocracy of their hereditary estates.

If then the legal protection of property, whether acquired by the industry of the individual, or inherited from his ancestors, be according to our native sense of justice; and as necessary to the very being of society, as the protection of personal freedom itself; and if this property, or hoarded labor, can yield no income to its possessor, without being made to assist in creating more property, the passages we have quoted must be rejected as unsound in reason, if not exceptionable on the score of their tendency. As the possessor of ancestral property has not labored for the same, 'and as all property comes from labor,' we suppose his possession must rest on 'unequal laws in his favor, which is monopoly!' We will not now quarrel with a word. The *law of nature* will stand good, whatever name you call it by.

How does the national debt of Great Britain support a class of idlers? The question is surely of little practical moment to us; but it is worth while to have something like clear ideas of a subject so much spoken and thought of. When the debt was created, an amount of property, equal to it, was destroyed—worse than wasted—by drawing hundreds of thousands of men away from the proper, honest business of men, stripping them of their proper humanity, converting them into fighting machines, ministers of destruction, to lay waste alike the proud city and the peasant's home, and turn a peaceful, unoffending land into one wide slaughter-house. The property used to equip and support these instruments of ruin, was of course consumed, lost. That is past. But the whole nation of Great Britain chose not to contribute the sum by a tax on themselves; but, by the agency of their government, borrowed the amount, on interest, of a few capitalists, a part of the nation, because it was more convenient to pay the interest, than contribute so much from their productive capital, and it still continues to be more convenient. The productive capital of Great Britain is indebted to certain capitalists, or holders of stock, as our productive capital is indebted to banks, and other lenders. The owner of any amount of British Government stock is, legally and morally, the owner of an equal amount of the active capital of the British nation. If he lives by the active labor of others, others live by his hoarded labor. He is 'supported at the public expense,' in just the same sense as the lender of money, at a fair rate of interest, is supported at the expense of his borrower, that is, in a very perverted sense of the words, or in no sense at all. But let us hasten to more edifying argument.

Man is constituted with a multitude of wants and desires, other than those which are supplied by the bounty of nature, without his care. The objects of these wants and desires are necessary, in different degrees, to his existence, his comfort, and the development of his faculties, physical, intellectual, and moral. He wants food, and clothing, and shelter, to protect him from the inclemencies of the weather. When he is provided with these first necessities, in their coarsest, humblest form, a multitude of secondary wants are ready to prompt him to new efforts. He wants better food; his clothing, his habitation, and furniture, require improvement, not only to fit them better for their first simple purpose, but also to gratify

his desire for order, elegance, and beauty. He wants opportunities and leisure for converse with his kind, and the means to gratify his benevolence, by alleviating their distresses, and supplying their wants. He is endowed with curiosity; he wants knowledge, and the means necessary to its attainment. Finally, there is not a word of truth in the dictum of the gentle hermit, 'Man wants but little here below.' His wants are boundless, and without number, and prompt him to the indefinite accumulation of all useful and pleasant things, perishable and imperishable. Sad and true is the picture which our author has drawn of the *poverty* of the great mass — the ninety-nine hundredths of mankind. The poverty of European laborers is too melancholy an object, for those whose hand may not reach, and whose strength may not suffice to redress it. But *our own* day laborers are poor, *very* poor. They are destitute of all but a *few* of the most necessary comforts and conveniences of life. Our *farmers* are poor. There is a sad want of comfort and elegance in their houses and furniture. In their gardens and grounds, there is little convenience or beauty — far less than there might be. How indifferently are their children supplied with the means of obtaining such an education as befits the citizens of a republic! Our mechanics and tradesmen are in no better condition. But the most revolting description of poverty is here drawn.

'By *fashionable and expensive poor*, is intended all those, whether merchants, farmers, mechanics, day laborers, etc., who live in the imitation of expensive fashions, without any proper regard to their wages or fortunes. This class, in the United States, embraces a larger proportion of the people than in any other country whatever. In other words, travellers and strangers agree, that the people of the United States are, in many particulars, the most wasteful of all civilized people on earth.

'Of these fashionable expensive poor, a large number, even of those that belong to the higher classes, are among the poorest people in the United States. If there were weights and scales to weigh human misery by the ounce and pound, it would be found that these unhappy people suffer more in mind from embarrassments, duns, mortification, offended pride, and conscious meanness and wickedness, at the thought that they are spending the property of their friends, and of honest, hard-working mechanics and others, than many very poor people do in body, for the want of sufficient clothing, fuel, and food. Striving to be something which their property will not allow, they are in a perpetual conflict, in the worst war in the world — a war with themselves. They do not live by any rule of their own, according to what God has given them, and what is therefore only allowable for them to spend, but they live after a rule set by the fashion of rich people, and thus they see with other people's eyes, whose eyes are their ruin. Instead of having their clothes made in the most economical way, in their own houses by their wives, daughters, and servants, they run to the fashionable milliner's and tailor's, at the same time that they are suffering for good, substantial, seasonable garments. * * * Their parlors and dining rooms are full of what they call splendor, that is, finery. If they have

valuable pictures, it is ten to one these are put into the shade, in order to show their fine curtains to better advantage.

'If you go out of this region of splendor and magnificence, the real barrenness of the territory in good, useful things, appears. In the kitchen and other apartments, there is not a decent sufficiency of proper cooking utensils, tubs, kettles, dishes, carpets, and other conveniences for health, comfort and cleanliness. Nothing is so mean as the real poverty of these people, except their pride.'

The repulsive feature in this description of poverty, is the prominence in which its cause — a weak, contemptible vanity — stands out to view. It is the poverty which attends upon a very mean vice of character, as a part of its natural and proper punishment. The fault of this unhappy class of persons consists in buying things which they do not want, and doing without things which are necessary to their comfort, respectability, and dignity of character. They aspire after elegance and splendor, or what they think will pass for elegance and splendor, and violate every principle of taste as well as of reason. Fitness, appropriateness, consistency, the elements of beauty, whether in the moral or material world, are discarded; and their means of display are valued in proportion as they violate all the conceptions of such common-place minds as those of Michael Angelo and Reynolds. Their whole lives are a miserable caricature of the elegance they aspire after.

But this class of *expensive poor* are ridiculous only by carrying to a greater extreme than others the practice of buying vain and worthless things, in preference to useful ones. The same practice causes the poverty of all other classes of people; yes, *all* classes, without exception. There is not, perhaps, an individual in a hundred thousand who is not too poor to purchase many useful, and *truly* beautiful, and therefore truly valuable, things; things fitted to promote the happiness, to enlighten, exalt, and purify the minds of men, in the present and future generations, to make their abodes a shrine for the pilgrims of genius, and their country honored and beloved throughout the world. There are very few indeed who are not too poor to be the masters of such desirable possessions; and the number is not small, who have disabled themselves to encourage the fine and useful arts, by an habitual patronage of the useless and vulgar ones. The most wealthy portion of mankind, when utility comes to be preferred to vanity, will find in the purchase of useful, intrinsically and permanently valuable objects, full employment for all their revenues. It is beyond dispute, that the industry of the whole world, applied in the most judicious and skilful manner, is incapable of creating more useful products than are needed; and whatever portion of this labor — whether quick, or hoarded, in the shape of capital — is applied to the production of useless and frivolous things, which minister only to a diseased vanity, or sordid sensuality, is so much abstracted from the service of mankind. From its legitimate office of a high and honorable ministration to actual wants and ennobling desires, it is cast down to an abject servitude to debasing passions.

The folly of a waste of revenue on that which is not wealth, and which affords no gratification that a reasonable being ought not to be

ashamed of; the theory that frivolous luxuries are productive of good, by giving employment to the poor; the distinction between useful things, approved by good taste, and luxurious, useless finery; and the position of Malthus, Chalmers, etc., that production, and the consequent demand for capital, must find a limit in the inability of purchasers, will be briefly considered, and the latter, it is believed, refuted, in another and concluding number.

L I N E S

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE OAK BY THE WAY-SIDE.'

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

'T is true that Time hath stamp'd his mark upon my lofty brow,
And faded leaf and seamed trunk attest my sorrows now,
And all that once was beautiful, hath gone for ever more,
And merry birds within my boughs no more their music pour;
But shall I mourn their absence? — shall I regret the hour
That tore me from my native soil, amid the forest-bower,
And placed me here, a beacon-tree, to shelter and to cheer
The weather-beaten traveller, amid the tempest drear?

"Tis true that in my native bowers my leaves might now be green,
And proudly might my branches toss, above that sylvan scene,
But who would mark their beauty, and who would joy to see
The verdant leaf, the waving bough, the graceful sun-lit tree?
Here near the throng'd way-side, beneath my ample shade,
Hath smiled the happy lover, and blushed the blooming maid;
And here, when from the heavens hath burst the raging storm,
The pilgrim from another land hath bent his weary form;
And happy shouts of childhood, and sounds of mirth and glee,
Have bade the passing stranger pause, and bless the aged tree.

Alas! alas! no heart hath throbb'd, that earth hath ever known,
Round which the 'venomed insect' care, its web hath never thrown;
Not lover in his happiest hour, nor hermit in his cell,
Nor monarch on his golden throne, nor peasant in his dell;
The very ties that keep men here, that link them soul to soul,
Are but the cords that Sorrow holds within his stern control,
And he around whose heart are thrown the strongest and the most,
Is nearer to the fiend Despair, than if he none could boast.

Yet who would wish to pass through life, in dark seclusion thrown,
Unblest and yet unblessing, unnoticed and unknown,
Without the dream of happiness that o'er our fate was cast,
That lingers round the memory still, although its bloom be past?
No! let me live while I one boon to aught on earth can give,
And when my boughs no longer shade, then let me cease to live;
But still a beacon-tree of time, memorial of the past,
My lofty, yet my leafless form, shall shrink not from the blast,
And troops of children thus shall say, as by my trunk they glide,
'Our fathers loved this aged oak, that stands by the way-side.'

Sacconah, (Georgia.)

MY LOG-BOOK:

OR PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

NUMBER TWO.

THE DESERTER.

THE discipline of our ship was harsh and severe, without that only quality which can ever render it tolerable — fair and equal justice. Our commander was a fiery, passionate little hero; a great stickler for discipline, yet more petulant and unreasonable, than firm or judicious. His crew were discontented, and deserted at every opportunity; and though, when retaken, were punished with extreme severity, it did not cure the evil; and during our winter at Smyrna, we lost some of our best men. Our vicinity to the town, the smoothness of the water, darkened by the high hills that surround the bay, rendered it an easy feat for the daring tar to swim ashore, in spite of the redoubled vigilance of the sentries and the officers of the watch. Thus many succeeded in escaping to the city, where they found ready sympathy, and concealment, among the reckless hordes of adventurers that infest the purlieus of Frank-town.

Irritated at the loss of his men, Captain —, far from seeking to remove the cause of such defection, by ameliorating the condition of those on board, only became more unjust and tyrannical. The men were regarded with suspicion, and degraded and spirit-broken with the lash; and the officers, treated without confidence, were harassed and disheartened. The latter, too, were frequently punished for the escape of men, which it was out of their power to prevent; for in spite of all their caution, their vigilance would occasionally be baffled, in a night-watch, by the adroitness of the sailors.

This had been the fate of young Meadows. One of our best men had escaped during his watch, and after a very stormy interview with our stormy commander, who seemed in truth one of those proud men, who, 'dressed in a little brief authority,'

——— 'like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep,'

was ordered to take me with him, and proceed to the city; the captain shouting after us, as we left the ship's side, 'Do n't come on board my ship again, until you bring that man — dead or alive!' An order that Meadows intended to obey quite literally, being not a little mortified and indignant, himself, that the man had baffled all his vigilance, and escaped during his watch.

This deserter was a Maltese by birth, and it was supposed had deserted from an English frigate at Gibraltar, where we picked him up. His square-built, powerful frame gave indications of great strength, and the dark, sinister expression of his countenance spoke of vindictive passions, and a cunning yet desperate nature. The sailors' gossip gave him the credit of having been a pirate in his time, and by the crew he was generally feared and hated. Yet he was an excellent seaman, and a valuable man in any emergency that required daring, energy, or skill.

It was in the fore part of the day, when we set out in pursuit of Cudgel, which was the deserter's name ; and though we had partaken of no refreshment since our usual early breakfast, the continued novelty and excitement of the scenes we passed through, and the spirit and earnestness of our chase, left us no time to think of our mere physical wants ; so dinner time passed unregarded, and night stole on, and saw us still absorbed in our fruitless search. Slighted nature, however, began to remonstrate. Hungry and exhausted, and scarcely able to drag my leaden feet along the dirty streets and alleys, I at last ventured to hint to my indefatigable companion the propriety of seeking the 'Old Europa' for a time, to recruit.

Meadows had a frame of too much endurance, and was too deeply absorbed in the chase, to have yet felt the same inconvenience ; but at my proposition, he said, after a moment's pause : ' You are right, my poor boy ; I did not recollect you were unused to such duty as this. Well, let us go and get supper, and then, if you still feel tired, you may turn in, while I look for that cursed Maltese alone ; for have him I will, and that before morning.'

The generous fellow did not mean it, but he a little touched my pride ; and I answered, with a tone of pique : ' Never mind, let us keep on. I do n't want any supper now, and I can keep awake as long as yourself.'

' Pooh ! youngster,' said he, ' you are too quick ; do n't be offended ; you know I did not mean to hint any thing like that. To say the truth, I am devilish hungry myself, though it did not occur to me before you mentioned it. So let's get supper, and then, if you choose, we will sally out again. As it is all in our way, we will explore this villanous 'cut-throat alley' again. Perhaps we may meet our gentleman on the road.

So, silently locking my arm in his own, he turned down the narrow street into a dark, dismal lane, that zigzagged through a nest of low, wretched looking hovels, having barely width for two to walk abreast.

Meadows was well acquainted with all the intricacies of Franktown, for he had often been on such expeditions, through its miserable by-places. He now walked confidently on, saying : ' This is called cut-throat alley. It tolerably well deserves its name. Have your dirk ready, youngster, for I know not how soon you may have to use it.'

We had been through this alley, with the agreeable name, before, during the day, but then we had light to direct our steps ; now it was in pitchy darkness, only relieved here and there by the glimmerings that proceeded from the crevices of door or window, in some low mud hovel, from whence came frequent noises that betrayed the living wickedness which was festering within. Up to our ankles in filth, we stumbled on, as we best could, paying no attention to the frequent shriek of distress, or the wild laughter of drunken mirth, that rose from those haunts of vice, where the earth's offscourings held their unhallowed orgies. At last, in passing the half-opened door of one of these huts, Meadows, whose vigilance had never for a moment slumbered, suddenly dropped my arm, and saying, in a low, startled tone, ' Follow me !' sprang into the house.

It was a long, low, narrow room, whose bare, unplastered walls, and floor of hard-trodden clay, gave it a most desolate and comfortless appearance. In the centre, a rude ladder communicated, through a trap-door, with the apartment above. At the farther end, a group of rough-looking men were seated around a table, so deeply engaged in some game they were playing, as not to notice our entrance. At the end nearest the door was a kind of 'bar,' garnished with dirty decanters and bottles, and lighted up with three or four greasy candles. Behind it stood a tall, attenuated, dark-looking man, with sunken, fiery eyes, and a profusion of coarse black hair, covering the greater part of his sallow face. His attire consisted of a blue woollen shirt, and dirty canvass trowsers, around which a large red shawl was girded, and a small Greek scull-cap stuck on the top of his shaggy head. He looked up with a glance, half of inquiry, half of anger, as we entered. Meadows went directly toward him, and, in a bold tone, said that we were American officers, in pursuit of a deserter, who was now in the house, as he had observed him running up the ladder, and we wished to go up and take him.

The gaunt, dark-looking personage shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, growling some reply in his unintelligible *lingua franca*. 'Pooh!' said Meadows, turning impatiently to me, 'we are losing time in talking to this ghost of misery; follow me.' Just as we were about to mount the ladder, the 'ghost of misery' sprang actively over the counter, and, running fiercely toward us, warned us not to ascend. His barbarous language we could not understand, but his excited gestures were expressive enough. He pointed at our dirks with contempt, and at me, Meadows' only support, with a sneer that raised my boyish indignation. He then counted twenty upon his fingers, to show us the number of persons above, and drew his hand significantly across his throat, to show the manner they would serve us, if we intruded ourselves among them. Beside, he lifted the frail ladder a moment from its place, to let us see that it was quite in his power, by removing it, to cut off our retreat, and leave us to the tender mercies of his friends above.

While he was thus threatening and gesticulating, Meadows regarded him with a patient coolness that amusingly contrasted with the excited ruffian's grotesque vivacity. The stern and scornful expression, however, which I saw stealing over his manly countenance, prepared me for the result that followed. After surveying for a moment the room below, the slight ladder which led to that above, and from head to foot the dark-visaged bandit beside him, he turned round and said, in a quick, sharp tone, 'Youngster, will you follow?'

'To the death!' I replied, with enthusiasm.

'That's right, my brave boy! I see I may depend upon you. Cudgel is here, and you know it is our duty to take him, dead or alive. Perhaps we may have to fight for it; but,' added the gallant fellow, as if to encourage me, 'we are both young and active, and, at the worst, this place is not so high but we may spring down without danger to our necks, even if this black rascal should unship the ladder. So come on!'

He mounted the ladder rapidly, without regarding the exclaima-

tions and gestures of the whiskered ruffian, who still sought to detain us, and I followed close at his heels.

Emerging from the trap-door, we found ourselves in a long, low, dismal-looking apartment, under the roof, dim with the smoke from chibouques and cigars. Its only walls were the rough, over-tiled rafters, and a few straggling boards composed the floor. In the roof were one or two narrow apertures that answered the purposes of windows. Huddled round in a circle, in the centre, were half a dozen fierce-looking men, who, by their countenances, and the red cap, we judged to be Greeks. They were playing at cards. They all looked up, and two or three sprang to their feet, and clutched the long knives which they all wore at their girdles, as we entered. Cudgel was seated at the farther end of the room, with his arms folded, and quietly smoking a cigar, looking in no manner disconcerted at the sudden appearance of his officers.

Meadows fixed his keen eye upon him, and pointing him out to me, as I did not at first observe him, through the smoke, said, 'Ah, there is the rascal we are looking for.'

'Yes, here he is,' said Cudgel, in a calm tone; 'now come and take him!'

Meadows paused a moment to look around. 'Do you speak English?' he asked, addressing the threatening group of desperadoes before him. There was no reply, but they talked loudly and rapidly to each other. I drew his attention to one who had not risen, and who appeared to be deeply engaged in studying the dirty pack of cards on the floor. I recognised him as one who often came off to the ship in a fruit-boat, and who was known on board by the soubriquet of 'Jack Straw.' Meadows at once called to him, but he seemed by no means pleased with the recognition, and somewhat doubtful whether it would not be prudent to give us the decided cut. In truth, we were rather unpresentable acquaintances for Jack to his very remarkable-looking friends.

But Meadows was not easily dashed on such occasions; so, walking boldly toward him, he said, in his cool, off-hand manner, 'Jack, my good fellow, don't let us interrupt your friends; we are merely after that rascal in the corner, and when we have secured him, we will leave you to yourselves.'

'You will never leave this place alive, if you attempt it!' shouted Cudgel with a scornful laugh.

Meadows paid him no attention, but went on talking with Jack Straw.

'Tell your friends I am in the execution of my duty, and shall take that man at all hazards. I am sufficiently armed to fight my way through, if there is any opposition; so, Jack, keep them from interfering, or there will be blood spilt.'

'Take care your own is not spilt, *boy!*' threateningly cried the deserter, who heard what Meadows had been saying. Jack Straw shook his head doubtfully, and advised us to retire, as he despaired of being able to restrain his excited associates, who, he told us, were very desperate characters; but evidently wishing to keep on good terms with us, and finding that we were determined to seize the deserter, he talked very earnestly with them for a few moments,

and, by his gestures, seemed both imploring and threatening, to induce them not to molest us.

While we paused to observe what impression his arguments made, Cudgel rose up, and coming a few steps toward us, again spoke:

'Mr. Meadows,' said he, in a voice of deep excitement, whose hoarse tones seemed to come from the very bottom of his huge chest, 'Mr. Meadows, I respect you more than any officer of that bloody slave-ship, and there 's not a man on board who would not go through h—ll for you. But you see this'—taking from his breast a large Spanish clasp-knife, and springing open its long pointed blade—'I'd sooner put it into my own heart, than go on board that ship again. Not the whole ship's company, marines and all, should take me. I am a desperate man; you had better not meddle with me, for I give you warning, that if you come toward me, I'll give you this to the hilt, as good an officer as you are. Ha ha!' he frantically yelled, as he brandished his murderous weapon, 'midshipmen, you shall get more than you came for!'

'I'll see that, you d—d Maltese rascal!' said the undaunted Meadows, whose indignation at being thus braved, made him forget for a moment the others who were still loud in fierce dispute; and advancing toward him, with an air of fearless resolution, he put his hand on his collar, and in a brief, stern voice, said, 'Come with me, Sir!'

The moral superiority and commanding bearing of the younger awed the desperate deserter. He was what might be called 'taken aback.' Habits of obedience seemed yet to retain their influence, even over his fierce nature. He cowered beneath the stern glance of Meadows, and stood irresolute, muttering sullenly to himself.

'Give me your handkerchief to tie this fellow,' said Meadows, turning to me.

'Never!' shouted Cudgel, dashing his huge fist in his face, and springing toward one of the apertures in the roof. Meadows staggered with the heavy blow, and appeared a moment blinded. I ran toward him, thinking he had been struck with the knife. 'Are you hurt?' I asked. 'No, no—never mind me—stop him! stop him!' answered the resolute officer. I turned immediately to grapple with Cudgel, who was endeavoring to force his Herculean body through the window.

'Do n't come here, youngster!' cried he, desperately; 'I won't be so tender of you.'

My blood was fully up, and, fired with his threat, I rushed upon him. He made a frantic blow at me with his knife, which was aimed at my face; but throwing up my left arm, almost involuntarily, I received the point just below the elbow, deep to the bone—I planting my dirk at the same time nearly to the hilt in his side. The impetus of my blow, or the convulsive twinge that followed my blade, sent him out of the window, and he fell heavily to the earth.

'All right!' said Meadows, who was now by my side; 'now, my friend, for a retreat. Hillo!' said he, as we turned to depart; 'here 's more ado! We are in a scrape. Keep cool, youngster, and follow my motions.'

Our Greek friends seemed resolved not to part with us so easily, and now surrounded us, with scowling brows, flashing eyes, and brandished weapons. Their numbers had been increased by fresh arrivals from below, and about a dozen as picturesque-looking bandits as *Salvator Rosa* could have desired for the fore-ground of one of his wild mountain passes, were now hemming us in, from the hatch by which we entered, as if to cut off all retreat. The faithless *Jack Straw*, too, had disappeared, and apparently left us to our fate.

Perfectly self-possessed, *Meadows* fixed his stern, unquailing eye upon them, and I kept close to him, and regarded him anxiously. The villains seemed yet to have some respect for the lion in their toils, and no small fear of his fangs; but it was evident they waited only for some bolder one to give the signal, to commence the onslaught.

It was a serious business. Here we were, at midnight, in one of the vilest dens of *Frank-town*, where murders are by no means uncommon; but slightly armed, fatigued by our hard day's duty, and exhausted by want of food; out of reach of assistance, surrounded by a ferocious gang of ruffians, who were every moment getting more excited and furious; I confess for myself, I felt that I should have been much more comfortable, snugly nestling in my hammock.

'Watch your chance to dash through, and spring down the hatch,' said *Meadows*, in a low whisper.

'I am ready to follow your motions,' I replied, in the same tone.

At that moment, one of the Greeks immediately in front of us slunk behind his next companion, leaving a small break in the circle. Quick as thought, *Meadows* sprang through, overturning another in his impetuosity, and I followed close upon him. But what was our dismay, at finding the trap-door closed down!

We instantly gained the upright wall of the building, and placing our backs firmly against it, awaited the issue. A ferocious howl of mingled surprise and rage succeeded.

'There is no help for it,' said *Meadows*, still perfectly cool; 'let us sell ourselves dearly.' A sudden and simultaneous rush interrupted him, and at the same moment we were both down, and unarmed; my dirk being knocked out of my hand, to the middle of the apartment. A powerful Greek held me down; his knee was upon my breast, his eyes gleamed into mine with insane fury; a knife glistened in one hand, while with the other he violently tore the stock from my neck. Closing my eyes with a shudder, and an involuntary prayer, I expected the next moment to feel its keen edge at my wind-pipe, and the moment after to wake in another world.

A tumult and rattling of arms below, made the murderer pause. The trap-door was suddenly forced off, a yelling shout arose, followed by a host of armed men, and cries of fright and astonishment among the ruffians above, and in an instant swords were clashing, blood was flowing, and the Greeks wildly flying in all directions for escape. Had I not been too bewildered with the scene, and overcome with my unlooked-for reprieve from death, I should have admired its melo-dramatic effect.

THE TURKISH GUARD.

THE redoubted guard of Hadji Bey, the military officer of police, (no sinecure, by the way, in Smyrna,) had rescued us from almost certain death.

Those Apollo-formed Albanians, in their picturesque costume, their glancing eyes, and bright weapons, are as ruthless and determined as their brave old leader, the renowned and (by the Smyrna canaille) greatly feared Hadji! Thorough work did they make of it, that guard! With their curved cimeters and short-butted carabines, they laid about them with a vigor that left the wretches no hope from resistance, and an undistinguishing execution, that left them small plea of partiality. In a few moments, the whole gang, with the exception of a few that escaped from the narrow windows of the roof, strewed the floor, that was flowing with their blood. Then, after a short pause, while the satisfied Albanians were coolly wiping their cimeters, and returning them to their sheaths, the senseless and wounded prisoners were lifted down the hatch, and we were ordered to follow. Our deserter was found lying in the alley, weltering in his blood. He was raised upon the shoulders of the guard, and with the others, carried forward.

The Turks paid but little attention to our attempts at explanation. The stern old bey grimly smiled, when we showed him that we were wounded, and beckoned us to be silent. I pointed to the button of my uniform, to make him understand we were American officers; but he only impatiently nodded, and said 'Pacha, Pacha!'

'Do n't tease the old fellow,' said Meadows; 'we must go before the Pacha. I am devilish weak, though; that cursed Greek put his knife into me. Ah, come here!' he cried, with a deep sigh; but before I could support him, the poor fellow sank to the ground. The old bey coolly beckoned two of his guard to lift him up, and then rode on, as silent as before. Meadows was quite insensible, and as he was carried forward in the arms of the strong-limbed Albanian, I with difficulty, from my own weakness, kept by his side, while we thrived the dark winding streets to the Pacha's residence. At last we entered the high arched gateway into the vaulted court of the palace. Meadows was taken to the guard-room and placed upon a low platform, whereon several Turkish soldiers lay rolled up in their rough griegos. They merely raised their heads as we entered, and then quietly settled to slumber again.

I seated myself by my unfortunate companion, and endeavored to restore him to consciousness. He had been wounded in the head and neck, and his hand was also deeply gashed, showing that he had struggled with the ruffians to the last. With some difficulty, I procured a little water, and after washing the coagulated blood from his face, and chafing his wrists and temples, I had the satisfaction to see him revive. He faintly opened his eyes, and attempted to speak.

'Here, old boy, do n't give up,' said I, putting the earthen dish, that still contained a little water, to his lips; 'drink some of this, and you will feel better. I only wish I had a little old Columbia to

qualify it; but among these unbelievers, such a thing is not to be had, you know.'

He swallowed a mouthful, and then asked where we were. I told him, and that I feared we should have to remain where we were until morning, as doubtless his highness was too comfortable in his harem, to attend to Christian dogs at that hour. He complained of much pain, and requested me to look at his neck. I removed his stock, and gently washed the blood from his wound. It was a small, deep orifice, but fortunately in the muscular part, clear of the large vein and artery. For want of something better, I tore a bandage from my shirt, and carefully bound it up; and putting my jacket under his head for a pillow, I persuaded him to compose himself to sleep. The wound in his head was slight; his hand I bandaged with my handkerchief, and then attended to my own wounded arm, which was now much benumbed and swollen.

Notwithstanding my fatigue, and the usual reaction of great excitement, I did not feel inclined to sleep. I seated myself by the side of Meadows, and silently revolved over the incidents of the night, and speculated upon what the morrow might bring forth. The only person beside myself, not asleep, in the desolate-looking guard-room, was the sentry at the door. He was a dark-skinned Arab, with black, sunken eyes, and a thin, attenuated moustache. His tall, gaunt form was habited in the anomalous uniform of the modern Turkish soldier. A coarse blue jacket, faced with red; loose knee-breeches and spatterdashes; red slippers and scull-cap; a yatagan stuck in his girdle, and a clumsy carabine, or musket, on his arm. He looked on with imperturbable composure, while I bound up the wounds, without showing in his dark features the slightest interest or sympathy. After a while, I tried to establish a correspondence with him, by means of diverse signs, and the few words of Turkish and *lingua franca* I had picked up. But he seemed averse to conversation, and bending his head upon his hand, motioned me to go to sleep.

I tried to follow his advice; but nearly famished from hunger, cold from having parted with my jacket, anxious and restless, and suffering much pain with my wound, the night wore heavily away. The only relief to its cheerless monotony was when, at long intervals, the shrill cry of the sergeant would raise up my quiet fellow lodgers to their turn of guard duty, and after a slight bustle of the others arriving to occupy their places on the platform, all would again be silent.

The gray dawn of morning, to my inexpressible relief, at last stole into the room. Meadows had a feverish and uneasy slumber; often muttering of the scenes we had passed through, and groaning with pain. When he awoke, he complained of thirst, but strove in vain to swallow a mouthful of water. I bathed his head and neck, which had become greatly swollen, and besought him to patience. We both had sufficient need of this virtue, for several tedious hours passed 'on leaden wings,' before we were escorted out of the guard-room, and conducted up a broad flight of steps into the hall of the palace.

THE PACHA.

THE hall into which we were ushered was spacious and lofty, paved with marble, with a circular fish-pond and its tinkling fountain in the centre. The beams and rafters above were carved and gilded in the Moorish fashion, and the sides were hung with loose crimson drapery. The Pacha was seated upon a raised divan, cushioned and covered with red damask, at the end of the hall. He was surrounded by several gay-looking Turkish officers, and a small guard of soldiers. An old Armenian sat upon a mat near the divan, with some white paper on his knees, and a brass ink-stand thrust in his girdle, ready, as I supposed, to take notes of our examination; and behind him stood an humble-looking Jew, who performed the office of interpreter. The next person I cast my eyes upon, with no little surprise, was our quondam friend, Jack Straw, whom we thought had so treacherously left us to our fate the night before.

The Pacha looked at us keenly, but good humoredly, for a few moments, and the rest of the group followed his example. He then turned and said something to a young officer near him, who replied with a very 'unoriental burst of laughter;' whereat a smile, grim, sneering, or waggish, according to the modifications of visnomy it passed over, spread around the circle.

As we saw no indications that our trial was about to commence, we began to think we had been brought before his Turkish highness, like Sampson before the Philistines, to make sport, and we felt proportionally indignant.

Had we been of the softer sex, however, we might have forgiven the Pacha's stare, in consideration of his beauty. Scarce thirty in appearance, with glorious dark eyes, and pencilled brows, finely-chiselled mouth and chin, brilliantly white teeth, set off by a black silky moustache, and fair, florid complexion, I thought him decidedly one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. With not a particle of the national gravity, he seemed, on the contrary, full of mirth and waggishness; and, to judge by the effect produced, even upon the grim-looking guard, who would now and then relax their stern muscles into a smile, in spite of the terrors of discipline, the jests of his handsome highness were not altogether without point. His conversation, however, was addressed exclusively to a very youthful officer, who seemed to be a favorite, and applauded the Pacha's jokes with his ready and musical laugh. Nothing could be more at variance with my preconceived notions of a Turkish Pacha and his court, than the singular group before me.

By the time our patience was well nigh exhausted, and our *amour propre* not a little hurt, a heavy, deliberate step was heard slowly ascending the stairs, and in a moment in came Hadji Bey.

This Turkish dignitary was a very different man from his master. Hadji never joked, save in quite a practical way, and which, indeed, often proved a very 'sorry jest' to the subject. His jokes were generally cracked upon the crowns of the turbulent wretches of Franktown, where he often left conclusive evidence of the striking force of his wit. No one ever heard Hadji laugh, for he was much too grave a Musselman to do so unoriental a thing; and if he ever

deigned to smile, it was at the yet unbroken strength of his heavy arm, or the excellent temper of his good Damascus blade. To slice off a superfluous ear or head, would perhaps melt his obdurate lip; and he never smiled more facetiously than in the scene of the preceding night. I really think he felt grateful to us — unworthy Christians that we were — for affording him such excellent sport. Hadji was corpulent, for as officer of police, often at the same time judge and executioner, his profession was congenial; and though he was ever riding about, setting right 'the times,' that in this multo-headed city are always 'out of joint,' the agreeable sport he often found, tempered the exercise, keeping him in the best possible spirits, and, with a mind at ease and a good digestion, always in good case.

With elephantine steps, he now moved toward the divan, and performing a grotesque evolution before his highness, in endeavoring to make a lower salaam than his form — constructed more for feats of strength than those of grace — would altogether tolerate, a brief conversation ensued between them. Suddenly turning about, he began, in a short, quick tone, to question us, the Jew interpreting.

Meadows' throat had become so inflamed, that he could not articulate, and I had to be the respondent. In reply to his brief queries, I told him who we were, and the duty we were upon, when we became engaged in the scuffle with the Greeks. He then asked what had become of the traitor, as he was pleased to call him, who deserted from the ship. When I explained that it was the man he had found in the alley outside the house, he sent one of the soldiers to bring him up. The old Bey then turned to the Pacha, and conversed with him in a low tone.

Our slippery friend, Jack Straw, sidled up to us, and with a favor-courting smile, said we had nothing to fear, for the Pacha called the Americans good friends, but was very angry with the Greeks, who would not get off so easily. As I turned my back upon our perfidious man of straw, Cudgel entered, between two soldiers. He was ghastly pale, covered with blood and dirt, and trembled so, either from fright or exhaustion, that the soldiers had to support him, to keep him from falling.

After I had replied affirmatively to the prisoner's identity, we were again left standing unnoticed; and their conversation having evidently taken another turn, in my anxiety to get on board ship, for the sake of poor Meadows, who I observed was suffering intensely, I ventured to say to his highness that we were both severely wounded, and would be very grateful to be suffered to retire.

The court circle stared at the audacity, I suppose, of the request; but the Pacha good humoredly smiled, and said we should be free presently. Just then our American consul, the excellent Mr. O——, who had been sent for without our knowledge, entered. After bowing respectfully to the Pacha, he came to us, and shaking us warmly by the hand, said, 'My God! what is all this?' I briefly related the whole story, which he repeated to the Pacha, who listened very attentively until he had finished. Then turning to some of his guard, he ordered them to seize Cudgel, and bear him off safely to the ship.

The poor wretch could not have made greater outcry, had the

Pacha ordered him to be beheaded. 'Oh!' he cried, 'do n't take me on board; they will hang me like a dog! I tried to kill an officer! Oh save me!' said he, sinking down upon his knees before the Pacha; 'I will serve you faithfully; I will turn Turk! D—n the Christians! I am a Christian no longer. See here!' he shrieked, baring his arm, upon which was the figure of a cross, in blue ink, as is common among sailors, and frantically spitting upon this symbol of Christianity, 'I forswear it; I am a Turk, and will live and die a Turk. I will be your sailor, soldier — any thing! You are bound to save me from being hanged by those infernal Christians.'

The Pacha seemed anxious to know what all this outcry, so different from Mussulman *sang froid*, was about; and when the Jew explained that the man wished to turn Mahometan, to avoid being hanged, he laughed heartily. Hadji, too, grinned a sardonic smile, that seemed to say, 'We want no such proselytes;' while a scornful sneer curled the lips of the others. Finding even apostacy would not save him, as he was hurried away by the unsympathizing guard, he tried the effect of an appeal to us.

'Oh! do n't speak against me, gentlemen! I was drunk, and did not know what I was about;' (an excuse, by the way, that sailors always thiuk unanswerable.) 'Mr. Meadows, you know I might have killed you, but I did not attempt it. I only wished to escape, and not hurt any one. Save me, gentlemen, and I will live and die for you!' The miserable deserter doubted not he would be hanged, and though I felt some compunctious visitings for the dangerous wound I had given him, and pity for his unmanly terrors, as he just before had sworn he would live and die a Turk, I turned my back upon his distracted supplications.

Jack Straw accompanied us, and edging toward me, said, 'You will remember, if you please, that it was I who saved your lives.'

'Well,' I replied, 'this is the height of assurance! I remember you betrayed us, you villain! — and if I catch you on board the ship, I will have you flogged for your perfidy.'

Jack looked hurt. 'No, Sir, I saved you; if I had not alarmed the guard, you would have had your ———.' Here he drew his hand across his gullet, with a significance that made me shudder, when I recollected how near my own throat had been to the unpleasant operation.

'I saw how 't would be,' said Jack; 'I could not assist you, and so, to prevent murder, I called in the Turkish guard. I warned you, for I knew those men; but you Americans are not afraid of the devil.'

Jack's compliment could not be lost on a young middie; it made us friends at once; and probably increased, by at least a piastre, the reward I put in his in no wise reluctant hand. Jack told us that two of the ruffians were already dead, and several others badly wounded; adding: 'It would be well for them to die, too, for they will be bastinadoed until their feet are of but little farther use to them.' The house had also been razed to the ground, but the keeper of it had escaped; 'though he must soon be found, for Hadji was after him,' and as Jack said, 'it was not so easy to elude old Hadji Bey.'

THE RESULT.

WE found the whole ship in excitement, anxious to know what had occurred. The consul accompanied us into the cabin, and the officers, rather forgetful of etiquette, crowded in after us, to hear the news. A word, however, from our scandalized little captain, sent them to the right about, tolerably crest-fallen with their merited rebuke.

After the usual compliments between the consul and the captain, the latter turned to his unfortunate middies, and exclaimed, in his usual cutting tones: 'This is a pretty business! What does all this mean?' I told him the story, and concluded by saying, that Mr. Meadows was very severely wounded by the Greeks, and that I also had been stabbed in the arm by Cudgel.

'It served you right,' was the consoling reply. 'Lose my men! go ashore and kill people!—kept in a Turkish guard-house all night!—tried before the Pacha the next morning!—American officers! A pretty disgrace to my ship—to the service, Sir—to the service! The commodore shall know of it! You shall be tried and broken! The Pacha would have been justified in hanging you!'

I saw poor Meadow's eyes flash with indignation, and he made a fruitless attempt to reply to this cruel speech. I touched him, and whispered him not to mind what the barbarian said.

He now turned fiercely toward the trembling deserter:

'You, wretch!—miscreant! Raise a knife against an officer! He was a fool, not to have killed you on the spot. Mutiny!—desertion!—mutiny!—attempt at murder! Hanging will be too good for you! You shall be whipped to death at the gang-way!'

The miserable man, at last worn out, either from loss of blood, or the climax of terrors that his dreaded tyrant held up to his bewildered fancy, sunk down in a swoon, and was carried below to the surgeon. Our worthy consul witnessed the whole scene with disgust and amazement; and when the captain turned round, apparently to give us another 'blast of that dread horn,' took his hat, and coolly bidding him good morning, left the cabin.

After another series of violent denunciations from the captain, we were also suffered to depart, but with repeated assurances that he should take measures to have us brought before a court martial.

Little farther need be said. Meadows was a long time an invalid, but finally recovered. My wound soon healed, and my boyish temperament triumphed over the chimeras dire that our spiteful little commander had raised.

As we sailed soon after from Smyrna, I never learned the fate of our dangerous shore acquaintances. But as Turkish law inclines more to justice than mercy, I presume they got their deserts. Cudgel languished a long time in a doubtful state. We fell in with the commodore at Malta, and a representation of the affair being made to him, the poor wretch was turned ashore, to linger a short time, and then to die peaceably in his native land. And we escaped a court martial.

SONNETS TO THE HOUSATONIC.

I.

SWEET stream ! that hast thy birth-place in the vale
 Where my own days their swifter lapse began,
 I bless thee with the blessing of a man
 Who, after years of wandering, balk, and bale,
 Weary, and worn, and desolate, and pale,
 Returning, from some bosky hill-top sees
 His boyhood's home white-gleaming through the trees,
 And scents his first-loved flowers upon the gale
 That lifts the thin locks from his mournful brow,
 And wafts him welcome to that lovely scene,
 Where Memory hoarded all she hath of green,
 And Hope, no wiser grown, doth even now
 Pour round his sober age a richer sheen,
 Than on his tempted youth, vain World, didst thou !

II.

I AM that lorn returner, gentle stream !
 And mine the heart that, with a grateful sense
 Of past endearments, blesses thee from hence,
 As from yon vale, with soft and silvery gleam
 Of smiles — sole light of many an absent dream ! —
 Thy presence fills mine eyes with pleasant tears,
 The first that there, for long and gloomy years,
 Have felt the glow of joy's relumined beam.
 Blessings upon that wistful gaze and mild,
 With which thou greet'st thy recreant's return !
 Even as a mother's swelling feelings yearn
 Towards her wayward and repentant child,
 No more the Eden haunts of home to spurn
 For the world's waste — no more from love beguiled !

W. P. F.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE FOURTH.

'Then the soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Even in the cannon's mouth.'

WHEN a man is impelled to do a thing, whether to invent a machine, feed the poor, make a speech, or write a play — when the wants of his nature drive him to action of some kind — for activity is as much a want as rest — he will most likely do it well ; i. e., he will follow some rule, some plan, some pattern, he has in his mind, and which, perhaps, he has acquired unconsciously, and only knows himself to be possessed of, by the demand it makes to be applied. As birds delight in flying, as horses love the chase, and as all the brute creation rejoice in the exercise of their powers, so eloquence, ingenuity, and all the higher powers of man, are ever seeking to give themselves a visible form in action. When men act on purpose, they are stiff and artificial ; when they act from principle, they are good ; but when they act from an irrepressible desire *to do*, they are true, or in the path of truth.

Men often do and say their best things unconsciously. And thus were the finest passages of Shakspeare written. The story about the Vicar of Wakefield does not contradict this; neither does Campbell's opinion of his 'Hohenlinden,' himself calling it 'humdrum stuff' — an opinion not far out of the way, though the world has reversed it.* For as the young, at other times awkward, move gracefully to the sound of music, not aware that they are describing lines of beauty in every motion, so when men act from strong impulse, they must be working under some powerful natural plan, which will lead them, in consistency and good proportions, to the conclusion of their subject. Are those lines which are considered the choice passages of Goldsmith and Shakspeare, underscored in the original? Does the bee guard more fiercely the wax or the honey of her labor? We select the parts that suit our taste, and are applicable to our wants and situation, and some passages please all the world, and are applicable to all the world, because all men have something in common; but the whole was framed from a nearly perfect plan, where the parts are so rich, and shining, and true. The elegant extracts, the newspaper selections, from a popular writer, are perhaps often the offspring of the least study, but the most feeling; those passages which have flowed from his mind by natural association; not a labored imitation, a half-formed conception, or phrases of 'ambitious phraseology.' The heavens are not astonished at the lightnings they engender, nor does the atmosphere start when it conducts the sound of the thunder, more than when it brings to our ears the murmuring of the rivulet. Both are the result of a general law, which is always going on; sometimes in productions of beauty, then of comfort, and again of terror and pain; as the divine gift of poetry, in its natural developments, instructs, reproves, delights, and elevates. But this was not written to instruct, nor that to reprove; neither this to delight, nor that to elevate. The poet was only following out a plan in his mind, and the variety of his moods is the variety of nature.

Mrs. Siddons and the Indian orator were found to use the same tones of voice to express similar passions and emotions. Neither had rules of voice. They gave themselves up to the teaching of the occasion, and became famous. The player who feels his part, as well as the orator who speaks from his heart, in his physical nature undergoes the changes which answer to the sentiments of the character he represents, and thus produces effects only equalled by reality. For instance; real suffering closes the box or larynx in the throat, and causes that smothered sound we hear from sorrowing persons. No art or study can compensate for want of feeling; and the labor of the actor should not be a practise in tones and gestures, but a working up of himself to a just appreciation of, and sympathy with, the character he is to personate. All rules of rhetoric, of poetry, of arithmetic, are but descriptions of what people do, most obviously, to produce a certain effect; they are framed for the assistance of those who will not think, cannot feel, and do not understand. Every

* Let our correspondent match us this line:

'Far flashed the red artillery!'

EDM. KNICKERBOCKER.

scolding Hecate, at times — for the violent are also the most gentle — uses all the tones of voice recognised in 'Rush on Elocution;' and the veriest huckster at a bargain, the most abject miser, applies rules of arithmetic he could not read in print. The patriot rises into the orator, when his rights are invaded, and sits down without knowing that he has kindled fires of patriotism in every bosom of those who heard him, and spoken, perhaps with some improvement upon them, according to the directions laid down in 'Cicero de Oratore;' and the poet, in the love of nature, thinks in music, 'for the numbers come.'

The Father of all things sometimes creates a man who does every thing well, without any assistance from what is called learning and rule; one who, though ignorant of books, is learned in things, and who, by acting directly and independently, reaches results no plodder could ever attain to; thus claiming for himself the paternity of all science, whether pertaining to matter or mind. Laws of oratory, poetry, and arithmetic, were made at the same time with the law of gravitation; (this is mentioned for the benefit of those who have been educated in the belief that there is no higher tribunal than the Quarterlies;) and as the world enjoyed the latter until the birth of a Newton, without ever thinking of what was always before their eyes, it may be that the phenomenon of a Shakspeare, a Goldsmith, a Coleridge, may not yet have been referred to a true principle. In an age of so much bigotry in taste, when men are made or crushed in a day by the great leviathans of letters, it is singular to think that the perpetual books were written, when there were few written or printed words in the world, and no self-constituted judges to forestall public judgment of an author; that what has now passed into binding and gilt, on the sacred shelves of libraries, had no reference in its production to any thing but present use. Without presumption, perhaps, it may be said, concerning what is still a great mystery, that the reason why we have to look *back* for models in sculpture, painting, poetry, and almost everything grand and noble — patriotism, self-devotion, religion — is, that the past had occasion for all these, and we have not, though we might have happily, were not this an age of unprincipled partisanship and money.

Having copied out from a pocket Shakspeare the 'Fourth Age' of the great historian of our race, thus much of words or thoughts (the reader must decide for himself) came to the writer, while in a serious and somewhat sad frame of mind, as he contemplated the shortness of man's history, he was led to the question, why Shakspeare divided his book into seven chapters? 'Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues? Seven mortal sins? Seven golden candlesticks? Seven heavens?' 'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle Toby. Are there not seven wonders of the world? Seven days of Creation? Seven planets? (in Shakspeare's time only *six* known, answers an objector,) Seven plagues?' Do not children shed their teeth the seventh year? Is not the human frame renewed once in seven years? But add to these the 'seven wise men' — the seven stars. Surely all these make a sufficient reason why man's ages should be *seven*.

Observe, too, the charm of odd numbers! Is there no reason in it? Why the five acts of a tragedy, the three acts of a comedy, the

one act of a farce? Who ever heard of a committee of two? Do you often find a four-leaf'd clover? *Even* things are unknown in nature. A prism has three sides. Revolutions in France last three days. Hens hatch in three weeks. A discourse has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Man has three natures, the moral, intellectual, and physical, and is subject to three great states, life, death, and eternity; and there are three ages on each side of the apex of the 'seven ages.' The middle point is the important one in every work; it contains the argument of a discourse; it is the fulcrum of the lever. In the 'ages,' it is 'the soldier' — the age of action.

Behold man in his prime! Infancy has budded, and boyhood blossomed; the fragrance of love and affection has emanated from the flower — now is the fruit. Life has thus far been spent in helplessness — in dreams and visions — in preparation for action. It has been a delight and a discipline. At times, clouds have obscured its happiness, and the youth has met with obstacles he did not anticipate. But as yet he has had no serious grief; for the tears of the school-boy are soon dry, and the sighs of the lover soon dissipated. The fights and disputes, the emulations and rivalries, of the boy, the sorrows, and hot tears, and sobbing disappointments, of too tender hearts having done their office, are soon forgotten. A spirit of hope, strong physical powers, a flow of spirits, known only to youth, have triumphed over all sorrows. No written romance ever equalled, in incident and adventure, in passion and enthusiasm, that romance which can never be written, which has been going on in the human mind in the three first stages of its history. And if it were written, it could never be read, except by its author, for every mind has an individual language, in which it talks to itself. Sometimes our poets have confidence to utter snatches of the inner language to the multitude, and they pronounce it jargon and nonsense. To them it is so. The fault is in the utterance — too great a confidence in the sympathy of the world. Some minds, like Shelly, and Chatterton, and Keats, have dared, to their destruction, to summon to the light and scrutiny of the world those spirits never made for day, but created to lie encradled in the bosom, and do the secret bidding of the soul.

But now the illusions are gone; the mists are lifted from the valleys; the rugged, the smooth, appear what they are. Awakened from his trance, the 'soldier' rejoices to find that he is to exchange fancy for fact, and his energy knows no bounds, his zeal no moderation. A trumpet sounds in his ears; 'that bright dream was his last!' He flings the garland of roses from his brow; he unclasps the arms that would entwine him; a mightier energy than he has yet known, impels him, and Fame beckons him away from Love. Thus he becomes a 'soldier of the cross,' or he contends in the arena of politics. He reads away his eye-sight over musty parchments, and learns forms and precedents, that he may be a contender in courts. Money, gain, the counterfeit of power, demands his days and nights, that he may wear the palm of victory on 'change. He travels in foreign lands, in danger of life and health, that he may have knowledge. A soldier he becomes, and fights no inglorious battle with want, poverty, and neglect, that he may win — not to be unknown.

Alas ! sometimes a soldier, armed with steel, he is, and hopes to find his heart's ease in a carnage and a slaughter ; consents to look upon his fellow men as mere tools, by whose imprisonment and death he is to raise an imperishable monument to his name. Vain hope, this last ! The time is coming, if not now just by, when war shall be considered as base and brutal, as it is wicked and dishonorable ; when, instead of tinsel dresses, and the drum and fife, and all its ' pomp and circumstance,' they who fight, whose trade is blood, shall wear mourning dresses, and, like the executioners at hangings, go not unmasked.

' The soldier' must have deep excitements. No longer can he bend to the delicate influences of his youth, save for pastime and relief. His nature asks the storm. As the early shoots and tendrils of the plant, grown to become the tree, which no longer can wave, to quicken the circulation of its juices, with the evening breeze, nor feel the lighter zephyrs of the heavens, now seems to court the rising wind, and fling its arms joyfully in the tempest ; so man, the soldier, rushes to the conflicts, frenzies, quarrels, which may task his strength. Excitement he *must* have. Talk not of the dangers of youth, the seductions of vice, and the love of pleasure, in the young, and quake with fear. Bad influences these may be ; yet how do they compare in danger with those riper crimes, those smooth-faced villanies, those canting deviltries, those speculating robberies, that task the pride of mind, at the same time that they subserve baser passions, and hurl the strong man down many fathoms deep in sin, never to rise ! The youth allured from virtue, taken in a fault, in which his body sins and not his mind, may still come back and ' seek his father's face,' repent, and love, and be forgiven. Not so the man to whom the world is real. Led away by no soft passion, no novel game, he sins in earnest with his soul ; concocts, and plans, and executes, and riots in his crime. ' He seeks the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth ;' reputation for skill, talent, energy ; and loses virtue, peace, and heaven. ' Jealous in honor,' he fights duels ; ' sudden and quick in quarrel,' he seeks contention.

Happy may he consider himself, who, in this dangerous age, makes his campaigns clothed in the Christian armor ; who ' takes unto himself the whole armor of God, that he may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace ; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith you shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'

WIT AND TRUTH.

HE that his reason trusts to wit,
Will often lose his way ;
As he that would by lightning walk,
Not by the beams of day.

HELLAS.

FAIR land! where every mountain dell,
 To old poetic legends given,
 Of patriot-valor's deeds could tell,
 Unnumbered as the stars of heaven;
 Land of the Muses' only home,
 The Muses' first and latest love,
 Where Pindus and gray Helicon,
 And every stream and mountain-grove,
 Recalls the voice of ages past;
 The warrior's meed, the poet's song,
 The echoing trumpet's battle-blast,
 The lay of love thy plains along:
 Land of the olive and the vine,
 Of sunny crag and dark blue skies,
 Where roses with the bay entwine,
 To form the wreath that never dies:
 The wreath that hung around thy name,
 Child of the Muse, Minerva's pride!
 Still claims for thee the envied fame,
 The swelling wave of glory's tide:
 Land of the old poetic dream,
 Where erst Apollo loved to dwell,
 And poured along Thessalia's stream*
 The music of his golden shell;
 Where from each height an Orcaid sung,
 Each tree a Dryad's native home,
 While from her urn each Naiad flung
 The crystal fountain's silvery foam:
 Oh! where are we, and where art thou,
 Beloved of heaven, fair freedom's pride!
 In dust thy glorious banner low,
 And shiver'd spear, lie side by side!
 Oh! where is now that spirit free,
 When, as the turban'd slave came on,
 The voice of old Thermopylæ
 Sent back the cry of Marathon?
 Lord of the lion-heart and name,†
 Awake! arouse thee from the tomb!
 Thy country calls from tower and plain,
 And glory's watch-fires, quenched in
 gloom.

Where, isle of Teucer,‡ where are they
 Whose blood once crimsoned freedom's
 wave,
 When down along Ægina's bay,
 Proud Persia's myriads found a grave?
 Oh where, Cithæron,§ is the band
 That kept Platea's field of fame,
 And onward, for their native land,
 Drove tyrant-threat, and slavery's chain?
 Land of the brave! for thee no more
 The patriot-prayer shall rise to heaven,
 No more along thy rocky shore
 The exulting victor's shout be given;
 Gone is the lightning of thine eye,
 And gone the banner and the spear;
 Around thy path dark shadows lie,
 And strangers drop for thee the tear.

* The river 'Amphysus.'

† Leonidas, King of Sparta. The effigy of a lion was placed upon his tomb, in allusion to his name.

‡ 'Salamis.'

§ The field of Platea lay near the base of Mount Cithæron.

I turn me to the Athenian grove,
 Where calm Cephissus loved to flow,
 While Plato drew from realms above
 Fair Wisdom's self to dwell below.
 Where art thou, grove of Academe!
 Where thy pure waters river fair,
 And where Ilissus' whispering stream?
 Gone — numbered with the things that
 were!
 And gone is old 'Athena's' power,
 The city of Minerva's sway,
 Where crumbling fane and roofless tower
 Look lovely still, amid decay.
 Or shall I stand on Lunium's brow,
 And gaze along the Ægean wave,
 Whose thousand islands sleep below,
 Lull'd by the murmuring waters' lave?
 Ah, God of Day! 'tis only thou
 Remain'st of all that once was fair;
 Thy beauteous isles are lonely now,
 Yet still thou lov'st to linger there!
 Where is thy Dolos, Sun-God, where
 Thy natal island of the seas —
 Latona's wave-emerging lair,
 The star-gem of the Cyclades?
 Thy shrine hath sunk, and thou art left,
 God of the voice and vision old!
 Of fount, of song, and lyre bereft,
 Thy throne in dust, thy altar cold!

Thou of the vineyard and the vine,
 Does Naxos* still thy presence own,
 The verdant tendrils still entwine
 Around thy temple's once loved home?
 Child of the wave! fair beauty's queen,
 Whom ocean gave to light above,
 While round thy brow were clustering seen
 The golden flowers of life and love;
 Say, does thine own Cythera's† dome
 With streaming incense greet no more,
 No more the circumambient foam
 Make music with its rocky shore?
 Lord of Olympus! Ægis-king!
 Around whose calm majestic brow
 The Phidian‡ curls hung clustering,
 While ether bathed thy throne below:
 God of the rattling thunder-pearl,
 Of regal eye, and stern command,
 Who mad'st the guilty nations feel
 The terrors of thy living brand;
 Son of the banished lord of heaven,§
 Thy father's hate, thy father's foe,
 To whom the sceptre once was given,
 O'er sunny skies, and earth below;
 Still high in air thy mountain soars,
 Snow-diadem'd, of many a peak,||
 Still mid its billowy foliage roars
 The warrior-blast from Ossa's steep.

* Naxos was sacred to Bacchus.

† Island of Cythera, near which Venus is said to have sprung from the sea, and where she had a celebrated temple.

‡ Phidias declared that he derived his model of the statue of Olympian Jove from the celebrated line of Homer.

§ 'Saturn.'

|| Πολυδαειράδος Ολυμποιο.

HOMER.

But where art thou, Eternal Jove !
 And where the altar and the fane,*
 That down along the *Ælian* grove
 Graced Pisa's loved and sunny plain ?
 All, all has vanished like a dream,
 The muses' lay, the poet's creed ;
 No more the Naiad haunts the stream,
 No more a thousand victims bleed.
 Gone are the Dorian melodies,†
 The incense-cloud, the choral strain,
 And Delphi now neglected lies —
 Forever ceased Apollo's reign :
 Yet, fairest mount of poet's dream,
 Parnassus of the double peak,
 Still from thy rocks Castalia's stream
 In prattling music loves to leap :
 Still winds the bee his little horn,
 O'er thy lone sides, Hymettus fair ;
 The crystal dew-drops of the morn,
 The mountain thyme, still linger there ;
 And still Alpheus loves to flow,
 And join his bride in western seas,
 While still are heard thy whisperings low,
 O king of rivers ! to the breeze.‡
 Ah ! land of beauty, and of love,
 Of cave, and dell, and valley green,
 And moss-grown fane, and haunted grove,
 And golden skies and crystal stream !
 Ah ! parent of a valiant line,
 Whose deeds shall live on history's scroll,
 Beyond the power of scathing time,
 While seas shall heave, and planets roll ;
 Ah ! nurse of earlier, happier years,
 Whose name comes fraught with every
 charm,
 To call forth pity's scalding tears,
 Or with heroic feelings warm !
 Eternal fountain of the mind,

Thy gushing waters still ascend,
 And at them all of human kind
 Still low the knee of homage bend ;
 To thee the lonely scholar comes,
 With care-dimmed eye, and pallid brow,
 And muses mid thy ruined homes,
 Where all he loves is silent now.
 To thee the patriot ever turns,
 O glorious nurse of freedom's tree !
 For on thy hallowed altar burns
 The watch-fire of the brave and free ;
 For thee e'en Beauty heaves the sigh,
 For thee she drops the pensive tear
 Since with thee from her native sky,
 She came to linger many a year.
 She came to Plato's hallowed grove,
 And taught the lay of other spheres,
 Where, bathed in fires of heavenly love,
 Our long-lost home* at length appears ;
 She came to breathe along the page,
 Where fancy's visions ever dwell,
 Unscathed by time, undimmed by age,
 The music that she loved so well.

And now for thee, sweet land ! once more
 She oft recalls those happier days,
 When all around thy rocky shore
 The Sun of Freedom poured its rays.
 When hill, and stream, and tower, and
 town,
 Freed from dark slavery's vassalage,
 Exchanged the blood-stained tyrant's
 crown,
 For freedom's holiest heritage.
 Farewell, a long farewell to thee,
 Land of the brave, and wise, and good !
 Thy day-spring ne'er again may be,
 Thy sun hath set mid waves of blood.

B. H. J.

'THE PEACE OF GOD.'

On what can compare to the peace of God,
 When it cometh upon the heart,
 Where once contending passions trod,
 When it bids them all depart :
 Oh ! not the peace of the battle plain,
 When the day's hot fight is o'er ;
 There war may madly rage again —
 In that heart it can rage no more.

'T is not like the peace to the ocean given,
 When above the soft skies smile ;
 True, it may image the face of heaven,
 And be gentle and calm awhile ;
 But shall not the clouds again be hung
 Above it, in gorgeous gloom,
 And shall not many a life be flung
 Away on that stormy tomb ?

'T is not like the peace of the fruitful land,
 When the valleys are thick with corn ;
 That peace all hearts may understand,
 For of earthly things 't is born ;
 But thou wouldst not call it peace, hadst
 Before God's holy shrine, [kneelt
 And that blessed calm in thy spirit felt
 That none can e'er define.

Turn not to earth, for its brightest joys
 Beside his light are dim ;
 But there is a pleasure nought destroys,
 And it flows alone from him.
 Oh, be that peace within thy breast !
 Then shalt thou surely know,
 That save his pure and holy rest,
 There is no true peace below. M. A. E.

* Temple of Jupiter, at Olympus.

† Altis.

‡ Doric mood, usually employed in pæans.

§ Arethusa in the island of Ortygia, off Syracuse.

|| Eurotas, now called Basili Potamo.

* Plato's doctrine of the *το κάλον*, or eternal beauty, blended with his other doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and its return to earth from its dwelling in the skies.

THE JESUIT'S SERMON.

ALL persons who are in the least familiar with the early history of the West, know with what pure and untiring zeal the Catholic missionaries pursued the work of conversion among the savages. Before a Virginian had crossed the Blue Ridge, and while the Connecticut was still the extreme frontier of New-England, more than one man, whose youth had been passed among the warm valleys of Languedoc, had explored the wilds of Wisconsin, and caused the hymn of Christian praise to rise from the prairies of Illinois. The Catholic priest went even before the soldier and trader. From lake to lake, from river to river, the Jesuits pressed on, unrelenting, and with a power that no other Christians have exhibited, won to their faith the warlike Miamis, and the luxurious Illinois. For more than a hundred years did this work go forward. Of its temporary results we know little. The earliest of the published letters from the missionaries were written thirty years after La Salle's voyage down the Great River. But, were the family records of France laid before us, I cannot doubt that we should find there evidences of savage hate diminished, and savage cruelty prevented, through the labors of the brotherhood of Jesus. And yet it was upon these men that England charged the war of Pontiac! Though every motive for a desperate exertion existed on the part of the Indians — the dread of annihilation, the love of their old homes and hunting-grounds, the reverence for their fathers' graves — all that nerved Philip, and fired Tecumseh — yet to the Protestant English the readiest explanation was, that Catholics, that Jesuits, had poisoned the savage mind!

It was during this war — the war of extermination which the savages commenced as one man, on Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, along the frontiers, and among the quiet hollows of Pennsylvania and Virginia — that the incidents occurred which I am about to relate.

A chief of the Wyandots, which tribe had returned to its old home upon the Maumee, since the conclusion of the war between the Iroquois and Miami confederacy, instead of joining Pontiac, who commanded at the north, went with some of his warriors to the aid of the Shawanese, then living upon the Scioto. He was a man much resembling Logan, so celebrated ten years later — calm, stern; in peace kindly, but in war a true Indian; of vast personal strength, and commanding energies, he led wherever he went. Many a mother, during the terrible summer of '63, started at the howl of the watch-dog, and listening, thought she heard the dreaded voice of the Deep-river, as the Wyandot chief was called; and many a mother did hear that voice. He had taken up the hatchet for extermination, and he spared not age, or sex, or beauty, or courage. Forty scalps, that autumn, stretched upon twigs, were drying in the air at his wigwam door.

Yet the Deep-river had spared one. In a narrow valley near the Green-briar, not far from the now fashionable White Sulphur Spring, dwelt a little family of four, who, when they heard in April of the peace that had been concluded between France and England, thanked

God that their dangers were now over ; that they might now sow and reap in safety. Four months passed by, and but one of the circle remained alive. He was a boy, about ten years old ; a true backwoodsman — bold, resolute, quick, and fearless. When the savages burst into his father's cabin, and the Wyandot chieftain, throwing open the door of their sleeping-room, buried his tomahawk in the old man's brain, the boy Emanuel had caught down a pistol from the shelf, and, standing upon the bed, dealt the Indian a blow across the eyes that he felt for weeks. His followers would have tortured the child, but the Deep-river said : ' No ! he is Indian ; he shall live.'

So the boy remained through the fall, among the many captives that thronged the Indian towns upon the Scioto, most of whom were afterward delivered up to Col. Bouquet ; and early in the winter of '64 was taken by the Wyandot to his own country ; for the chief saw that the efforts of the red men would be in vain. Fort Pitt had been relieved, and Pontiac had been foiled at Detroit. Dark and gloomy were the thoughts of both captor and captive, as they journeyed to the frozen home of the Wyandots.

While Emanuel had been among the other white children, he had not realized his losses, but when he reached the villages on the Maumee, and saw about him only the grim features of the warriors, the scowling squaws, and the dark faces of the Indian boys, he felt that he had indeed lost all he once clung to, and his buoyant spirit drooped at length. So one evening he came home, and sitting down at the feet of the Deep-river, who was musing bitterly over the embers, he said : ' Chief, I have no father ; will you be my father ? ' The heart of the Indian was touched, and he determined to adopt as his own the son of the man he had murdered.

While the Wyandot warriors had been gone to the war, a new dweller had built his wigwam in their village. It was a Jesuit priest, named Du Quesne, a relative, I think, of the old governor. He was young, ardent, full of faith, and void of all worldliness. Upon the banks of the little Rhone-stream that sung by his father's door, he had read of the labors of the Catholics in China, India, and America, among the mountains of Mexico, and by the mighty lakes of Canada ; and his quick spirit had been wrought to that point that crowns and kingdoms, wealth, power, and fame were as dust in the balance, against the sufferings and labors, the trials and glories, of a missionary. And now that he was amid those trials, he walked as one worthy of them ; and so kindly, so loving, so true, were all his words and ways, that the young Wyandot women, who understood but one word in ten, came with their children and listened to him, as we listen to a sweet song in a foreign tongue.

But the Deep-river was no woman ; and when he heard, at his return, of the hold Father Louis had taken on the affections of his people, he would almost have driven him from the village, had he not been French, the foe of his foe ; for he felt as Red Jacket felt and said, in after years : ' If you wish us well, keep away ; do not disturb us ; we like our religion, and do not want another.'

I have said that the Wyandot chief meant to adopt the boy Emanuel ; and though the ceremonies of adoption were still delayed, he treated him as a son, and as a son expected him to fear and obey

him. But the Virginia lad was little disposed, at times, to do any one's will but his own, and his Indian father then punished him, Indian fashion — broke a hole in the ice, and thrust him in. Such treatment brought on contests, and the contests produced ill-feeling. The young Long-knife, as his red play-mates called him, was hot and quick, and the Deep-river was one who would be obeyed.

Upon an occasion of this kind, the Wyandot, thinking he was ruining the boy by too great mildness, pulled forth a buffalo thong, and gave him a scourging, that went through muscles and bones to the soul itself. Noon came, and Emanuel was not in the wigwam. Night came, and still he was not in the wigwam. The chief needed to reflect but one moment, and his own feelings told him that the beaten child had left his lodge. The mind of the savage is like a nicely-poised weight, and for a while the Deep-river balanced between admiration and enmity; affection stronger than ever, and more deadly hate.

The boy had, as he supposed, left him full of the agony and impotence of boyish resentment. He had seen, while at play, another white face in the village, and went at once to the hut of the Jesuit. His story was soon made intelligible to one that read English as well as Father Louis did, and they slept, that night, side by side.

With the first dawning of day, the Wyandot chief was abroad. His mind balanced no longer. 'It was the part of a squaw to spare him as I did,' he said. 'The Great Spirit is angry; he would smell the blood of the Long-knife.' He stood for an instant in the centre of the Indian town; then, with unerring instinct, went straight to the Frenchman's door.

Emanuel lay upon the arm of his new protector, dreaming of that quiet vale upon the Green-briar, where he had chased butterflies with his sisters, and where the bones of those sisters now whitened in the rains of winter. Suddenly the dim light of morning broke through the opened door, and was hid again by the form of the Deep-river. He bent over the sleepers, and seeing it to be as he supposed, shook the priest by the arm.

'What want you?' said Du Quesne, alarmed, and half awake. The Wyandot pointed to the child, who, with pale cheek, but set teeth, drew back from his dreaded father. The Frenchman shrugged, and shook his head.

'He is my son!' said the savage, sternly.

'Those words drove fear from Emanuel's heart, for the night of his father's death was fresh before his mind. 'It's a lie!' he said, 'you murdered my father — you stole me!'

'Shall I take him?' said the Deep-river, calmly.

'For what?' asked the doubting priest.

'Death!' was the brief, but all-comprehending answer.

'Never! I will die myself sooner!' said the Jesuit, his clear eye dilating.

'It is well!' — and the chief turned on his heel as he spoke.

It lacks half an hour of full noon. The Indian children have left their sports on the frozen river, and stand silent about the door of the council-house. The warriors are met in judgment; the club,

whose blow upon the earth is the note for death, stands by the side of the great war-chief, the Deep river. Opposite are the pale priest, and the wondering but undaunted boy Emanuel.

An aged Wyandot chief rises, a long-trying friend of the French. 'Brother,' he says, 'I have something to say to you. My father over the big water fought, and his red children with him; but the Long-knives were strong, and my father fell asleep. Then his red children fought alone; they took many scalps; they took prisoners; they drank the life-blood of my father's enemies. Was this wrong?

'My father has a religion, and worships the Great Spirit in a way of his own. The Long-knives hate his religion; I have heard that they killed the friends of my father, because they prayed with him. Was it a lying bird that told me this?

'Brother! The boy you hold by the hand, hates my father's religion, and would shed his blood. Look! does not my brother put a rattlesnake in his bosom?

'Brother! Our chief would crush that snake, but he will not tear it from him that shelters it; he will crush both together. He tells us my brother wills it so.

'See! when the sun is on this line, it is noon. Till then, my brother may think if he will yet hold the reptile; or he may show us why he holds it. When it is noon, the club must go round, and my brother will live or die, as the council pleases.'

For some moments the breath of the Jesuit came too fast for his feelings to find words; but his enthusiasm was too pure, too deep, to let the weak body rule long; and, dropping the English boy's hand, and throwing back his robe, he answered them in their own tongue.

'Warriors,' he said, 'I had thought you brave; I had heard of bold deeds done by you; but I must have erred. Perhaps it was the Senecas that did these things; and the Wyandots sit at home, and spill the blood of priests and children! No?—no you say? What means this council? Is not the Deep-river strong enough to tear this boy from me, if he wishes him? Does he fear a white man, that he does not do it? Let him do it, and he shall see that I can die in the boy's cause!

'But my brother says the boy is my enemy. Then why did he come to me for help? No human being is my enemy, that asks my assistance; red or white, man or child. I care not what tongue he speaks, or what dress he wears; if he is helpless, he is my friend.

'My brother says this boy hates his father's religion, my religion. Does my brother care for that religion?—and if not, why came I to this place? To make him care for it. I love him, though he know nothing of it; I love him, even though, in his ignorance, he hate it. My brother worships the Master of Life, and I worship him, and this child worships him; more than that I care not to know. You, my brother, and I, have one father in France, and so we are brothers, though we dress differently, live differently, and speak not the same language; and you, and I, and this boy, have one Father in Heaven; and let us differ in other things as we may, we are brothers still. It is enough! He is helpless, and is my friend; he is, like me, a child of the Great Spirit, and as such, I will die for him!'

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and not a word more was spoken

in that assembly. Then the hands of the priest were bound together, and a belt drawn over his eyes. That was the moment of agony. In the darkness of that moment, his father's cottage rose before him, and he saw the old man kneeling, and heard his prayer for the chosen and best beloved one in the wilderness. Then, indeed, was the heart of the missionary faint. All that he had labored for, and looked forward to, was in that moment to be lost forever. But the hand of Emanuel sought his again, and the touch was relief. He felt that he died for a great principle, and that his death would not be in vain; that he was about gaining, not losing, what he had labored for, and looked forward to.

The word passed that it was noon. The belt fell from the Jesuit's eyes, and before him, with a keen and polished knife, stood the Deep-river.

'Is my brother yet strong?' said the chieftain.

'He is stronger than ever, Wyandot,' replied the ready victim; 'he rejoices to die for an enemy, and one that hates his faith. He might talk christianity for years, and your ears be deaf; but, see! he dies for a stranger and foe! This is a sermon that will sink into your hearts, though it were stone. Strike!'

The blade descended, but it was to cut the bonds, not to pierce the heart.

'My brother,' said the Indian, 'is no coward. He has spoken good words. He has acted like a man. We believe the Great Spirit has whispered wisdom in his ear. Look! my brother is free; the boy of the Long-knives is free; they may go! The Deep-river will shed no blood this day.'

J. H. P.

DEATH.

A PARAPHRASE OF 'DEATH,' BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LACON.'

Thou King of Terrors! better termed
The terror chief of kings;
Like them, what art thou but a name,
If stripped of outward things?
The grief, the conflict, and the pain,
These, these belong to life;
The tempest hers, the mandate thine,
That instant stills the strife.

The slimy worm, the mouldering vault,
The ghastly grinning head,
These, these with freezing horror chill
The living — not the dead.
But wretched man, of fabled woes
Or fancied fears the prey,
Thy coming dreads, yet blindly bears
What's heavier, thy delay!

Enough we know to make the best
Life's giftless gift decry,
But not enough on death to gaze
With Cato's Roman eye.
Hence, still life's battered bark we steer,
Of doubts or fears the sport;
Would fain the tempest fly, but dread
More than the storm the port!

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AND THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE TIDES OF THE OCEAN AND THE GULF STREAM.'

It has been recorded as the opinion of that enlightened revolutionary patriot, CHARLES THOMPSON, Secretary of the old American Congress, that at some former but very remote period of time, all that large part of the earth known as the West India Islands, the Caribbean Sea, and the Gulf of Mexico, was a continuous and connected portion of North and South America, the whole comprising one vast continent. Singular as this suggestion may now appear, abundant reasons, which to my mind seem unanswerable and conclusive, can be brought forward in support of the position. The numerous earthquakes which have occurred within the last thirty years, the accounts of which are fresh in the recollection of many of my readers, and which have been felt from near St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi, to Caraccas, in South America, (a large portion of which city was destroyed, and several thousand people buried in the ruins,) show incontestably, that for an extent of more than two thousand miles, this immense region reposes on materials that shield it from the destructive explosions of hidden but eternal fires. How long they are to remain in subjection, or whether there will be partial irruptions merely, can only be known when years shall have rolled on, and are numbered with those beyond the flood.

But that wonderful revolutions have heretofore taken place in this grand division of the world, we have numerous proofs. The whole western hemisphere abounds with these proofs. North America itself is full of them. The passages of our great Atlantic rivers through granite mountains, furnish indisputable evidence in point; nor is it less evident that, anterior to these disruptions, the extensive valleys beyond them embosomed lakes of corresponding dimensions. This leads me more particularly to the object I had in view, namely, to make some observations and offer some opinions concerning that portion of America which is spread out to an almost limitless distance west of the Alleghany ridges, and now even familiarly known as the *Valley of the Mississippi*. A valley indeed! — and such an one as has no parallel on the earth. Its length may be estimated at not less than two thousand five hundred miles, and its mean breadth at from twelve to fifteen hundred. In attempting to grasp dimensions of such magnitude, the mind loses its comprehensive scope, and falls back on itself, overwhelmed and powerless.*

* An eloquent western writer, Dr. T. N. CAULKINS, has recently drawn a forcible sketch of the changes which will be effected in the Great West, in the short space of fifty years. No one who bears in mind that the boldest flights of the imagination fifty years ago, could scarcely have been equal to the reality at the present hour, but must regard the prophecy as one based only upon rational premises. Dr. FRANKLIN was pronounced 'wild,' when, in the old Congress, he predicted that in sixty years Ohio would have a population of a hundred thousand souls. In half that time, his prediction was exceeded more than ten fold. 'What,' says Dr. Caulkins, 'will this, Union be, fifty years from this day? The cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night, for the world to follow in their march of civilization and refinement! The morning of 1887 will dawn upon this nation doubled in extent, with Michigan and Iowa as the centre of civilization, and the unbegotten states of Oregon, Macdon, Columbia, and Pacificus, stretching along the ocean, called the Pacific States, with another tier of sisterhood lying along the Rocky Mountains, by the name of the Middle or Mountain States

The indications that the entire country between the Alleghany and Chippewan or Rocky Mountains, was once covered by an immense ocean, are without number. That the whole partakes of an alluvial character, is believed by all intelligent persons, who are acquainted with it. Of this fact I have not the smallest doubt. Professor DRAKE, of Cincinnati, a gentleman alike distinguished for genius and liberal acquirements, is known to have expressed such a belief, repeatedly; and perhaps there is no other person west of the mountains, whose opinion is entitled to more deference. His qualifications fit him in an eminent degree to decide on such a matter; and the enlightened views he has heretofore given to the public, on various subjects of natural history, are sufficient to confirm this assumption.

The position which I assume, then, is this: There was a great ocean hemmed in by prodigious mountains. The southern boundary might have been a corresponding line with the island of Cuba, extending across what is now the Bay of Mexico, and meeting probably at Yucatan. I refer to this point, because it is the most prominent one in Central America; and because, from its position, projecting far into the sea, it seems reasonable to presume that there might have been a connecting link between them, and that here was the southern limit of this most extraordinary inland ocean. This line is, of course, imaginary; but that such a barrier existed, either there or somewhere contiguous to it, can scarcely be disputed.

If, then, we assume the hypothesis that the two continents were connected, in the way suggested, we have boundless scope for the imagination. From the eastern extremity of St. Domingo, to the coast of New Spain, or Isthmus of Darien, cannot, I should think, be less than fourteen hundred miles; and from the northern shore of the Bay of Mexico, to the southern boundary of the Caribbean Sea, it appears to me the distance is quite as great. According to the position I have assumed, and which was understood to be the opinion of Mr. Secretary Thompson, all this vast area must have been submerged and shattered to pieces, by long-smothered volcanoes, which at length burst forth with tremendously convulsive throes, forming at the same time the numerous islands now familiarly known to us. If, moreover, we are to imagine — and the supposition

What now are known as the Western, will then receive the appellation of the Eastern States; while the Western will be those bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Splendid cities will then exist, where now the Indian, the lord of the dark forest around him, lies down upon his copper face, dreaming of the happy hunting-grounds of his fathers, with whom must soon dwell the whole human race. On that day a mere handful will be found lingering on the borders of the great deep that must at length engulf them: Where then will be the capital of this Union? Possibly in the Valley of the Mississippi. St. Louis may be the favored spot, or even the unbroken wilderness still farther West. In view of a spectacle so full of national glory, well might our favorite bard exclaim:

— 'Who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race:
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long, untravell'd path of light,
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.'

EDG. KNICKERBOCKER.

seems altogether rational, that this immense territory was full of inhabitants, having probably its numerous towns and cities, and abounding in riches, refinements, and the arts, we feel it to be a theme calculated to excite the strongest emotions of astonishment and wonder. It was probably the most awful event that ever took place in this part of the world, and must have led to greater physical changes than any other, since the memorable and righteous decree that swept the earth with the deluge. That such was the fact, is a conviction deeply impressed on my mind, and brings forcibly to recollection the vivid conception of the poet Cowper, who shows the fearful effect of omnipotent power :

——— ‘When God performs,
Upon the trembling stage of his own works,
His dreadful part alone.’

What connexion there might have been between these suppositions and the depopulation of Central America, whose long desolate cities and solitary places have struck the eye of travellers with such surprise and admiration, and of which we have very lately had such lively descriptions,* must be matter of conjecture. It would seem by no means extravagant to suppose, that the inhabitants of the narrow link now connecting the two continents, were either buried under their ruined walls, or driven away by the distressing calamity that pursued and overwhelmed them. Let us bear in mind the probability that the throes and convulsions may have been long continued, as was the case recently on the Mississippi, carrying dismay and terror to the hearts of all.

Many long centuries, probably several thousand years, must have passed, as is evinced from the present aspect of things, since the occurrence of those extraordinary manifestations of the divine will. The immediate consequence of all these convulsive movements of the elements, so astounding and destructive to former generations, was the draining of that boundless region, that natural garden of the world, the magnificent and fertile valley of the Mississippi. However calamitous may have been such consequences to others, those of the present generation can easily perceive the wisdom of the decree that accomplished so great a change. Countless ages were required to clothe this virgin soil with such preëminent beauty and unnumbered charms, as now fill the eye of the enraptured beholder. It is not only the most delightful, the richest, and the fairest portion of the earth, but capable of sustaining a population of at least a hundred millions. Even now, at distant intervals,

——— ‘Wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas,
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees!’

The human powers, with all their interesting exhibitions and higher attributes, will here, in all likelihood, reach the highest possible at-

* See articles on ‘American Antiquities,’ in the *KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE*.

tainment. The arts and sciences will be cultivated to the utmost limit of perfection, and will here unfold all their brilliant evidences of utility and grandeur. They are already transplanted hither, and are taking deep root; and farther time, with the multiplied population that will soon throng those extensive borders, will carry them to rapid maturity. The pure religion of the Sun of Righteousness will follow close in the train, and even now holds a powerful and happy sway. It will not be less ennobling in its effects, than gratifying to those who are pure in heart; spreading its glorious mantle over all the sons and daughters who profess its faith, and giving the light and consolation of the gospel to every inhabitant.

Among the numerous advantages and attractions which entice the enterprising adventurer to a land so favored, will be found one of a prominent and important character. It forms a peculiar feature, having nothing corresponding to it in any other section of the globe. This relates to the splendid rivers which are almost without number, and which, for thousands of miles, fertilize and beautify it, in every direction. Notwithstanding the length of these rivers, and the immeasurable floods of water they discharge, I have never been able to learn that in any instance does the largest and longest of them exceed in any one place a mile and a half in breadth. Even this is very rare; for the mighty Mississippi itself, in its average width, is not over three quarters of a mile. Few of the other rivers exceed half a mile, and most of them are considerably less. So uniform are they in this particular, and so gentle are their general currents, that they are rendered navigable by steam-boats almost to their sources.

Who does not perceive in all this the evidences of kindness and benignity? Who does not see the clear marks of exalted wisdom and unbounded liberality? Who does not comprehend, that in the uniform narrowness and gentleness of these noble rivers, are found increased conveniences, and an essential diminution of dangers? Without these clearly-defined advantages, much of their utility, which is every where the leading attribute in the works of nature, would have been lost. But the whole is formed, as it would seem, with the express view to the accommodation of a people who should have a safe and easy intercourse with each other; whose rational enjoyments should be extensively multiplied; and who should be zealously devoted to the noblest and most useful pursuits.

Another strongly-marked characteristic of this vast domain, is visible in its general smooth and level surface, surpassing in this respect probably all other countries. Its fair face is no where disfigured by lofty, shaggy, and broken ridges; there are no sandy plains, of interminable length; no unfathomable, yawning, and impassable gulfs, restricting intercourse, and multiplying difficulties; nor any other insurmountable obstacles. It is therefore singularly adapted to the construction of those noblest monuments of a free people, commodious rail-roads and canals, those eminently useful channels of easy, cheap, and rapid communication.

The fertility of the country is proverbial, and its climate is known to be mild and salubrious. Its productions are most abundant, and infinitely varied. This necessarily results from its prodigious extent, reaching, as it does, almost from the torrid to the extreme of

the frigid zone—from the soft cotton and sugar clime of the south, to the dreary and inhospitable ranges of the reindeer and polar bear of the north.

The geological attributes are in many respects extraordinary. Minerals of the most useful kinds, and without limit, are known to abound; more particularly coal, iron, lead, copper, etc. Woods, of almost every variety, and of unsurpassed beauty; marble, of various kinds, some of which is exquisitely variegated; and the coarser but more useful articles of granite, freestone, limestone, and all other materials, designed for the ordinary use and comfort of the human family, are liberally spread in every direction, through those teeming and highly favored abodes.

A FRAGMENT.

SAFETY and joy go with yon bounding bark !
 How fearlessly she bears her o'er the wave!
 Her outspread canvass swelling to the breeze,
 Dashing the white spray from her cleaving prow,
 The foaming eddy closing in her wake :
 Safety and peace be with the bounding bark,
 And her brave freight ! O many a mother's prayer,
 For her lithe sea-boy on the bending mast,
 (Fear, like a night-hag, brooding o'er her hopes,)
 Follows yon good ship on her trackless way !

Ocean ! my earliest memories are of thee :
 Thy solitary grandeur, changeful moods,
 The fairy shallows on thy breast upborne,
 And all the stately ships that swept thy tide.
 We dwelt beside the sea. There, on a cliff,
 Darkly o'ershadowed by a jutting crag,
 Where far below hung the wild sea-mew's nest,
 And high above the swooping eagle's eyrie,
 Have I for hours reclined in idleness,
 And listened to the wild and voiceful waves.

How glad they leaped, those frolic waves, at morn,
 To catch the sunbeams mirthfully upspringing,
 Like merry sprites, disporting joyously ;
 The rocks all ringing to their jocund shouts,
 To join their elfin revel urging me.
 Afar, where blended dimly sea and sky,
 Oft as I marked some out-bound, dashing ship,
 Careering like a sea-bird on her way,
 Some Nereid, floating on her silver shell,
 Her bright hair streaming out upon the wind,
 Seemed wreathing up her white arms to the cliff,
 And forth my heart went with her o'er the wave.

Or when at evening, for a cooling draught,
 The sun in ocean dipped his brazen shield ;
 And the loud waves came booming o'er the deep,
 Tossing their crests as 't were against the sky,
 And hurrying, charging, wildly on the beach,
 A warlike band of Tritons seemed to advance,
 Sounding, mid clash and din, their wreathed shells.

New-York, May, 1838.

HORTUS SICCUS.

NUMBER ONE.

'Oh give me the moss-covered bucket again!'

WHEN people talk about change, and the fashion of changing, in this world of ours, it sounds trite enough. Ever and again some wanderer comes back to the spot whence he started in youth, and exclaims over what he sees, as if change were a new thing, and the people who have staid quietly at home, and seen the tide of affairs rising, day by day, to its new marks, are ready to laugh in his face for making such an ado over what seems to them so natural and easy, and in no wise surprising. But there is something in this hasty flitting of familiar things, that is worth exclaiming over; and particularly in some parts of our country the rapidity with which a change of aspect is effected, passes all history and experience, and even sober poetry. Those who live in the centre of a city, and pace over sidewalks, and along closely-built walls of houses, never see it; and the people of our country towns may still walk over the scarcely widened path that took them to school, and not see it; but suburbaners, who have been trampled upon in the march of cities country-ward, can talk about change.

'Lots for sale: inquire of — — —,' says an officious little board at the end of a long row of newly-planted stakes. What of that? Nothing, but that I remember here a stony lane, so steep that nothing passed over it but the rushing red clay waters, after a rain, or stumbling cows, hurried home from pasture, and I miss the gay barberry bushes that guarded its inaccessible sides. 'Paradise Row. Desirable lots for sale.' What of that? Nothing, but that to level it, they have smoothed the prettiest dimpled orchard that was ever moulded for a children's play-ground. Look where they have filled up 'the bowl,' down whose green sides the ripe apples rolled from the trees on the top, till they reached the huge heap in the centre, from which we made our selections! Is there any thing in the sight of the plough slowly scooping out furrows of red earth, or the man who, with folded arms, directs each time where the next course shall be run across, that I should stand and watch the process? Let me tell you something about that rough, rain-seamed hill they are taking down so coolly. The time has been when no one thought it defaced the fair earth's surface. As I stand looking at it now, the vision of what it was, hovers over it, some three feet elevated in air. But it is easy for my fancy to fit it with a foundation, and re-turf and re-plant it, till I can stand there again in the home of my childhood. Let me shape it out to you, if I can, with these few trees they have left, and the roads, (streets they are now,) which still run on each side, leaving it still a slightly corner place. If it were raised again, and the bank on the sunny south side had its original turfy but abrupt slope to the road, while a supporting stone wall, of six or eight feet height, surmounted by a white fence, curved around the corner, and ran along the eastern front, how easily we could open the gate, walk up the rustic stone steps, and take the

gravelled path to the door. Stop with me at the gate, and I will make them grow again, those goodly, smooth-barked cherry trees, in each high corner, guardians of the entrance. Often have the flat-heads of the gate-posts served as a platform to the branches, when they were looking black and heavy, as if a swarm of bees had lighted on them. These sentinel trees belonged to a range that stretched around both sides of the house, and their life was a part of mine.—I counted time by their blossoming, and setting to fruit, and reddening, till the boughs were all stripped, and then I dated by the changes on the pear-tree. That patriarch harvest-pear tree! How has irreverence become the sin of a generation that could lay bare its aged roots! Here—no, there, it must have stood. Come under its broad shadow, and look up, as I used of a summer night, through its high branches, and see if you can tell which are stars and which are pears. What an influence that old tree exerted over us, even in our slumbers; for while the fruit lasted, who should be earliest under the tree, was the strife. Many a morning have my foot-prints been the first on the wet grass, that I might triumph over an apron full. Puritan fathers must have hung a spell upon its boughs, for now it is cut down, we sleep later. But the pears, the pears! and the grand shaking time! How they rolled down the slope of the yard, and over the fence into the road, and how we childishly gloried in the many great baskets-full! There was something of sublimity in such abundance, and of a fruit, too, that wanted nothing but juice and flavor!

Here was another veteran, the old plum-tree, in the low notch of which I used to sit, and call it my throne. Their stands, not to be mistaken, lopped and shorn as it is, the venerable apple-tree that bore the swing. What merry groups has that good-natured old tree thrown its shadow over, as if it loved romping and frolic! Time was when we held a circus there. Archie turning somersets, and Mink, the black cat, performing great jumping feats, while Ponto astonished a crowd of juveniles by more than canine sagacity. Up and down we swung, under a shower of apple blossoms—sometimes taking a rough rub on the cheek from the bark of the sturdy old trunk. How we laughed, when the apples came down on our heads! Dearer yet was the still time, when I could sit there alone, and, gently swayed by the wind, as it were, give myself up to the enchantment of a story book. That was to be 'lapped in Elysium.'

Here stood the summer house, covered with a mysterious vine, that year after year baffled my penetration, setting thick with clusters that never came to fruit. That and the Magnumbonum tree, (that would drop all its great plums, touched by decay, after I had watched them swelling and swelling, and just putting on the purple,) I never could be friends with. Perhaps they were teaching me my first lessons of mortality, and the blasting of human hopes. They awed me beyond sociability.

But there, in that row of ragged gooseberry-bushes, is something with which the hens and I were familiar to gossiping, suffering ourselves to be scratched twice for every berry. It is strange that it should outlive so many worthier things, and be so green and thrifty yet. It shows where the garden fence ran. A gate opened here, and another there, and then the paths from each met, and joined company

forward. The space between was a semi-circular flower-bed, the pride of the garden, bordered with the bright little strawberry rose, and filled with choice bulbs. An immense peony sat in the centre, to preside. Each side of the long walk was set with flowers and shrubs, carefully mated, aptly reminding us of that great original garden lesson, 'not good to be alone.'

I am dizzy with a rainbow in my head, when I recall all those flowers, as distinct and as dear to me then, as the friends I have found since. Here were the strawberry-beds. What a broken fence shuts off the road! Every picket was in its place once, and a hedge of currant bushes kept side by side with it for its whole length. I used to go and pick currants from the outside, to try to make them taste as they did to the little pilferers going home from school. But come out from the garden, for it sickens me to see nothing left of all but these old tufts of fleur-de-luce, and yellow lilies. Stop, let me gather one. Let us keep away from those ploughing people. We are safe here. All this was a mowing lot. Here we had our winter sliding course, and here our freaks, when the new boy sent Irish Thomas complaining to 'the mistress.' Here was the debatable ground, where we transacted all the wilder doings that might not be brought nearer the house, the scene of all the assault-and-battery cases that came up for trial in the maternal court. Here the boys wrestled out their quarrels, and from here the girls always came back sullen. It seemed as if we shut the great gate on subordination and good order every time we went into the mowing lot, probably because we were usually forbidden to go there, and laid aside the character of good children with the first step.

That new brick house, so sweet with its white pillars, stands on the very spot where our barn did. But come away; time would fail me to tell of our gambols there. Shall I take you into the house? Not through the wood-house, by the back door, though the tall white rose-bushes, trained up to upper windows, make that entrance inviting enough. Not by the side toward the garden, through the glass door, into the little breakfast-room, though the offsets of smooth turf, and the lilacs that grew in the shade, made this pleasant enough. You must go quite around the house, and enter by one of the street doors. If you were totally familiar, you might go in at the south side, as I did, through the piazza. I would show you beside the door, the rose-bush that bore both red and white flowers, which was always associated with thoughts of that parent of whom I recollected nothing so distinctly as the process of this grafting.

You might throw your bonnet and books upon the hall table, though the moment mother saw them, you would be called to put them in their places. How much a New-England mother, and an orderly bringing up, are worth, let those who have looked about on woman-kind, in some sections of our country, tell. But you ought to go in at the company door, up the gravel walk, stopping to gather lilacs, or snow-balls, seringa, and roses by the way, and lingering long enough on the door steps to breathe in the fragrance of the honeysuckle that wound its way nearly across the whole front, and looked in at every window.

But ah! it is of no use, if I could do it. They do not live here

now. It is a scattered family, and I brought you on a vain errand. But before we go away, look on the fair prospect, for no stranger ever turned away without admiration. Here, separated from us by a little winding river, and a valley of green fields and trees, though ranges of white houses have crept up almost to the spot where we are standing, and have taken away this rural appearance I speak of, is a fair city, with spires and masts, and a state-house dome. The setting sun is flashed back from innumerable roofs and windows, and the vanes on those white steeples fairly burn. If you could have seen it, from those upper windows, when the red bars of light first fell through the closed shutters on our white walls, and we looked out in the fresh morning on all that was hidden and revealed! A heavy mist would often fill the valley, and spread out before us like a lake, and then islets with trees would peep out, and one prominent object of the city after another, till from hill to hill all stood out in the glad yellow light, and a burst of song and sound rose simultaneously from the trees and the chicken-yards.

That glittering city was the world to me, once. I remember well the first time I was trusted to go there alone. I had a written permission to leave school at half-past four, and I took care that every body should know the great occasion. It was to buy for our nurse and myself each a gay new fan. And I put on airs upon the strength of something so important, and started, not in glee, for it was too weighty an expedition, but with high hopes, and firm resolve. The half mile of road looked dusty and immeasurably long, but I went forward, planning the device and colors of my purchase, and arranging what I must say, to ask for it. Alas! I had not gone half the distance, when I discovered that my magical little silver piece was lost, and I had to return home when it was too late to go back. Then the mortification of having no fan to exhibit to the expectant crowd at school! The elation and self-confident energy, the perplexity and final despair, which made up the history of that errand, were to be acted over in many of my later attempts. But we have made these men stare long enough. Come away!

THE OAK'S PROGRESS.

THOU wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down,
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But faith thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent-tree mellowed the soil,
Design'd thy cradle, and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

Time made thee what thou wast — king of the woods,
And time hath made thee what thou art — a cave
For owls to roost in! thou hast out liv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee a while,) a thing
Forgotten as the foliage of thy youth!

THE DEAD EAGLE.

WRITTEN AT ORAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF 'PLEASURES OF HOPE,' ETC.

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems
 Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
 Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,
 He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
 Paid tribute to his eyrie. It was perched
 Higher than human conqueror ever built
 His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
 Zahara's desert to the equator's line,
 From thence the wingéd despot marked his prey,
 Above th' encampments of the Bedouins, ere
 Their watch-fires were extinct, or camels knelt
 To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain;
 And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
 While yet th' unawakened world was dark below.

There 's such a charm in natural strength and power,
 That human fancy has for ever paid
 Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
 Hence, 'neath his image, Rome arrayed her turms
 And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
 And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
 With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
 True the carred æronaut can mount as high;
 But what 's the triumph of his volant art?
 A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
 His helmless vehicle, a silken toy,
 A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud;
 His course has no volition, and he drifts
 The passive plaything of the wind. Not such
 Was this proud bird: he clove the adverse storm,
 And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
 As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
 And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like
 A lamp suspended from its azure dome;
 While underneath him the world's mountains lay
 Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads.
 Then downward, faster than a falling star,
 He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
 Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
 And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
 To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
 He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
 In all his movements, whether he threw round
 His crested head to look behind him, or
 Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
 The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
 In gyres and undulations full of grace,
 An object beautifying Heaven itself.

He — reckless who was victor, and above
 The hearing of their guns — saw fleets engaged
 In flaming combat. It was nought to him
 What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks;
 But if his intellect had matched his wings,
 Methinks he would have scorned man's vaunted power
 To plough the deep; his pinions bore him down
 To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves
 That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves;
 And traversed in an hour a wider space

Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
 Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
 His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
 His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
 And on the very light-house rock he perched,
 When winds churned white the waves.

The earthquake's self
 Disturbed not him that memorable day,
 When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built
 Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
 A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran,
 Turning her city to a sepulchre,
 And strewing into rubbish all her homes;
 Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
 Of streets and squares, the hyæna hides himself.
 That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
 The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
 As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
 Coiled in yon mallows and wide nettle-fields,
 That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination's dread delight
 In objects linked with danger, death, and pain!
 Fresh from the luxuries of polished life,
 The echo of these wilds enchanted me;
 And my heart beat with joy when first I heard
 A lion's roar come down the Lybian wind,
 Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
 Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore.

And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
 Of pastoral pleasantness — though far between,
 The village planted near the Marabout's
 Round roof has aye its feathery palm trees
 Paired, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
 Here nature's hues all harmonize; fields white
 With alarum, or blue with bugloss — banks
 Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild,
 And sunflowers, like a garment pranked with gold;
 Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
 Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
 Here, too, the air's harmonious — deep-toned doves
 Coo to the life-like carol of the lark;
 And when they cease, the holy nightingale
 Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
 With notes that seem but the protracted sound
 Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

‘ C O N F E S S I O N . ’

‘ Let me confess to God, and save my shilling. ’ — OLD ANECDOTE.

CONFESSION, like physic, mid mortal extremes,
 In the hands of a skilful concoctor,
 Is an excellent thing for the patient, it seems,
 Though not quite so good for the doctor.

Hence some spiritual quacks, in attending their sick,
 On the virtues insist of confessions;
 But should a small thorn their own consciences prick,
 Their sole lenitive pills are professions.

As to tears for our sins, if amendment it work,
 An ounce-vial full ample perhaps is;
 And too little the Heidelberg tun, if there lurk
 At the bottom the seeds of relapses.

PHRENOLOGY MADE EASY:

OR A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS ON A MUCH-ABUSED SCIENCE.

'Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear!'

THE phrenologist was but a common observer of nature ; he possessed no advantage over other men ; and he asserted no claim upon the attention of the world, until, after the minutest observation for years, he solved the great mystery of man's moral and intellectual nature. The puzzle vanished upon the announcement, more than forty years ago, by the illustrious discoverer and founder of the science of phrenology, that each faculty and sentiment of the human mind had its appropriate organ in the brain ; that, other things being equal, as a general truth, upon the size of that organ depended its manifestation of power ; and that, as a result from these premises, the mental dispositions of men depended upon the organization of their brain, the size and relative proportions of which could in general be ascertained with accuracy during life.

No new characteristic of the human mind did the phrenologist claim to have discovered. He merely traced the demonstration of the faculty or sentiment to its source ; he 'put his finger upon the spot,' and said, 'Here I have discovered the seat of the faculty whose existence was before admitted ; here is the source of those waters at whose stream all have drank ; here is the cause whose effects every body knew and acknowledged ; here I show you the 'local habitation' of that to which you have already given a 'name ;' and now go with me through the examination, and among the millions of men, let us pursue the path of investigation, and note the physical and mental resemblances among the different individuals of the human race.' Thus he challenged the scrutiny of the world, and appealing to facts, and to these alone, he has sustained the noble and interesting truths he at first proclaimed, and his science, now emerged from its rude elements, and grown into system, is admitted to rank high among the various branches of human knowledge, by the learned of all the enlightened nations of the earth.

'But after all, phrenology is immoral in its tendency, say what you will !' So the objector has ceased to laugh, and commenced a dismal cry against our most excellent philosophy. Well, then, what is the matter ? Why, several organs possess very hard names, and lead to the commission of very naughty deeds. Gall denominated one the organ of murder, and another of theft, and therefore a man must murder and steal. This is very bad, certainly ; and worse, too, if there was no murder or theft committed before the day of Gall ; but it occurs to me that the world knew something of these propensities before the doctor's day, although they did not know exactly where to look for the seat of them.

Now a man born with one leg shorter than the other, is not expected to walk as gracefully as one on whose limbs sit grace and fair proportion ; but he *can walk*, although he is inclined to *limp*. Well, I tell you that this man is inclined to limp, because one leg is shorter

than the other. Am I to be blamed for having discovered the *cause* of his lameness? What say you? Why, that I ought to be whipped for the discovery, and the cripple for his lameness! Ought you not rather to thank me for the discovery, and give the lame man a crutch? True, the phrenologist has discovered in the human brain an organ which he has denominated 'destructiveness': its office is to inspire energy; its over-manifestation, with ill-balanced sentiments, may lead to the killing of a human being; although, well-regulated, it might only lead to the killing of snakes, or at the most assist a respectable butcher in his vocation; and with benevolence at hand, it might only produce your active business man, who will have every thing done in season.

So large acquisitiveness may lead to theft or cheating, where conscientiousness is defective; and so will fire burn up all your houses, without water to check the flames. The materials for good and evil pervade the universe. Have we not heat and cold, pain and pleasure, the fatal poison and the certain antidote? There is no good but may be perverted to evil. Man has not a sentiment, propensity, or faculty, but may be made productive of good; and there is not a moral evil in human society, but can be traced to the abuse of a good propensity, or the neglect of a good sentiment, or faculty. Cautiousness is the instinct of self-preservation, and necessary to the preservation of life; but by an over-manifestation, or improper indulgence, it may whisper to the general in the hour of battle,

'He that fights and runs away,
Muy live to fight another day.'

Self-defence is the law of our nature, and combativeness and destructiveness are the ministers of that law; but should they turn from resistance to aggression, and become aggressors — from their proper attacks upon dangerous beasts and reptiles, and destroy the innocent and harmless — then there is a perversion of good to the purposes of evil, and the moral agent who thus turns aside, is held responsible for the wrong, as well by the phrenologist as the strictest moralist of the old school.

The love of offspring is admitted to be a good instinct of our nature; but suffer its excessive manifestations to influence the discipline of children, and a 'spoiled child' is an ordinary specimen of the result. Excessive benevolence may deny the demands of justice, and set the culprit free; and on the other hand, justice not properly tempered with benevolence, may become harsh and unlovely, and excite the gentler feelings of our nature to revolt at its exercise. The over-action of veneration, coupled with large marvellousness, may fill the mind with weak superstitions and wild, fanatical delusions; these are certainly no advantage to any body; and yet to call the source of veneration a bad organ, would not be tolerated. It is not condemned, but extolled, if it produce a reasonable religious faith; it is not much abused, if it make but an antiquary or high tory; and destructiveness would never be censured, but complimented, if it was exercised only in the killing of rattle-snakes. Without respectable marvellousness, man would reject many things which it is comfortable to believe; but if it be quite large, he will believe too much, alto-

gether. To its excessive manifestation, witches owe their existence, and ghosts their shadowy forms. By it, marvels by land and sea are upheld, and violations of nature's laws accredited.

Suppose a case of hydrophobia should occur in a large city, and that the corporate authority, under the influence of excited cautiousness, should decree the extermination of the canine race. Each man having large destructiveness assails an unhappy dog; a carman endowed with large benevolence arrests the fatal weapon, and preserves the life of a noble animal. Veneration for the sage functionaries who erected the law of extermination, excites to a prosecution of the carman for a violation of its provisions; while conscientiousness, manifested in a love of justice, according to law, condemns the man who acted from a generous impulse to pay a fine for the deed. Now it is not difficult to perceive, that a good sentiment or faculty took the lead at each stage of these proceedings, but nevertheless worked a wrong, from the beginning to the end of the matter.

The utmost that the phrenologist will concede to the objector against the morality of his science, is that it is more difficult for some men to come up to the required degree of moral rectitude than for others. Nay, he will concede that on account of the natural constitutions of some men, and the neglected education of their sentiments, it is extremely difficult for them to refrain from the violation of wholesome moral rules. But these instances are rare, and there is a remedy for them. Moral symmetry does not adorn every body by nature, any more than physical perfection; and a man is no more in fault for having a bad head, than for having an ill-proportioned frame; but the parent who discovers either, and does not assist nature to approach perfection, by every means in his power, is guilty of criminal neglect; and the offspring that is the victim of such negligence, had better never have been born.

The phrenologist has relaxed none of those safe moral rules adopted for the happiness of mankind; but he has added new statutes to the moral code, and enjoined new duties upon parents, teachers, and law-givers. He has aided, by his grand discovery, the surmounting of obstacles hitherto a barrier to the attainment of even a comfortable moral excellence, by some individuals of the human race. It certainly is of some importance to know, that any organ of the mind can be called into or out of action, without the exercise of all the others; that the exercise of an organ will increase its size and activity, upon which depend its power and influence in forming the character of the man. Is here no hope for the moral monster? May not the infant mind be rectified in some degree? May not the youthful propensity be prevented from characterizing the man?

Suppose in a boy it is early discovered that the sentiment of justice is small, acquisitiveness and secretiveness large? Ought not the parent and teacher to know that here is an embryo thief before them? Let them train the subject of this unhappy combination according to his moral wants, and the youth will grow to manhood with a dangerous propensity so trained and modified, as that, instead of plunging him into crime, it makes him the honest possessor of millions, and he dies one of the honored of mankind, leaving his ample fortune as a benefaction to his country's orphans. How like a god! — and yet, when young and untutored, how very like a thief!

In the interior of this state, a few years ago, a child of about six months of age was found dead in the front yard of a house inhabited by a poor and degraded family, with its head horribly cut by a sharp instrument, and one of its legs chopped off, and lying near the body. This dreadful deed was afterward clearly shown to have been committed by a boy not quite five years old, an inmate of the house, and that he used an axe for the purpose. The same young monster was soon afterward arrested in an attempt to kill a small child in the street. Now what provision have the moralists of the old school made for this boy? Whips, of course, are provided for him here, and torture hereafter; but for all these, he will kill their children. Now I apprehend there was a remedy for this youth's moral infirmity; and that, taken at an early age, his destructive propensity might have been attempered by benevolence, to a degree sufficient to prevent his final exit upon the gallows.

As in the physical, so in the moral world; rough nature requires the hand of art to give it utility and beauty. Care and skill will remedy both physical and moral defects, and none but decided monsters in nature are beyond improvement by human art and ingenuity. What pains do we not take to supply the defect of hands, feet, or other members of our frame? Who despairs of being useful, who is merely deprived of hearing or of sight? Who does not aid the weak organ, exercise the delinquent muscle, straighten the crooked limb, and remedy, assist, and improve nature, whenever there is need? This is the appropriate business of reason, but not her entire task. For the weak sentiment can be made strong, the strong propensity weakened, the inert faculty aroused to activity, and the slumbering passion awakened into life. We have institutions for those deprived of sight. Let those who are morally blind, be made to see. We have institutions for the deaf and dumb. What provision has been made for those who are deaf to the voice of reason and justice? Alas! they have an asylum, but it is only that of the convicted felon!

What science, then, in point of utility and dignity, compares with that under consideration? It is the knowledge of intellectual power and action, and unfolds, to a great extent, the operations of the human mind, that most subtle emanation from the divinity of nature. It is the key to the knowledge of human nature, the varieties of human character, the motives of human actions. It has something for every body to observe, and to profit by, in understanding. It makes every man a philosopher, and endows him with no inconsiderable share of wisdom; enables him to know others, and more than that, himself. The cradled infant is an object of its early solicitude and care, and to its benign influence 'the little being' may owe that nurture and discipline which may place it in the paths of virtue and peace. It inspires us with charity for human weaknesses, and invokes the aid of humanity to arrest the career of the dangerous, rather than the sword of justice to accomplish their swift destruction.

All youths should be educated in the principles of this science. No young man should enter upon the theatre of human action, without the knowledge it would afford him of those by whom he is destined to be surrounded. No maiden should pass through the joys of wedlock, to the duties of a mother, without understanding it. Phre-

nology will safely direct the friend in the formation of his attachments, and the lover in adopting the mistress of his heart. He who surrounds himself with companions deficient in the higher sentiments, will have occasion devoutly to pray for deliverance from his friends; and he who leads the fair one to the hymenial altar, who is deficient in the same respect, will most sincerely regret that he had not paid more attention to the *head*, than to the face and feet, of his betrothed.

This science enables the teacher to understand the mental capacities of his pupils, and to adapt their studies accordingly. It should decide one in the choice of his profession, and settle upon his walk in life. It designates those whom nature designed to be distinguished among men, and points out the material sign of those intellectual endowments, and higher sentiments, which only can make a man truly great, and thereby sustains nature's genuine nobility against the pretensions of the aristocracy of wealth, and the usurpations of titled meanness. In a word, phrenology is not only the true philosophy of the human mind, but the kindest nurse to the infant, the safest guide to manhood, and the wisest law-giver to society.

MINE OWN.

Thou art mine own, my best beloved,
 Thou art indeed mine own;
 What though for ever from my heart
 Its early joys have flown?
 A bird is singing sweeter far
 Than those which made their nest,
 Before Life's morning ray was pale,
 In my unruffled breast!

Once all was bright and all was fair;
 Each merry fount of June
 Played, like a seraph's lute for me,
 A soft, celestial tune.
 The blossoms and the dewy leaves,
 That stooped to kiss the flowers,
 Shed perfume round the dancing feet
 Of Boyhood's frolic hours.

Now, in the streams and in the buds
 No tones nor odors dwell,
 For Fancy, like a changeful nymph,
 Has sighed a sad farewell.
 But thou to me art music, love,
 And the enamored air
 Is rife with sweetness, when I feel
 That thou art present there.

Mine own! Within those charmed words
 What fond endearment lies;
 Lured by the spell, what lovely scenes
 Along the future rise!
 For age will wear more brilliant plumes
 Than youth's gay season flown,
 Since thou art now, in very truth,
 My beautiful, mine own!

SCIENCE 'BY THE SMALL.'

BY THE LATE R. C. SANDS.*

HAVING had, from my earliest youth, an insatiable desire of travelling and seeing foreign parts, an impetus which has acquired proportionable vigor with the elongation and dilation of my body, I gave vent some days ago to my inclination, and, in company with a friend, packed up my wardrobe, consisting of a few sundries, and departed with him. We descended to the water's edge, and prepared to take a solar observation, when we found that we had no quadrant, and that the luminary was invisible, on account of the clouds which covered all the face of the sky. But I have since discovered that the latitude and longitude are laid down on the map, which supersedes the necessity of mentioning them.

We embarked in an aquatic conveyance, called by the people of these parts a *horse-boat*. But I am inclined to think that this novelty is a mere sham, a trick upon travellers. There are a dozen sorry nags in this contrivance, which go round in a circular walk, with halters round their necks, and beams at the other extremity. How this orbicular movement can promote the rectilinear advancement of this mammoth boat, is to me a mystery. And as we were six hours in crossing the river, I suspect that they go and come with the tide; and that the horses are a mere catchpenny, to bring their masters the trigesimo-secundal part of a dollar more on every head than the customary ferriage levied on passengers. However, the unhappy quadrupeds appeared to strain very severely, and in their hinder quarters very particularly; indeed every sinew of the latter part seemed to be over-exerted, while the head, neck, and fore legs moved glibly enough, which is certainly a natural curiosity. I account for it in this way: as the horses are all in a string, and the hinder parts of each one immediately subjected to the inspection of his follower, these noble animals draw up their anteriors from pride, and contract their posteriors from decency. But I do not lay this down as an hypothesis which is defensible, until I hear from the Antiquarian Institute at Cork, to whom I have transmitted an account of this phenomenon, with my conjectures thereon.

The ship's company consisted of nine Dutchmen, three of whom had their *vrows* and sundry of their progeny with them; also one leg of mutton, two breasts of veal, one cheese, and a pound of tea. One of the females, though apparently of a slender constitution, seemed

* This sketch purports to be the 'fragment of a classical, topographical, mineralogical, and botanical tour, to that renowned and ancient city, Wehawak, performed in the summer of 1817, by a member of the Institute of Cork, Ireland: carefully printed from the original ms.' It is a just and biting satire, and one of the most admirable productions of the lamented SANDS, who, as the reader is perhaps aware, was struck down by the 'insatiate archer,' while engaged in writing an article for the KNICKERBOCKER, a work he had near his heart, and to which he was to have been a constant contributor. It will doubtless be entirely new to nine in ten of our readers, and receive a hearty welcome from all. Originating in one or two of the earliest annuals, then of exceedingly narrow circulation, or embodied in a comparatively stagnant edition of his complete works, unwisely produced in a too expensive form for general diffusion, several of SANDS' choicest efforts are scarcely known beyond the limits of the city, or the shelves of his admiring friends.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

to have a pretty good appetite, for she consumed seventeen apples, two loaves of bread, and the cheese; and would probably have proceeded to attack the spare-ribs and leg of mutton, if her husband, anticipating such a result, had not squatted himself down upon them; and being a man of some circumference, it would have been as difficult a task to have effected their liberation, as to get Enceladus out of *Ætna*.

Most of the company were smoking; and I discovered the cause of the phlegmatic nature of the Dutch. They use such short pipes, that the smoke goes up their noses, and, as I had reason to believe, makes the whole tour of their bodies. They have some shrewdness, however. We observed that the cover of the cabin leaked, and they said it was owing to the cracks.

It was raining very fast when we went on board, but the blue horizon soon afterward appeared, and we expected to see a very fine rainbow; but we were disappointed, as we have since found that in these latitudes there are no rainbows observable at noonday—a curious fact, which I have also transmitted to the Cork Institute.

We landed at Hoboken at half-past two p. m., but did not tarry to make observations on that place. Its commerce, however, appears to be in a declining condition, as there were but three xebecs, caiques, or galliots, lying in the port, two of which were in ruins, and the third by no means seaworthy. Many causes might be assigned for this; but we dropped a tear over this famous city, and wound our course round into the country. The road lay through tall hills, covered with ground grass, *juniperi florentes* of Linnæus, and the granito-rosso, and granito-grigio or bigio rocks, vertical strata of which intersected these mountains in every direction, and had a very picturesque effect. The road appeared to consist of gravel poundato. Specimens of all these I have sent to Ireland.

We journeyed at an easy pace, reflecting on the decline and fall of the Roman empire, a subject which the scenery naturally introduced. Our attention, however, was soon arrested by the singular conduct of a dog. He came up to us as if in despair, and we were afraid at first that he was afflicted with the hydromany; but we were soon convinced of our error in that respect. His path was a curvilinear zigzag; now retrograde, and now forward. We then conjectured that he was bewitched; and gave credence to the superstitions of the inhabitants of these parts, who firmly believe in the doctrine, and nail horse-shoes over their barn doors, to prevent the foul fiend from exerting his potential malice upon their cattle. [One of these charms I examined, and sent a fac simile to the society aforesaid.] The dog looked in our faces very particularly, whined, hung his ears, and carried his tail between his legs, in token of submission. This is the first proffer of service which the canine species make: when they do fealty as an acknowledgment of being willing to become your dog, they curl the tail, and lay their front legs horizontally, bending the head and body gracefully back, which is as much as to say: '*Je deviens votre chien.*' The dog kept us company ever after, running before, and looking back to let us know that he considered himself an avaut courier, or else keeping by us.

Nothing particular occurred farther, until we came to Weehawk. I noticed, however, that the hogs (*sues imundi* of the ancients) are in these parts particularly stupid. An instance which fell under our own observation, is very surprising. One of them had a yoke on his neck, to which was conjoined a stick parallel to the front of his head, perpendicularly directed. This prevented his getting between the bars of the fence; but the stupid beast continued bruising his nose, without reflecting that, by laying on his side, he might with facility have insinuated himself into the delightful bed of clover which tantalized his inability to enjoy it.

We arrived at the Weehawk inn, and stimulated with punch and crackers. These last were great curiosities, as they appeared, from the taste and inscription upon them, to have been baked in the year 1741. They were probably brought over from Holland by the present burgomaster of Weehawk. The dog ate them, apparently with much satisfaction, by which we discovered that he was a country dog, as those belonging to the city are not partial to such food.

We again set out on our pilgrimage, in order to survey the environs of this extensive and populous town, and struck into a different road. We saw two heifers lying on the grass, who did not seem to know what to do with themselves. Here we reflected on the darkness of the middle ages, and the glorious consequences of the invention of *printing*.

We heard something singing, and concluded it was a bird, the '*avis volucris*' of Linnæus. We turned out of the road here to enjoy the prospect afforded by a romantic glen, with a brook in it, and cascades according. The dog washed his feet, and we reflected on the source of the Nile.

We discovered an island in this stream, covered with tansies, bullfrogs, and one straight tall walnut-tree. We shook the latter in hopes of procuring some fruit; but as none descended, I suppose it was not the season for them. The withered leaves which covered the ground, while the trees above were in all their verdure, naturally led our contemplations to a comparison between youth and age, life and death, prosperity and adversity.

We returned to Weehawk through a juniper wood, and remarked two particularities in the inhabitants; one is, that they use pocket-handkerchiefs on no day of the week but the first, by any chance whatever. They are then, however, only worn for ornament — the wearer making a pretence of employing his clean and neatly-folded piece of muslin after he has performed the nasal emunction with his fingers. This is unquestionably a much cleaner practice than that of the Europeans and Neo-Eboracians.

The other singularity is, that they wear no *gallowses*, or suspenders. There is an antiquity before the door of the mansion, the date of which we were unable to ascertain. It is a gallows. Whenever any of the male inhabitants walked under this, we observed that they bowed gracefully, at the same time holding the waistband of their bracchæ with their left hand; and by this we discovered the origin of the custom already mentioned. Peter Stuyvesant is recorded, in the chronicle of KNICKERBOCKER, to have punished minor offences by tying a rope round the criminal's middle, and letting him swim in

vacuo on a high gallows. Doubtless this indignity was ill brooked by the generous souls of the Dutchmen; and their posterity have inherited their feelings, though they are ignorant of the cause which makes them, as it were, involuntarily perform the feat aforesaid, and forswear *gallowses* as a memorial of their stigma.

We were here witnesses of a very interesting scene, the *last fisherman's* adieus and departure. All the rest had left the river long since; and this man, whose personal appearance was by no means deficient in the grotesque and picturesque, was taking his leave of the scene, and of the companions of many a carousal and festivity. They showed much less sympathy than he did, however, and refused to take off his hands a basket of codfish, the savor whereof was not indeed very inviting. Prose is too cold for this scene; I have therefore done it into verse.

L A Y O F T H E L A S T F I S H E R M A N .

The sun was sinking in his glory,
Behind the dark bluff's shaggy brow,
His ruddy rays stream'd thro' its verdure,
And streak'd with fire the wave below.
Lit by his sad and parting radiance
Was every tint of varying green;
The distant spires of yon proud city,
Bright flaming in the ray, were seen.

Fill'd by the mournful gale of even,
The white sails o'er the water mov'd,
When came a mariner all lonely,
To bid adieu to scenes he loved.
His locks hung scattered on the breeze,
Like sea-weeds wild dishevell'd spread;
Ruddy his visage, weather-beaten,
Like coral nurs'd in ocean's bed.

The waters blue lay calm and stilly,
As if to tempt him back again,
When stretching out his arms to heaven,
Thus spoke the LATEST FISHERMAN:
'The hour is come, and I must leave ye,
To wend where tempests furious blow;
Last of my race I fondly linger'd,
Till hope hath fled—and I must go.

'Deserted now, too lovely river!
The bare poles o'er thy waters stand,
And soon the winds and waves careering,
Shall root them from the treacherous sand.

Moor'd in yon gentle creek securely,
My little bark, how wilt thou hide?
Will thine own element destroy thee?
Will strangers bear thee o'er the tide?

'O! if their grasp, with hands unhallow'd,
Should bear thee from that loved retreat

Gape all thy wounds, and break thy rudder,
And midway let them ruin meet!
I go where ocean darkly rages,
I go to ride the billowy wave;
Farewell! farewell! I must not linger,
If I the ocean storms would brave.

'Fare thee well, thou gallant Hudson,
If for ever, fare thee well!
Waft my last sigh, evening breezes,
Bear it on thy murmuring swell!
Fare thee well, thou fir-clad Weehawk!
Bend thy dark leaves in the gale;
Wave thy cedars now, all mournful,
As they seem to bid farewell!

'Fare thee well, my host, who kindly
Still for me bid cheerers foam,
I will bless thee, when, all dripping,
Driving on the deep I roam.
Fare thee well, too fair MARAUNCH!
Oh! my heart is failing now—
Wild he look'd—put on his old hat,
As he rush'd from Weehawk's brow!

Then methought that by the river
Bless'd Saint Anthony had stood,
Calling to a second sermon
All the fishes of the flood!
For the wave was hid, where swarming,
Wild with joy's delicious power,
Big and little, porpoise, killie,
Tumbled on its top that hour!
Sport a while, ye gentle fishes,
While ye may, for soon ye'll mourn—
One destroyer now hath left ye,
But a thousand will return!

[*Hiatus valde deficiendus.*]

STUDY: AN EXTRACT.

BY J. C. PERCIVAL.

Much study is a weariness : so said
 The sage of sages, and the aching eye,
 The pallid cheek, the trembling frame, the head
 Throbbing with thought, and torn with agony,
 Attest his truth ; and yet we will obey
 The intellectual *Numen*, and will gaze
 In wondering awe upon it, and will pay
 Worship to its omnipotence ; the blaze
 Of mind is as a fount of fire, that upward plays.

Aloft on snow-clad mountains, on whose breast
 Unspotted purity has ever lain ;
 The clouds of sense and passion cannot rest
 Upon its shadowy summit, nor can stain
 The white veil which enwraps it, nor in vain
 Roll the white floods of liquid heat ; they melt
 The gathered stores of ages ; to the plain
 They pour them down, in streams enkindling, felt
 By every human heart, in myriad channels dealt.

This is the electric spark sent down from heaven,
 That woke to second life the man of clay ;
 The torch was lit in ether, light was given,
 Which not all passion's storms can sweep away ;
 There is no closing to this once-risen day ;
 Tempests may darken but the sun will glow,
 Serene, unclouded, dazzling, and its ray
 Through some small crevices will always flow,
 Nor leave in utter night the world that gropes below.

A SABBATH WITH THE SHAKERS.

BY H. GREELEY.

I KNOW that it is now too late in the world's history for description ; that for the narrator, this is a used-up planet. Men have scaled its precipices, dug into its bowels, fathomed its oceans, penetrated its caverns, traversed its deserts, threaded its wildernesses, and clambered over its icebergs, until the unknown has become a shadow ; a sickly seething of the poet's brain. They have hammered its rocks, gathered its pebbles, dug up its bones, and afflicted its cuticle, until they have proved to a demonstration (but how, I am sure I don't know,) that the earth is a hundred thousand years old, and created by volcanoes ; that Moses, with all his piety and potency, was a bit of a humbug, and that his deluge was, on the whole, rather a small affair. No wonder a world so old should be worn out ; the real marvel is, that it should still be enabled to shuffle along at the rate of—I forget how many thousand miles an hour. It is high time that we poor superficial observers should stand back, and let the philosophers come, who can say something worth listening to. For myself, however, before making my bow, I would crave a word with you, reader, concerning the Shakers, and their singular worship. You have been bored with the subject a dozen times already ; I know it, and will discourse to you so tamely, in such harmony with

the spirit of modern literature, which should be popular, that you shall not be driven to the fatigue of thinking, from beginning to end of my brief narration.

The morning was deliciously cool and bracing, for the season, the last Sabbath in May, as my friend and I rolled over the sandy and rather uninteresting country between Albany and Niskayuna. It was just on the heel of a violent and long-continued rain-storm, which had brought the Hudson over the Albany docks, and put the sandy roads of the surrounding country in the best possible condition. The late foliage of the spring-time seemed just commencing to lend the pines its countenance in repelling the too violent or inquisitive sunshine; the fields of the husbandman looked still bare or backward, even on that warm soil; the rich unfolding blossoms of the apple-tree were alone in nature, save that the humble yet gay dandelion spread every where its petals beneath. It seemed rather the first than the last of May. No matter; 'June with its roses' could hardly have afforded us an air so pure and yet fragrant; she could not have given us an hour so cool and yet grateful. The forest minstrels seemed to have just found their voices, and to be determined to make the most of the acquisition.

The first token we had of the vicinity of the Shakers, was on the whole prepossessing — a row of venerable willows, on each side of the road. They would have shown better taste by planting elms or maples; but they make little pretension to that quality, and philanthropy is nobler than taste. It was something in their favor, moreover, to find the roads visibly improving, as we neared their settlement — as any man who has been dragged over a western 'corduroy' in its dotage, or forded a southern creek, in a leaky stage-coach, will cheerfully testify. But the village itself is at length in sight, its few modest but comfortable dwellings situated upon a smooth and velvet lawn, which a monarch might envy. A monarch? And why not a democrat? Here are no pampered and purse-proud nobles — no famished and pining beggars. Here no widow clasps in anguish her shivering babes, and looks despairingly to her empty cupboard and fireless hearth; no slave of business, scarcely less to be pitied, hurries from hollow friend to friend, imploring, in a perspiration of agony, for the means of taking up the note which must be met before the inexorable three, or he is a bankrupt. Here experiments have no potency, lawyers no business, sheriffs no terror. Happy, happy community! Who shall say that Arcadia is but a reverie, and the Golden Age a fiction of the poets — those brethren in veracity to the terrible-accident-makers?

Trees reared their verdure above, thick grass spread its carpet beneath, as we walked to the house dedicated to the worship of the Father of All. A wicket admitted us to the enclosure within which the houses are situated; and here a neat flagging conducts to the door of the temple. I may as well mention our meeting three of the sisters conducting a fourth female, who, as we were informed by the young girl in advance of the others — with perfect modesty and propriety, but without a particle of that shrinking diffidence with which a maiden elsewhere would have voluntarily accosted two total strangers — was a strange woman, whom they were inducing to leave the tabernacle, but who was evidently deranged, and pouring forth incoherently such snatches of sacred melodies as were upper-

most in her wreck of mind. We passed them, and entered. But few of the brethren had assembled, though the seats allotted to the profane were already full. They did not serve for half who came, but that mattered little, since those who had been seated got upon their feet, and eventually upon the benches, to look over the heads of those standing in front; and the number was so great, that we rather trenched upon the portion of the house reserved by the worshippers for their devotions.

At length all were assembled, and the exercises began. A brief address was delivered by one of the brethren — very sensible and proper. Then a hymn by all the faithful — animated, stirring, devotional. The execution of this and the two or three succeeding, might have been better. The vile nasal twang that too many better instructed persons contrive to throw into music of this cast, is insufferable. And yet if I ever feel strongly the impulse of devotion, it is when I hear one of these quick, unstudied, home-bred songs pealed forth by a whole congregation. In a camp-meeting or a Methodist conference — ay, or a Shaker gathering — these are the airs, if any, to bring the warm tear to the eye of manhood. The homeliness of the whole affair is just what renders it irresistible. A hundred instruments and educated voices, trilling some harmony of Handel or Beethoven, might better please the taste; but that very pleasure would be purchased at the expense of the heart. You could perceive how the whole thing was made up; how the effect was produced by the organ here, the viol there, and the prima donna next. The idea of human beings engaged in the fervent and engrossing worship of their Maker, is the last to enter the mind. I confess I labor under so utter a want of taste, as to like a lively, homely, spirited, unsophisticated hymn, gushing straight forth from the heart, better than a scientific performance. 'Old Hundred' reminds me of the roar of cannon on a distant battle-field, at which the patriot indeed grasps his musket for the fray, while the indifferent or the craven takes to his cellar or his heels; but a quick hymn is like the inspiring band of a recruiting regiment, which wakes a glow even in the stolid bosom that throbbed never before.

'Absurd!' says the cynic; 'a handful of miserable fools and bedlamites making themselves ridiculous in a Shaker meeting — what has that to do with exciting devotional feelings in the breast of any rational being!'

Softly, my good Sir; it is the shadow only that is presented, when the actor 'struts his hour upon the stage,' and yet who that has seen him, has not been affected? You know, moreover, that with him all is hollowness. His trappings are the merest tinsel; his crown is paste-board; his rant is affectation; his mouthing is mockery. And yet a thousand hearts are hanging on his breath — a thousand sighs respond to his pretended misery. The Unreal inspires the True. But who shall decide that this which I now see is mockery? Who shall pronounce these actors hypocrites? Nay, who shall say that their worship is all displeasing to the Great Being to whom words are nothing, and who knows no other offering than the broken and contrite spirit? We will worship according to the dictates of a more rational but colder sentiment: let us not too rashly nor too

loudly condemn what we esteem our brother's error. He has made little progress in the path of righteousness, who has not learned the exercise of that charity which covereth all mistakes, and some transgressions.

'Peace be with all, whate'er their varying creeds —
With all who send up holy thoughts on high.'

I am sadder if not wiser than when, some five years since, I first attended a Shaker meeting. To-day is my second visit, but to another society. Then, it may be, I smiled with the rest at the eccentricities of Shaker devotion. Now a blush for human nature is prompted, when a grave elder addresses the gentiles to remind them of the obvious truths, that this is a house and an occasion of public worship; that those who do not like the mode, may stay away; but that there can be no excuse for merriment in those who voluntarily intrude upon such worship. This is pertinent — unanswerable. And yet, to the unthinking, there is a spice of the ludicrous in the look of things, when, after half an hour's intermingled exhortation and singing — the whole congregation of the chosen not only joining in the latter, but keeping time to it with their hands — the suggestion 'let us begin to labor' is made, and the brethren proceed to divest themselves of their drab frock-coats, as though the work were just commencing in earnest. I should have stated before, that the brethren and sisters come in at separate doors, and take seats at the opposite ends of the hall, facing each other. When they rise to engage in worship, the seats are all removed and piled against the walls. The two parties are now formed, each in a sort of half moon, the right line within two or three feet of each other. The men have at first laid away their wide-brimmed drab hats, which could not be kept on during service; the women have put away their nice plain bonnets, and appear in close-fitting caps, of snowy purity and whiteness.

And now, at a signal, the 'music' strikes up, to a wild, irregular chant, and the 'labor' begins. The first movement is very simple, consisting of a lively dancing march by the whole company, up to the farther wall of the temple, and then back to the close vicinity of the spectators. The evolutions are performed with extreme regularity and dexterity. I would have said 'surprising,' but it is not surprising that people do that to perfection which they have been doing every week, and perhaps every day, of their lives. We all know that habit gives great dexterity to the artist and the mechanic, as well as the juggler and the sharper. But I, who have none of this skill in Shakerism, may better spare myself the attempt to describe all the doings of which I was a patient and deeply interested spectator.

The only thing strongly provocative of the ludicrous, was the disparity of age among the performers. To see ponderous and solemn three-score-and-ten executing a vigorous and quick gallopade, or double-shuffle, for the glory of God, side by side with sedate fifty, athletic thirty, nimble sixteen, and the tender disciple of but eight or ten years — all in perfect time and exact accordance with the movements of matrons — no, maidens is the legitimate presumption — of discreet fifty, mature six-and-thirty, and damsels of winning

sixteen — was a spectacle at which to smile or sigh, as the heart should dictate. I may have smiled once or twice, but I am sure I sighed much oftener. They tell me (for I did not look that way) that the daughters of men who were there as spectators, indulged to excess their constitutional propensity to giggle, at what they esteemed the absurdities of Shakerism. Let me assure you, damsels, that this evinced neither good taste nor right feeling. It puts you, beside, in very undesirable company. I have seen blockheads so dull, so gross, so wholly animal, as to aggravate their uncouth features into a grin, at the spectacle of a water baptism.

Wilder and louder swells the music; quicker and more intricate becomes the 'labor.' Now all are prancing around the room, in double file, to a melody as lively as Yankee Doodle; now they perform a series of dexterous but indescribable manœuvres; now they balance; now whirl one another round in a fashion that I could describe, if I knew any thing of our Pagan amusement of dancing. But here is a hiatus in my education. I only know that some of the 'labor'* here performed, would do no discredit to the few ball rooms I have glanced into; far exceeding the performances in those, in point of regularity and precision, and not falling short in grace. The ball-dress is of course rather in contrast; but the unmistakable earnestness and devotion of these self-mortifying worshippers renders theirs by far the most interesting, and I will hope edifying, performance. We hear of people crucifying their sinful affections, every where; it is here alone that we are permitted to observe the process. Here alone do we overlook the battle-ground of a war against all carnal impulses; the holy war of King Shaddai upon Diabolus; the sanctifying devotions of a community of men and women who have cast from them for ever the master passion of humanity, and esteem themselves already enrolled in the company of the just made perfect. Tell me not, Skeptic, that this may be a pretence or a delusion; say not to me that beneath those homely garments beat hearts susceptible of other fires than those of devotion; pretend not that, beneath yon close-fitting cap and dainty green spectacles, you catch the twinkle of an unquiet eye. Out on your false judgment, Sir Skeptic! You are but looking into the depths of your own spirit, where all impurities luxuriate in rank profusions; and that maiden, as she swells with her gentle voice the sounding chorus,

' This is the path our Saviour trod,
This is the only way to God !'

is as certain that she has crucified all earthly affections, and is indeed in the 'only way to God,' (bigot, blush not for her, but for yourself!)

* *APPROPOS* of the 'labor' of dancing. A kind friend, (the prince-regent of story-tellers, who — a murrain on him! — always forestalls the market with the latest and best,) having our personal welfare much at heart, gave us, on a recent occasion, the annexed admonitory anecdote, as we stood waiting for a 'side-couple,' in a quadrille, at a private evening party: 'A sumptuous ball,' said he, 'was once given by the English officers and residents at Canton, at which the Chinese officers, civil and military, were guests. The mandarins, and other dignified disciples of Confucius, looked on, with the gravity of so many oysters. They understood nothing of the 'poetry of motion,' and the rigadoons and pirouettes, the gallopades and mazourkas, appeared to them altogether too laborious for amusement. They could in no wise comprehend it; and finally, after great consideration, a solemu Taou-kwang inquired, with evident commiseration, of one of the English officers, why the 'barbarians' did not 'make their servants do that.' One should see, of a winter's evening, (from the street, without hearing the music,) the curled and plumed male and female heads bobbing up and down, through the frost-covered windows of Masonic Hall, to realize fully the celestial spectator's idea of 'labor lost.'

as is the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury. I will stake my head, that her conviction is stronger and clearer than theirs.

The power of excitement and of sympathy is too hackneyed a theme for any thing beyond a passing remark. But here the working of the principle upon the unsophisticated may be observed to perfection. When the 'labor' commenced, the maidens of tender yet womanly years evidently felt a little of something like embarrassment at the presence, though accustomed, of so many strangers. Their conviction that they were doing God service was not shaken, yet there was evidently a feminine dread of misapprehension and ridicule; a spice of it only, and chastened down to the neighborhood of nothing, but still a feeling — which no breast of innate modesty and truth can at once calmly and wholly discard — that their worship would seem amusingly absurd to that mob of profane eyes and godless hearts: especially as they passed round in procession, within a breath of the masculine multitude, who formed a wall in close proximity to their path, you could mark the rising of a faint tinge of ruddier hue upon those else colorless and passionless features, evincing that their existence had not yet become all spiritual or vegetable; that, beneath that leaden coffin of the heart, yet lurked the embers of human emotion. The vestals of riper maidenhood condescended to no such struggling weakness. They had no thought but for One. But as the exercises proceeded, and devotion became enthusiasm, all distinction was lost; and the young and fair were only remarkable among their elders by their excess of fervor, or perhaps of physical power. At length, what was a measured dance becomes a wild, discordant frenzy; all apparent design or regulation is lost; and grave manhood and gentler girlhood are whirling round and round, two or three in company, then each for him or herself, in all the attitudes of a decapitated hen, or an expiring top. The scene and its interest grow painful; and I am glad that the crazy woman has at length made her way back into the tabernacle, and commenced her strangely shrill and discordant music. The spell is dissolved; an elder proclaims that 'the assembly is dismissed;' the multitude escape their merriment, and I to my meditation.

TO AN EYE.

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A LOVER.

THERE'S something in that mild but bright blue eye,
 Sweet as the calm and lovely look of heaven,
 When the last sunbeam trembles o'er the sky,
 And sparkling lonely, glows the star of even.
 Oh! it distils the ambrosial dews of love —
 Its glance reveals a seraph there abiding:
 When falls the lash, its liquid lustre hiding,
 As cower the quivering wings of timid dove,
 Lapped into languor, dearly, tenderly —
 The heart does homage, wondering at the spell
 That thus so silently, and yet so well,
 Has bound it in a trance of ecstacy:
 Oh! he on whom that eye in kindness bends,
 May laugh at faithless men — he has a world of friends!

THE BARD.

'Igneus est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo!'

THAT sacred beam which warms the poet's mind,
E'en by himself can never be defined,
And, like the darkness that in Egypt dwelt,
May not delineated be, but felt :
It is not of the heart, nor of the head,
But of the inmost soul, sustained and fed
By that ambrosial feast to Israel given,
Gathered on earth, but sent direct from heaven !

But envy not, contented sons of clay,
The rare possessor of this glorious ray ;
'Tis a devouring flame, a torch to illumine
And lighten others, but itself consume.
Even thus it seems to gross corporeal eyes :
But know that he that bears it, death defies.
He asks nor sculptured brass nor breathing bust,
To cancel 'earth to earth, and dust to dust ;'
More dear to him his very throes and pains,
Than all ambition gives, or avarice gains ;
Throes that no common offspring bring to birth,
All time their heritage, their home all earth ;
The fire that wastes his strength, and day by day,
As sword the scabbard, wastes his frame away,
Lights up a lamp that richer gifts bestows
Than all the wealth that famed Aladdin's shows ;
A lamp whose dying rays the brightest rise,
And their last glimmerings beam an earnest of the skies.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

LETTER THREE.

You are right, Fausta, in your unfavorable judgment of the Roman populace. The Romans are not a people one would select to whom to propose a religion like this of Christianity. All causes seem to combine to injure and corrupt them. They are too rich. The wealth of subject kingdoms and provinces finds its way to Rome ; and not only in the form of tribute to the treasury of the empire, but in that of the private fortunes amassed by such as have held offices in them for a few years, and who then return to the capital, to dissipate in extravagances and luxuries, unknown to other parts of the world, the riches wrung by violence, injustice, and avarice, from the wretched inhabitants whom fortune had delivered into their power. Yes, the wealth of Rome is accumulated in such masses, not through the channels of industry nor commerce ; it arrives in bales and ship-loads, drained from foreign lands by the hand of extortion. The palaces are not to be numbered, built, and adorned, in a manner surpassing those of the monarchs of other nations, which are the private residences of those, or of the descendants of those, who for a few years have presided over some distant province, but in that brief time, Verres-like, have used their opportunities so well as to return home oppressed with a wealth which life proves not long enough to

spend, notwithstanding the aid of dissolute and spendthrift sons. Here have we a single source of evil equal to the ruin of any people. The morals of no community could be protected against such odds. It is a mountain torrent tearing its way through the fields of the husbandman, whose trees and plants possess no strength of branch or root to resist the inundation.

Then in addition to all this, there are the largesses of the emperor, not only to his armies, but to all the citizens of Rome; which are now so much a matter of expectation, that rebellions I believe would ensue were they not bestowed. Aurelian, before his expedition to Asia, promised to every citizen a couple of crowns; he has redeemed the promise by the distribution, not of money but of bread, two loaves to each, with the figure of a crown stamped upon them. Beside this, there has been an allowance of meat and pork — so much to all the lower orders. He even contemplated the addition of wine to the list, but was hindered by the judicious suggestion of his friend and general, Mucapor, that if he provided wine and pork, he would next be obliged to furnish them fowls also, or public tumults might break out. This recalled him to his senses. Still, however, only in part, for the other grants have not been withdrawn. In this manner is this whole population supported in idleness. Labor is confined to the slaves. The poor feed upon the bounties of the emperor, and the wealth so abundantly lavished by senators, nobles, and the retired proconsuls. Their sole employment is, to wait upon the pleasure of their many masters, serve them, as they are ready enough to do, in the toils and preparations of luxury, and what time they are not thus occupied, pass the remainder of their hours at the theatres, at the circuses, at games of a thousand kinds, or in noisy groups at the corners of the streets, and in the market-places.

It is become a state necessity to provide amusements for the populace, in order to be safe against their violence. The theatres, the baths, with their ample provisions for passing away time, in some indolent amusement or active game, are always open, and always crowded. Public or funeral games are also in progress, without intermission, in different parts of the capital. Those instituted in honor of the gods, and which make a part of the very religion of the people, are seldom suspended for even a day. At one temple or another, in this grove or that, within or without the walls, are these lovers of pleasure entertained by shows, processions, music, and sacrifices. And as if these were not enough, or when they perchance fail for a moment, and the sovereign people are listless and dull, the Flavian is thrown open by the imperial command, the Vivaria vomit forth their maddened and howling tenants, either to destroy each other, or dye the dust of the arena with the blood of gladiators, criminals, or captives. These are the great days of the Roman people; these their favorite pleasures. The cry through the streets in the morning of even women and boys, 'Fifty captives to-day for the lions in the Flavian!' together with the more solemn announcement of the same by the public heralds, and by painted bills at the corners of the streets, and on the public baths, is sure to throw the city into a fever of excitement, and rivet by a new bond the affections of this bloody people to their indulgent emperor.

Hardly has the floor of the amphitheatre been renewed since the

cessation of the triumphal games of Aurelian, before it is again to be soaked with blood in honor of Apollo, whose magnificent temple is within a few days to be dedicated.

Never before I believe was there a city whose inhabitants so many and so powerful causes conspired to corrupt and morally destroy. Were I to give you a picture of the vices of Rome, it would be too dark and foul a one for your eye to read, but not darker nor fouler than you will suppose it must necessarily be, to agree with what I have already said. Where there is so little industry and so much pleasure, the vices will flourish and shoot up to their most gigantic growth. Not in the days of Nero were they more luxuriant than now. Aurelian, in the first year of his reign, laid upon them a severe but useful restraint, and they were checked for a time. But since he has himself departed from the simplicity and rigor of that early day, and actually or virtually repealed the laws which then were promulgated for the reformation of the city in its manners, the people have also relapsed, and the ancient excesses are renewed.

This certainly is not a people who, in its whole mass, will be eager to receive the truths of a religion like this of Christianity. It will be repulsive to them. You are right in believing that among the greater part it will find no favor. But all are not such as I have described. There are others different in all respects, and who stand waiting the appearance of some principles of philosophy or religion which shall be powerful enough to redeem their country from idolatry and moral death, as well as raise themselves from darkness to light. Some of this sort are to be found among the nobles and senators themselves, a few among the very dregs of the people, but most among those who, securing for themselves competence and independence by their own labor in some of the useful arts, and growing thoughtful and intelligent with their labor, understand in some degree, which others do not, what life is for and what they are for, and hail with joy truths which commend themselves to both their reason and affections. It is out of these, the very best blood of Rome, that our Christians are made. They are, in intelligence and virtue, the very bone and muscle of the capital, and of our two millions constitute no mean proportion — large enough to rule and control the whole, should they ever choose to put forth their power. It is among these that the Christian preachers aim to spread their doctrines, and when they shall all, or in their greater part, be converted, as, judging of the future by the past and present, will happen in no long time, Rome will be safe and the empire safe. For it needs, I am persuaded for Rome to be as pure as she is great, to be eternal in her dominion, and then the civilizer and saviour of the whole world. O, glorious age! — not remote — when truth shall wield the sceptre in Cæsar's seat, and subject nations of the earth no longer come up to Rome to behold and copy her vices, but to hear the law and be imbued with the doctrine of Christ, so bearing back to the remotest province precious seed, there to be planted, and spring up and bear fruit, filling the earth with beauty and fragrance.

These things, Fausta, in answer to the questions at the close of your letter, which betray just such an interest in the subject which engrosses me, as it gives me pleasure to witness.

I have before mentioned the completion of Aurelian's Temple of the Sun, and the proposed dedication. This august ceremony is appointed for to-morrow, and this evening we are bidden to the gardens of Sallust, where is to be all the rank and beauty of Rome. O that thou, Fausta, couldst be there !

I HAVE been, I have seen, I have supped, I have returned ; and again seated at my table, beneath the protecting arm of my chosen divinity, I take my pen, and by a few magic flourishes and marks, cause you, a thousand leagues away, to see and hear what I have seen and heard — alas ! that I cannot cause you to sup as I did also. But this is beyond the power of the pen.

Accompanied by Portia and Julia, I was within the palace of the emperor early enough to enjoy the company of Aurelian and Livia, before the rest of the world was there. We were carried to the more private apartments of the empress, where it is her custom to receive those whose friendship she values most highly. They are in that part of the palace which has undergone no alterations since it was the residence of the great historian, but shines in all the lustre of a taste and an art that adorned a more accomplished age than our own. Especially, it seems to me, in the graceful disposition of the interiors of their palaces, and the combined richness and appropriateness of the art lavished upon them, did the genius of the days of Hadrian and Vespasian surpass our own. Not that I defend all that that genius adopted and immortalized. It was not seldom licentious and gross in its conceptions, however unrivalled in the art and science by which they were made to glow upon the walls, or actually speak and move in marble or brass. In the favorite apartment of Livia, into which we were now admitted, perfect in its forms and proportions, the walls and ceilings are covered with the story of Leda, wrought with an effect of drawing and color, of which the present times afford no example. The well-known Greek, Polymnestes, was the artist. And this room, in all its embellishments, is chaste and cold, compared with others, whose subjects were furnished to the painter by the profligate master himself.

The room of Leda, as it is termed, is — but how beautiful it is I cannot tell. Words paint poorly to the eye. Believe it not less beautiful, nor less exquisitely adorned with all that woman loves most, hangings, carpets, and couches, than any in the palace of Gracchus or Zenobia. It was here we found Aurelian and Livia, and his niece Aurelia. The emperor — habited in silken robes richly wrought with gold, the inseparable sword at his side, from which, at the expense of whatever incongruity, he never parts — advanced to the door to receive us, saying :

‘I am happy that the mildness of this autumn day permits this pleasure, to see the mother of the Pisos beneath my roof. It is rare now-a-days that Rome sees her abroad.’

‘Save to the palace of Aurelian,’ replied my mother, ‘I now, as is well known, never move beyond the precincts of my own dwelling. Since the captivity and death of your former companion in

arms, my great husband, Cneius Piso, the widow's hearth has been my hall of state, these widow's weeds my only robes. But it must be more than private grief, and more than the storms of autumn or of winter, that would keep me back, when it is Aurelian who bids to the feast.'

'We owe you many thanks,' replied the emperor. 'Would that the loyalty of the parents were inherited by the children;' casting toward me, as he saluted me at the same time, a look which seemed to say that he was partly serious, if partly in jest. After mutual inquiries and salutations, we were soon seated upon couches beneath a blaze of light which, from the centre of the apartment, darted its brightness, as it had been the sun itself, to every part of the room.

'It is no light sorrow to a mother's heart,' said Portia, 'to know that her two sons, and her only sons, are, one the open enemy of his country, the other — what shall I term you, Lucius? — an innovator upon her ancient institutions; and while he believes and calls himself — sincerely, I doubt not — the friend of his country, is in truth, as every good Roman would say — not an enemy, my son, I cannot use that word, but as it were — an unconscious injurer. Would that the conqueror of the world had power to conquer this boy's will!'

'Aurelian, mother,' I replied, 'did he possess the power, would hesitate to use it in such a cause. But it is easy to see that it would demand infinitely more power to change one honest mind, than to subdue even the world by the sword.'

Aurelian for a brief moment looked as if he had received a personal affront.

'How say you,' said he, 'demands it more power to change one mind than conquer a world? Methinks it might be done with something less. My soldiers often maintain with violence a certain opinion; but I find it not difficult to cause them to let it go, and take mine in its place. The arguments I use never fail.'

'That may be,' I replied, 'in matters of little moment. Even in these, however, is it not plain, Aurelian, that you cause them not to let go their opinion, but merely to suppress it, or affect to change it. Your power may compel them either to silence, or to an assertion of the very contrary of what they but just before had declared as their belief, but it cannot alter their minds. That is to be done by reason only, not by force.'

'By reason first,' answered the emperor; 'but if that fail, then by force. The ignorant, and the presumptuous, and the mischievous, must be dealt with as we deal with children. If we argue with them, it is a favor. It is our right, as it is better, to command and compel.'

'Only establish it that such and such are ignorant, and erroneous, and presumptuous, and I allow that it would be right to silence them. But that is the very difficulty in the case. How are we to know that they who think differently from ourselves, are ignorant or erroneous? Surely the fact of the difference is not satisfactory proof.'

'They,' rejoined Aurelian, 'who depart from a certain standard in art, are said to err. The thing in this case is of no consequence

to any, therefore no punishment ensues. So there is a standard of religion in the state, and they who depart from it may be said to err. But as religion is essential to the state, they who err should be brought back, by whatever application of force, and compelled to conform to the standard.'

'In what sense,' said Portia, 'can common and ignorant people be regarded as fit judges of what constitutes or does not constitute a true religion? It is a subject level scarce to philosophers. If indeed the gods should vouchsafe to descend to earth and converse with men, and in that manner teach some new truth, then any one, possessed of eyes and ears, might receive it and retain it, without presumption. Nay, he could not but do so; but not otherwise.'

'Now have you stated,' said I, 'that which constitutes the precise case of Christianity. They who received Christianity in the first instance, did it not by balancing against each other such refined arguments as philosophers use. They were simply judges of matters of fact — of what their eyes beheld and their ears heard. God did vouchsafe to descend to earth, and by his messenger converse with men, and teach new truth. All that men had then to do was this, to see whether the evidence was sufficient that it was a God speaking; and that being made plain, to listen and record. And at this day, all that is to be done is, to inquire whether the record be true. If the record be a well-authenticated one of what the mouth of God spoke, it is then adopted as the code of religious truth. As for what the word contains — it requires no acute intellect to judge concerning it — a child may understand it all.'

'Truly,' replied Portia, 'this agrees but ill with what I have heard and believed concerning Christianity. It has ever been set forth as a thing full of darkness and mystery, which it requires the most vigorous powers to penetrate and comprehend.'

'So has it been ever presented to me,' added the emperor. 'I have conceived it to be but some new form of Plato's dreams, neither more clear in itself, nor promising to be of more use to mankind. So, if I err not, the learned Porphyrius has stated it.'

'A good fact,' here interposed Julia, 'is worth more in this argument than the learning of the most learned. Is it not sufficient proof, Aurelian, that Christianity is somewhat sufficiently plain and easy, that women are able to receive it so readily? Take me as an unanswerable argument on the side of Piso.'

'The women of Palmyra,' replied the emperor, 'as I have good reason to know, are more than the men of other climes. She who reads Plato and the last essays of Plotinus, of a morning, seated idly beneath the shadow of some spreading beech, just as a Roman girl would the last child's story of Spurius about father Tiber and the Milvian Bridge, is not to be received in this question as but a woman, with a woman's powers of judgment. When the women of Rome receive this faith as easily as you do, then may it be held as an argument for its simplicity. But let us now break off the thread of this discourse, too severe for the occasion, and mingle with our other friends, who by this must be arrived.'

So with these words we left the apartment where we had been sitting, the emperor having upon one side Portia, and on the other

Livia, and moved toward the great central rooms of the palace, where guests are entertained, and the imperial banquets held.

The company was not numerous ; it was rather remarkable for its selectness. Among others not less distinguished, there were the venerable Tacitus, the consul Capitolinus, Marcellinus the senator, the prefect Varus, the priest Fronto, the generals Probus and Mucapor, and a few other of the military favorites of Aurelian.

Of the conversation at supper I remember little or nothing, only that it was free and light, each seeming to enjoy himself and the companion who reclined next to him. Aurelian, with a condescending grace which no one knows how better to assume than he, urged the wine upon his friends, as they appeared occasionally to forget it, offering frequently some new and unheard of kind, brought from Asia, Greece, or Africa, and which he would exalt to the skies for its flavor. More than once did he, as he is wont to do in his sportive mood, deceive us ; for, calling upon us to fill our goblets with what he described as a liquor surpassing all of Italy, and which might serve for Hebe to pour out for the gods, and requiring us to drink it off in honor of Bacchus, Pan, or Ceres, we found upon lifting our cups to drain them that they had been charged with some colored and perfumed medicament more sour or bitter than the worst compound of the apothecary, or than massican overheated in the vats. These sallies, coming from the master of the world, were sure to be well received ; his satellites, of whom not a few were near him, being ready to die with excess of laughter — the attendant slaves catching the jest, and enjoying it with noisy vociferation. I laughed with the rest, for it seems wise to propitiate, by any act not absolutely base, one whose ambitious and cruel nature, unless soothed and appeased by such offerings, is so prone to reveal itself in deeds of darkness.

When the feast was nearly ended, and the attending slaves were employed in loading it for the last time with fruits, olives, and confections, a troop of eunuchs, richly habited, entered the apartment to the sound of flutes and horns, bearing upon a platter of gold an immense bowl or vase of the same metal, filled to the brim with wine, which they placed in the centre of the table, and then, at the command of the emperor, with a ladle of the same precious material and ornamented with gems, served out the wine to the company. At first, as the glittering pageant advanced, astonishment kept us mute, and caused us involuntarily to rise from our couches to watch the ceremony of introducing it and fixing it in its appointed place : for never before in Rome had there been seen, I am sure, a golden vessel of such size, or wrought with art so marvellous. The language of wonder and pleasure was heard, on every side, from every mouth. Even Livia and Julia, who in Palmyra had been used to the goblets and wine cups of the eastern Demetrius, showed amazement not less than the others at a magnificence and a beauty that surpassed all experience and all conception. Just above where the bowl was placed, hung the principal light, by which the table and the apartment were illuminated, which, falling in floods upon the wrought or polished gold and the thickly strewed diamonds, caused it to blaze with a splendor which the eyes could hardly bear, and, till accustomed to it by gazing, prevented us from minutely examin-

ing the sculptures, which, with lavish profusion and consummate art, glowed and burned upon the pedestal, the swelling sides, the rim and handles of the vase, and covered the broad and golden plain upon which it stood. I happily was near it, being seated opposite Aurelian, and on the inner side of the table, which, as the custom now is, was of the form of a bent bow, so that I could study at my leisure the histories and fables that were wrought over its whole surface. Julia and Livia, being also near it on the other side of the table, were in the same manner wholly absorbed in the same agreeable task.

Livia, being quite carried out of herself by this sudden and unexpected splendor — having evidently no knowledge of its approach — like a girl, as she still is, in her natural, unpremeditated movements, rose from her couch, and eagerly bent forward toward the vase, the better to scan its beauties, saying, as she did so :

‘The emperor must himself stand answerable for all breaches of order, under circumstances like these. Good friends, let all who will freely approach, and, leaving for a moment that of Bacchus, drink at the fountain of Beauty.’ Whereupon, all who were so disposed gathered round the centre of the table.

‘This,’ said Varus, ‘both for size, and the perfect art lavished upon it, surpasses the glories fabled of the buckler of Minerva, whose fame has reached us.’

‘You say right ; it does so,’ said the emperor. ‘That dish of Vitellius was inferior in workmanship, as it was less in weight and size, than this, which, before you all, I here name ‘THE CUP OF LIVIA.’ Let us fill again from it, and drink to the empress of all the world.’

All sprang in eager haste to comply with a command that carried with it its own enforcement.

‘Whatever,’ continued the emperor, when our cups had been drained, ‘may have been the condition of art in other branches of it, in the time of that emperor, there was no one then whose power over the metals, or whose knowledge of forms, was comparable with that of our own Demetrius ; for this, be it known, is the sole work of the Roman — and yet, to speak more truly, it must be said the Greek — Demetrius, aided by his brother from the east, who is now with him. Let the music cease ; we need that disturbance no more ; and call in the brothers Demetrius. These are men who honor any age and any presence.’

The brothers soon entered ; and never were princes or ambassadors greeted with higher honor. All seemed to contend which should say the most flattering and agreeable thing. ‘Slaves,’ cried the emperor, ‘a couch and cups for the Demetrii.’

The brothers received all this courtesy with the native ease and dignity which ever accompany true genius. There was no offensive boldness nor presuming vanity, but neither was there any shrinking cowardice nor timidity. They felt that they were men not less distinguished by the gods than many or most of those in whose presence they were, and they were sufficient to themselves. The Roman Demetrius resembles much his brother of Palmyra, but in both form and countenance possesses beauty of a higher order. His look is

contemplative and inward ; his countenance pale and yet dark ; his features even and exactly shaped, like a statue ; his hair short and black ; his dress, as was that of him of Palmyra, of the richest stuffs, and showing that wealth had become their reward as well as fame.

'Let us,' cried the emperor, 'in full cups drawn from the Livian fount, do honor to ourselves, and the arts, by drinking to the health of Demetrius of Palmyra and Demetrius of Rome.' Every cup was filled and drained. 'We owe you thanks,' then added Aurelian, 'that you have completed this great work at the time promised, though I fear it has been to your own cost, for the paleness of your cheeks speaks not of health.'

'The work,' replied the Roman Demetrius, 'could not have been completed but for the timely and effectual aid of my eastern brother, to whose learned hand, quicker in its execution than my own, you are indebted for the greater part of the sculptures upon both the bowl and dish.'

'It is true, noble emperor,' said the impetuous brother, 'my hand is the quicker of the two, and in some parts of this work, especially in whatever pertains to the east, and to the forms of building or of vegetation, or costume seen chiefly or only there, my knowledge was perhaps more exact and minute than his ; but let it be received, that the head that could design these forms, and conceive and arrange these histories, and these graceful ornaments—to my mind more fruitful of genius than all else—observe you them ? have you scanned them all ?—belongs to no other than Demetrius of Rome. In my whole hand there resides not the skill that is lodged in one of his fingers—nor in my whole head the power that lies behind one of his eyes.'

The enthusiasm of the eastern brother called up a smile upon the faces of all, and a blush upon the white cheek of the Roman.

'My brother is younger than I,' he said, 'and his blood runs quicker. All that he says, though it be a picture of the truest heart ever lodged in man, is yet to be taken with abatement. But for him, this work would have been far below its present merit. Let me ask you especially to mark the broad border where is set forth the late triumph, and ambassadors, captives, and animals of all parts of the earth, especially of the east, are seen in their appropriate forms and habits. That is all from the chisel of my brother. Behold here'—and rising he approached the vase, and vast as it was, by a touch—so was it constructed—turned it round—'behold here, where is figured the queen of——' In the enthusiasm of art, he had forgotten for a moment to whom he was speaking, for at that instant his eye fell upon the countenance of Julia, who stood near him, and which he saw cast down by an uncontrollable grief. He paused, confused and grieved—saying, as he turned back the vase : 'Ah me ! cruel and indiscreet ! Pardon me, noble ladies ! and yet I deserve it not.'

'Go on, go on, Demetrius,' said Julia, assuming a cheerful air. 'You offend me not. The course of empire must have its way ; individuals are but emmets in the path. I am now used to this, believe me. It is for you rather, and the rest, to forgive in me a sudden weakness.'

Demetrius, thus commanded, resumed, and then with minuteness, with much learning and eloquence, discoursed successively upon the histories or emblematic devices of this the chief work of his hands. All were sorry when he ceased.

‘To what you have overlooked,’ said Aurelian, as he paused, ‘must I call you back, seeing it is that part of the work which I most esteem, and in which at this moment I and all, I trust, are most interested — the sculptures upon the platter; and which represent the new temple and ceremonies of the dedication, which to-morrow we celebrate.’

‘Of this,’ replied Demetrius, ‘I said less, because perhaps the work is inferior, having been committed, our time being short, to the hands of a pupil — a pupil, however, I beg to say, who, if the Divine Providence spare him, will one day, and that not a remote one, cast a shadow upon his teachers.’

‘That will he,’ said the brother; ‘Flaccus is full of the truest inspiration.’

‘But to the dedication — the dedication,’ interrupted the hoarse voice of Fronto.

Demetrius started and shrunk backward a step at that sound, but instantly recovered himself, and read into an intelligible language many of the otherwise obscure and learned details of the sculpture. As he ended, the emperor said:

‘We thank you, Demetrius, for your learned lecture, which has given a new value to your work. And now, while it is in my mind, let me bespeak, as soon as leisure and inclination shall serve, a silver statue gilded of Apollo, for the great altar, which to-morrow will scarce be graced with such a one as will agree with the temple and its other ornaments.’

Demetrius, as this was uttered, again started, and his countenance became of a deadly paleness. He hesitated a moment, as if studying how to order his words so as to express least offensively an offensive truth. On the instant I suspected what the truth was; but I was wholly unprepared for it. I had received no intimation of such a thing.

‘Great emperor,’ he began, ‘I am sorry to say — and yet not sorry — that I cannot now as once labor for the decoration of the temples and their worship. I am ——’

‘Ye gods of Rome! —’ cried Fronto.

‘Peace,’ said the emperor, ‘let him be heard. How say you?’

‘I am now a Christian, and I hold it not lawful to bestow my power and skill in the workmanship of gods, in whom I believe not, and thus become the instrument of an erroneous faith in others.’

This was uttered firmly but with modesty. The countenance of the emperor was overclouded for a moment. But it partially cleared up again as he said:

‘I lay not, Demetrius, the least constraint upon you. The four years that I have held this power in Rome, have been years of freedom to my people in this respect. Whether I have done well in that for our city and the empire, many would doubt. I almost doubt myself.’

'That would they, by Hercules!' said the soft voice of Varus, just at my ear, and intended chiefly for me.

'My brother,' said Demetrius, 'will be happy to execute for the emperor the work which he has been pleased to ask of me. He remains steadfast in the faith in which he was reared; the popular faith of Athens.'

'Apollo,' said Demetrius of Palmyra, 'is my especial favorite among all the gods, and of him I have wrought more statues in silver, gold, or ivory, or of these variously and curiously combined, than of all the others. If I should be honored in this labor, I should request to adopt the marble image now standing in the baths of Caracalla, and once, it is said, the chief wonder of Otho's palace of wonders, as a model after which, with some deviations, to mould it. I think I could make that that should satisfy Aurelian and Rome.'

'Do it, do it,' said the emperor, 'and let it be seen that the worshipper of his country's gods is not behind him who denies them, in his power to do them honor.'

'I shall not sleep,' said the enthusiastic artist, 'till I have made a model in wax at least of what at this moment presents itself to my imagination.' Saying which, with little ceremony — as if the empire depended upon his reaching on the instant his chalk and wax — and to the infinite amusement of the company, he rose and darted from the apartment, the slaves making way as for a missile that it might be dangerous to obstruct.

'But in what way,' said Aurelian, turning to the elder Demetrius, 'have you been wrought upon to abandon the time-honored religion of Rome? Methinks the whole world is becoming of this persuasion.'

'If I may speak freely —'

'With utmost freedom,' said Aurelian.

'I may then say, that ever since the power to reflect upon matters so deep and high had been mine, I had doubted first the truth of the popular religion, and then soon rejected it, as what brought to me neither comfort nor hope, and was burdened with things essentially incredible and monstrous. For many years, many weary years — for the mind demands something positive in this quarter, it cannot remain in suspense, and vacant — I was without belief. Why it was so long before I turned to the Christians, I know not, unless because of the reports which were so common to their disadvantage, and the danger which has so often attended a profession of their faith. At length, in a fortunate hour, there fell into my hands the sacred books of the Christians, and I needed little beside to show me that theirs is a true and almighty faith, and that all that is current in the city to its dishonor, is false and calumnious. I am now happy, not only as an artist and a Roman, but as a man and an immortal.'

'You speak earnestly,' said Aurelian.

'I feel so,' replied Demetrius, a generous glow lighting up his pale countenance.

'Would,' rejoined the emperor, 'that some of the zeal of these Christians might be infused into the sluggish spirits of our own people. The ancient faith suffers through neglect, and the prevailing impiety of those who are its disciples.'

'May it not rather be,' said Fronto, 'that the ancient religion of the state, having so long been neglected by those who are its appointed guardians, to the extent that even Judaism, and now Christianity—which are but disguised forms of Atheism—have been allowed to insinuate and entrench themselves in the empire, the gods now in anger turn away from us, who have been so unfaithful to ourselves, and thus this plausible impiety is permitted to commit its havocs. I believe the gods are ever faithful to the faithful.'

'What good citizen, too,' added Varus, 'but must lament to witness the undermining and supplanting of those venerable forms under which this universal empire has grown to its present height of power? He is scarcely a Roman, who denies the gods of Rome, however observant he may be of her laws and other institutions. Religion is her greatest law.'

'These are hard questions,' said the emperor. 'For know you not that some of our noblest, and fairest, and most beloved, have written themselves followers of this Gallilean God? How can we deal sharply with a people at whose head stands the head of the noble house of the Pisos, and a princess of the blood of Palmyra?'

Although Aurelian uttered these words in a manner almost sportive to the careless ear, yet I confess myself to have discovered at the moment an inward expression of the countenance, and a tone in the voice, which for the time gave me uneasiness. I was about to speak, when the venerable Tacitus addressed the emperor and said:

'I can never think it wise to interfere with violence in the matter of men's worship. It is impossible, I believe, to compel mankind to receive any one institution of religion, because different tribes of men, different by nature and by education, will and do demand, not the same, but different forms of belief and worship. Why should they be alike in this, while they separate so widely in other matters? and can it be a more hopeful enterprise to oblige them to submit to the same rules in their religion, than it would be to compel them to feed on the same food, and use the same forms of language or dress? I know that former emperors have thought and acted differently. They have deemed it a possible thing to restore the ancient unity of worship, by punishing with severity, by destroying the lives even of such as should dare to think for themselves. But their conduct is not to be defended, either as right in itself or best for the state. It has not been true, as policy. For is it not evident, how oppression of those who believe themselves to be possessed of truth important to mankind, serves but to bind them the more closely to their opinions? Are they, for a little suffering, to show themselves such cowards as to desert their own convictions, and prove false to the interests of multitudes? Rather, say they, let us rejoice in such a cause to bear reproach. This is the language of our nature. Nay, such persons come to prize suffering, to make it a matter of pride and boasting. Their rank among themselves is by-and-by determined by the readiness with which they offer themselves as sacrifices for truth and God. Are such persons to be deterred by threats, or the actual infliction of punishment?'

'The error has been,' here said the evil-boding Fronto, 'that the infliction of punishment went not to the extent that is indispensable

to the success of such a work. The noble Piso will excuse me ; we are but dealing with abstractions. Oppress those who are in error only to a certain degree, not extreme, and it is most true they cling the closer to their error. We see this in the punishment of children. Their obstinacy and pride are increased by a suffering which is slight, and which seems to say, 'I am too timid, weak, or loving, to inflict more.' So too with our slaves. Whose slaves ever rose a second time against the master's authority, whose first offence, however slight, was met, not by words or lashes, but by racks and the cross ?

'Nay, good Fronto, hold ; your zeal for the gods bears you away beyond the bounds of courtesy.'

'Forgive me then, great sovereign, and you who are here — if you may ; but neither time nor place shall deter me, a minister of the great god of light, from asserting the principles upon which his worship rests, and, as I deem, the empire itself. Under Decius, had true Romans sat on the tribunals, had no hearts too soft for such offices turned traitors to the head, had no accursed spirit of avarice received the bribes which procured security to individuals, families, and communities ; had there been no commutations of punishment, then ——'

'Peace, I say, Fronto ; thou marrest the spirit of the hour. How came we thus again to this point ? Such questions are for the council-room or the senate. Yet, truth to say, so stirred seems the mind of this whole people in the matter, that in battle one may as well escape from the din of clashing arms or the groans of the dying, as in Rome avoid this argument. Nay, by my sword ! not a voice can I hear, either applauding, disputing, or condemning, since I have set on foot this new war in the east. Once, the city would have rung with acclamations that an army was gathering for such an enterprise. Now, it seems quite forgotten that Valerian once fell, or that, late though it be, he ought to be revenged. This Jewish and Christian argument fills all heads, and clamors on every tongue. Come, let us shake off this dæmon in a new cup, and drink deep to the revenge of Valerian.'

'And of the gods,' ejaculated Fronto, as he lifted the goblet to his lips.'

'There again ?' quickly and sharply demanded Aurelian, bending his dark brows upon the offender.

'Doubtless,' said Portia, 'he means well, though over zealous and rash in speech. His heart I am sure seconds not the cruel language of his tongue. So at least I will believe ; and in the mean time hope that the zeal he has displayed for the ancient religion of our country may not be without its use upon some present' — glancing her eye toward me and Julia — 'who, with what I trust will prove a brief truancy, have wandered from their household gods and the temples of their fathers.'

'May the gods grant it !' added Livia, 'and restore the harmony which should reign in our families and in the capital. Life is over brief to be passed in quarrel. Now let us abandon our cups. Sir Christian Piso ! lead me to the gardens, and let the others follow as they may our good example.'

The gardens we found, as we passed from the palace, to be most brilliantly illuminated with lamps of every form and hue. We seemed suddenly to have passed to another world, so dream-like was the effect of the multitudinous lights, as they fell with white, red, lurid, or golden glare upon bush or tree, grotto, statue, or marble fountain.

'Forget here, Lucius Piso,' said the kind-hearted Livia, 'what you have just heard from the lips of that harsh bigot, the savage Fronto. Who could have looked for such madness! Not again, if I possess the power men say I do, shall he sit at the table of Aurelian. Poor Julia too! But see! she walks with Tacitus. Wisdom and mercy are married in him, and both will shed comfort on her.'

'I cannot but lament,' I replied, 'that a creature like Fronto should have won his way so far into the confidence of Aurelian. But I fear him not, and do not believe that he will have power to urge the emperor to the adoption of measures, to which his own wisdom and native feelings must stand opposed. The rage of such men as Fronto, and the silent pity and scorn of men immeasurably his superiors, we have both now learned to bear without complaint, though not without some inward suffering. To be shut out from the hearts of so many who once ran to meet us on our approach, nor only that, but to be held by them as impious and atheistical, monsters whom the earth is sick of, and whom the gods are besought to destroy — this is a part of our burden which we feel to be heaviest. Heaven preserve to us the smiles and the love of Livia!'

'Doubt not that they will ever be yours. But I trust that sentiments like those of Tacitus will bear sway in the councils of Aurelian, and that the present calm will not be disturbed.'

Thus conversing we wandered on, beguiled by such talk and the attractive splendors of the garden, till we found ourselves separated, apparently by some distance, from our other friends; none passed us and none met us. We had reached a remote and solitary spot, where fewer lamps had been hung, and the light was faint and unequal. Not sorry to be thus alone, we seated ourselves on the low pedestal of a group of statuary — once the favorite resort of the fair and false Terentia — whose forms could scarcely be defined, and which was enveloped at a few paces distant with shrubs and flowers, forming a thin wall of partition between us and another walk, corresponding to the one we were in, but winding away in a different direction. We had sat not long, either silent or conversing, ere our attention was caught by the sound of approaching voices apparently in earnest discourse. A moment and we knew them to be those of Fronto and Aurelian.

'By the gods his life shall answer it!' said Aurelian with vehemence, but with suppressed tones; 'who but he was to observe the omens? Was I to know that to-day is the Ides, and to-morrow the day after? The rites must be postponed.'

'It were better not, in my judgment,' said Fronto; 'all the other signs are favorable. Never, Papirius assured me, did the sacred chickens seize so eagerly the crumbs. Many times, as he closely watched, did he observe them — which is rare — drop them from

their mouths overfilled. The times he has exactly recorded. A rite like this put off, when all Rome is in expectation, would, in the opinion of all the world, be of a more unfavorable interpretation, than if more than the day were against us.'

'You counsel well. Let it go on.'

'But to insure a fortunate event, and propitiate the gods, I would early, and before the august ceremonies, offer the most costly and acceptable sacrifice.'

'That were well also. In the prisons there are captives of Germany, of Gaul, of Egypt, and Palmyra. Take what and as many as you will. If we ever make sure of the favor of the gods, it is when we offer freely that which we hold at the highest price.'

'I would rather they were Christians,' urged Fronto.

'That cannot be,' said Aurelian. 'I question if there be a Christian within the prison walls; and, were there hundreds, it is not a criminal I would bring to the altar. I would as soon offer a diseased or ill-shaped bull.'

'But it were an easy matter to seize such as we might want. Not, O Aurelian, till this accursed race is exterminated, will the heavens smile as formerly upon our country. Why are the altars thus forsaken? Why are the temples no longer thronged as once? Why do the great, and the rich, and the learned, silently withhold their aid, or openly scoff and jeer? Why are our sanctuaries crowded only by the scum and refuse of the city?'

'I know not. Question me not thus.'

'Is not the reason palpable and gross to the dullest mind? Is it not because of the daily growth of this blaspheming and atheistical crew, who, by horrid arts, seduce the young, the timid, and, above all, the women, who ever draw the world with them, to join them in their unhallowed orgies, thus stripping the temples of their worshippers, and dragging the gods themselves from their seats? Think you the gods look on with pleasure, while their altars and temples are profaned or abandoned, and a religion that denies them rears itself upon their ruins?'

'I know not. Say no more.'

'Is it possible religion or the state should prosper, while he who is not only Vicegerent of the gods, Universal Monarch, but what is more, their sworn Pontifex Maximus, connives at their existence and dissemination ——'

'Thou liest!'

'Harboring, even beneath the imperial roof, and feasting at the imperial table, the very heads and chief ministers of this black mischief ——'

'Hold! I say. I swear, by all the gods known and unknown, that another word, and thy head shall answer it! Is my soul that of a lamb, that I need this stirring up to deeds of blood? Am I so lame and backward, when the gods are to be defended, that I am to be thus charged? Let the lion sleep when he will; chafed too much, and he may spring and slay at random. I love not the Christians, nor any who flout the gods and their worship — that thou knowest well. But I love Piso, Aurelia, and the divine Julia — that thou knowest as well. Now no more.'

'For my life,' said Fronto, 'I hold it cheap, if I may but be faithful to my office and the gods.'

'I believe it, Fronto. The gods will reward thee. Let us on.'

In the earnestness of their talk, they had paused and stood just before us, being separated but by a thin screen of shrubs. We continued rooted to our seats while this conversation went on, held there both by the impossibility of withdrawing without observation, and by a desire to hear — I confess it — what was thus in a manner forced upon me, and concerned so nearly, not only myself, but thousands of my fellow Christians.

When they were hidden from us by the winding of the path, we rose and turned toward the palace.

'That savage!' said Livia. 'How strange that Aurelian, who knows so well how to subdue the world, should have so little power to shake off this reptile.'

'There is power enough,' I replied; 'but alas! I fear the will is wanting. Superstition is as deep a principle in the breast of Aurelian as ambition, and of that Fronto is the most fitting high-priest. Aurelian places him at the head of religion in the state for those very qualities, whose fierce expression has now made us tremble. Let us hope that the emperor will remain where he now is, in a position from which it seems Fronto is unable to dislodge him, and all will go well.'

We soon reached the palace, where, joining Julia and Portia, our chariot soon bore us to the Cælian Hill. Farewell.

STANZAS.

'Talk not to us of the days of chivalry!'

TALK not to us of the old castles gray,
Or of the gallant knights and ladies gay,
That dazzled their courts in days gone by,
Or of bannered towers that kissed the sky,
Or of bastions, walls, and turrets proud,
Where the war-notes rang from clarion loud!

Talk not to us of the fierce battle-shout
Of the olden time, when the prince led out
His vassal knights, with their vassals born,
In bondage held, and to fealty sworn,
Where the soul was fired, and swords were red
With the curdling blood of the gallant dead!

Talk not to us of the banquet hall,
Where revelled the proud, and knelt the thrall,
Where the Trouvère's lay and Troubadour's song
Softened the hearts of the brave and the strong,
And the richest wines from the sparkling bowl
Quickened the pulse of the sluggish soul!

We heed not the tales of that olden time;
Too oft do they tell us of deeds of crime:
We dwell in a new and a distant land,
Where the wind blows free from the ocean-strand,
Nor bears on its wings to the boundless west,
The burning curse of a people oppressed!

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPLORING TOUR BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the Direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Performed in the years 1835, '36, and '37; with a Map of the Oregon Territory. By Rev. SAMUEL PARKER, A. M. In one volume. pp. 317. Ithaca, (N. Y.) Published for the Author. New-York: A. K. BERTON, 451 Broadway.

SPREAD before you, reader, a map of that portion of this continent which stretches westward from a line with the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, and with the above-named work in your hand, follow its author in all his journeyings, until you reach with him that iron-bound coast, where mountain barriers repel the dark rolling waves of the Pacific, which stretches, without an intervening island, for five thousand miles, to the coast of Japan. What a vast extent of country you have traversed; how sublime the works of the CREATOR, through which you have taken your way! We lack space to follow our author in the detail of his far wanderings, and shall not therefore attempt a notice at large of the volume under consideration, but shall endeavor to present, in a general view, some of its more prominent features. Mr. PARKER was sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions; and he appears to have been eminently faithful to his trust, amidst numerous perils and privations, which are recorded, not with vain boasting and exaggeration, but with becoming modesty and brevity. His descriptions, indeed, are all of them graphic, without being minute or tedious. Before reaching the Black Hills, he places before us the prairies, rolling in immense seas of verdure, on which millions of tons of grass grow up but to rot on the ground, or feed whole leagues of flame; over which sweep the cool breezes, like the trade-winds of the ocean, and into whose green recesses bright-eyed antelopes bound away, with half-whistling snuff, leaving the fleetest hound hopelessly in the rear. There herd the buffaloes, by thousands together, dotting the landscape, seeming scarce so large as rabbits, when surveyed at a distance from some verdant bluff, swelling up in the emerald waste. Sublimar far, and upon a more magnificent scale, are the scenes among the Rocky Mountains. Here are the visible footsteps of God! Yonder, mountain above mountain, peak above peak, ten thousand feet heavenward, to regions of perpetual snow, rise the guardian Titans of that mighty region. Here the traveller thrills his winding way through passages so narrow, that the towering perpendicular cliffs throw a dim twilight gloom upon his path, even at mid-day. Anon he emerges, and lo! a cataract descends a distant mountain, like a belt of snowy foam, girding its giant sides. On one hand, mountains spread out into horizontal plains, some rounded like domes, and others terminating in sharp cones, and abrupt eminences, taking the forms of pillars, pyramids, and castles; on the other, vast circular embankments, thrown up by volcanic fires, mark out the site of a yawning crater; while far below, perchance, a river dashes its way through a narrow, rocky passage, with a deep-toned roar, in winding mazes, in mist and darkness. Follow the voyager, as he descends the Columbia, subject to winds, rapids, and falls, two hundred miles from any whites, and amid tribes of

stranger Indians, all speaking a different language. Here, for miles, stretches a perpendicular basaltic wall, three or four hundred feet in height; there foam the boiling eddies, and rush the varying currents; on one side opens a view of rolling prairies, and through a rocky vista on the other, rise the far-off mountains, mellowed in the beams of the morning sun. Now the traveller passes through a forest of trees, standing, in their natural positions, in the bed of the river, twenty feet below the water's surface. Passing these, he comes to a group of islands, lying high in the stream, piled with the coffin-canoes of the natives, filled with their dead, and covered with mats and split plank. He anchors for a while at a wharf of natural basalt, but presently proceeds on his way, gliding now in solemn silence, and now interrupted by the roar of a distant rapid, gradually growing on the ear, until the breaking water and feathery foam arise to the view. Pausing under a rocky cavern, by the shore, formed of semi-circular masses which have overbrowed the stream for ages, 'frowning terrible, impossible to climb,' he awaits the morning; listening during the night-watches, to hear the distant cliffs

——— 'reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high.'

Such are the great features of the missionary's course, until the boundary of the 'Far West' is reached, and he reposes for a time from his long and toilsome journey.

Our author gives us many details in relation to the Indians of the Oregon territory, their habits, manners, dispositions, etc. Since 1829, seven-eighths of the Indian population, below the falls of the Columbia, we are informed, have been swept away by disease, principally fever-and-ague, increased partly by intemperance, but greatly augmented by their mode of treatment. 'In the burning stage of the fever, they plunged themselves into the river, and continued in the water until the heat was allayed, and rarely survived the cold stage which followed. So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred, that the shores of the Columbia were strewn with the unburied dead. Whole and large villages were depopulated, and some entire tribes have disappeared, the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes. This great mortality extended not only from the vicinity of the Cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far north and south — it is said as far south as California. The natives have a standing clause in their system of table-etiquette, which we have seen obeyed in civilized society, without compulsory enactment: what the guest cannot eat, in closing his repast, he must take away with him — a privilege of which the white man liberally avails himself, for the Indian *cuisine* is not over extensive nor delicious. Some of the tribes have a famous amusement, called the 'buffalo dancing march.' Dressed in the skin of the neck and head of this animal, the horns all standing, they imitate his low bellow, and wheel and jump, with wonderful fidelity to the original. The natives are exceedingly fond of the 'fire-water;' and one inveterate drinker, our author tells us, purloined, in sundry secret draughts, all the spirits in which our friend and correspondent, Mr. TOWNSEND, had preserved a large assortment of venomous reptiles, which he had been collecting beyond the Rocky Mountains. These tribes of Indians are truly 'aborigines.' One old chief described to Mr. PARKER his impressions upon meeting, for the first time, with white men. Himself and his savage companions thought them a new race. Seeing their faces very pale, they supposed them to be suffering from some unknown cause, with cold; and although it was mid-summer, they built a large fire, and invited them into their lodge to warm themselves, where they persisted in wrapping them in buffalo robes!

Not the least attractive portion of this very interesting 'Journal,' is the account of

a visit paid by the author to the Sandwich Islands, to which we can only make this brief reference. He sailed from thence for the United States, and arrived safely at New-London, (Conn.,) having been absent more than two years, and having journeyed upward of twenty-eight thousand miles.

Our traveller is of opinion that there are no insurmountable barriers to the construction of a rail-road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No greater elevations would need to be overcome, than have been surmounted on the Portage and Ohio rail-road. And the work will be accomplished! Let the prediction be marked. This great chain of communication will be made, with links of iron. The treasures of the earth, in that wide region, are not destined to be lost. The mountains of coal, the vast meadow-seas, the fields of salt, the mighty forests, with their trees two hundred and fifty feet in height, the stores of magnesia, the crystalized lakes of valuable salts, these were not formed to be unemployed and wasted. The reader is now living, who will make a rail-road trip across this vast continent. The granite mountain will melt before the hand of enterprise; valleys will be raised; and the unwearied fire-steed will spout his hot, white breath, where silence has reigned since the morning hymn of young creation was pealed over mountain, flood, and field. The mammoth's bone and the bison's horn, buried for centuries, and long since turned to stone, will be bared to the day, by the laborers of the 'Atlantic and Pacific Rail-Road Company;' rocks which stand now as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried, will heave beneath the action of 'villanous saltpetre;' and where the prairie stretches away, 'like the round ocean, girdled with the sky,' with its wood-fringed streams, its flower-enamelled turf, and its herds of startled buffaloes, shall sweep the long, hissing train of cars, crowded with passengers for the Pacific sea-board. The very realms of chaos and old night will be invaded; while in place of the roar of wild beasts, or howl of wilder Indians, will be heard the lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks; the plough will cleave the sods of many a rich valley and fruitful hill, while 'from many a dark bosom shall go up the pure prayer to the Great Spirit.'

Forgetful of space, we have gone on, until we find ourselves tugging at the end of our tether, and must now close our notice as abruptly as a hungry judge's summing up. We must first move, however, for a *quo warranto* against certain blemishes in the volume before us, chiefly in reference to a second edition, which we cannot doubt will speedily be demanded by the public. The language, generally chaste, is now and then a little careless and stiltish. 'Progressing on our journey,' 'obliviscating the labors of the day,' and the like, live in our memory; as also that minute description of an animal which measured so many feet 'from the tip of its nose to the *insertion* of its tail!' We infer that, owing to some accident, this was a kindred feature to that canine appendage, of which 'SOLOMON SWOP' was so much in doubt, whether or no it 'was cut off or driv' in!' The volume is neatly executed, and illustrated with an excellent map of the Oregon country.

'A PHILOSOPHICAL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Adapted *equally* to the use of Schools or Private Study.' By JOSEPH W. WRIGHT, C. E. pp. 251. London: WHITAKER AND COMPANY. New-York: SPINNEY AND HODGES.

WE do not wish to flatter Mr. WRIGHT, but we cannot avoid saying to him, that in attempting to treat of the science of language, he has embarked on a sea quite too expansive and rough for his frail bark and small spread of canvass; and to illustrate the correctness of our opinion, we will endeavor to convey to the reader a faint idea of the character of the book, in language drawn from its own rules and inculcations. We have not been 'favorably stricken' with the logic and rhetoric by which the

learned author has 'foughten' his way to fame; nor are we greatly delighted with the manner in which he has annihilated 'the most prevailing systems of grammar in modern use.' A short sample of the style in which this great reformation 'has been being' or 'has begun to be being' achieved, may not be amiss. The reader will then be able to judge for 'his self' whether chicken is or is not the 'plural of chick,' and none but the veriest ignoramuses 'their selves' need remain uninformed as to the 'accomplishment of its execution.' And here we 'take leave' to say, that for every thing that 'is here being marked' with guillemets, we are indebted to the work before us. 'Doubtlessly, accordingly to' the best modern taste, such passages as the following must be considered as 'exceedingly prettily' written: 'Misconception, on simple subjects, generally arises from incautious applications of the intellectual capabilities!' Again: 'Those who lay down arbitrary marks by which they may fearlessly steer through the channel of danger, should cautiously launch into the ocean of accidents; lest their beacons be lost to the view, and *their selves* wrecked on the shoals of destruction, as a consequence of their neglect.' Such valuable directions as these for writing well, are 'their selves' worth whole volumes of MURRAY or BROWN, and others of the old school. Mr. WRIGHT's system will be a signal relief, to many a lazy urchin, from the tyranny of school-masters; for the whole fraternity of pedagogues, having long held the opinion that parsing is to grammar what cyphering is to arithmetic, are now not only 'to be being convinced of the unimportance of parsing generally,' but 'to be being shown' that it is 'characterized in its proper light only, when it is designated a finical and ostentatious parade of practical pedantry!' The reader may 'surprise at' our devoting any space to a work which is destined to occupy no share of attention from the public, beyond its broad ridicule. Our excuse for disturbing for a moment the bristling self-conceit of our author, is, that some respectable names appear as sponsors to his work, who should blush for yielding to the importunities of a grammatical O'Toole.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE: VIZ. IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, AND THE NETHERLANDS. By Rev. WILBUR FISK, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. With Engravings. In one volume, 8vo. pp. 700. Fourth Edition. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE high estimation in which Dr. Fisk is held, as a scholar, a divine, and a philanthropist, has awakened a very general interest in the work under notice. The copy before us is from the *fourth* edition, yet scarcely as many weeks have elapsed since the volume was issued from the press, and we understand that a *fifth* edition, from the stereotype plates, is already in progress. These facts certainly 'speak volumes' in favor of the work. Notwithstanding the numerous publications of 'travels' with which the press has of late teemed, the present work will be found to possess many features which are entirely unique; such indeed as might have been expected from the character, habits, and pursuits of the author. He has chosen the method of *narration*, in the consecutive order of his entire tour, interspersing the most interesting parts of his epistolary correspondence with descriptions of persons and places, and observations upon men and things, in a manner both instructive and entertaining. But the reader will not only find in this volume accurate and discriminating exhibitions of distinguished persons and familiar places, in the various countries visited by the author, but there will be introduced to his notice many objects alike novel and interesting. The subject of education, to the advancement of which Dr. Fisk has consecrated the labors of his life, and for the promotion of which, in our own country, this journey was mainly undertaken, receives a large

share of illustration and criticism, and much valuable practical information on this subject is here furnished, as the result of personal observation, in different countries. While the philanthropist and the Christian will find in the book a vast amount of religious intelligence, in all the departments of benevolence and piety, which is no where else accessible, the civilian, the statesman, the political economist, and the scholar, to whatever profession he may belong, may glean much that may tend to his edification and profit. The style of the work is unaffected and pleasing, and its descriptions have a charming air of nature and life about them, which bespeak an observant eye, and an artist-like pencil. We can commend the volume as one which does honor to the head and heart of its author, and as altogether worthy of his well-earned reputation. Dr. FISK is an AMERICAN, by birth, education, principle, and affection; nor was he bewildered by foreign travel, or bewitched out of his preference to his own country, as too many have been before him. Neither do his national partialities blind his eyes to the excellence, or even the superiority, of transatlantic countries, wherever such attributes may be justly claimed; nor does he condemn every thing foreign, or ridicule it by caricature, as is sometimes done, by those whose prejudices dethrone their candor and their reason. The work is executed with great typographical neatness, and embellished with several good engravings of well chosen objects or scenes.

WORDS OF THE ORATORIO OF 'THE SKEPTIC.' By HENRY RUSSELL. Boston: KIDDER AND WRIGHT.

THE readers of this Magazine are aware of the high rank in which we place Mr. RUSSELL, as a vocalist. The fulness and richness of his voice, the clearness of his pronunciation, and the bewitching simplicity of his manner, stamp him a *singer* of the first file. 'The Skeptic,' an oratorio, composed by Mr. RUSSELL, has recently been brought out in the 'literary emporium,' and public report speaks favorably of its success. Of its merits as a musical composition, however, we are not prepared to speak; but the character of the *literary* portion of the oratorio, demands a few words of rebuke; the more, because we have somewhere seen it stated, and reiterated, that our vocalist's 'poetical like his musical genius seemed to have no limit!' or modest terms, to the same effect. Every true critic and well-wisher of Mr. RUSSELL, who is at all intimate with his literary attainments, owes it to the credit of the 'divine art,' not less than to himself, to prevent so gross an error from taking possession of our author's mind, or the imaginations of his many musical admirers. If *any* should doubt hereafter, we pledge ourselves to sustain our position by additional proofs in our possession, which will place its correctness beyond all cavil or gainsaying. Mr. RUSSELL has certainly not commenced poet by rule, for his verse is neither more nor less than prose, and very poor prose, too, divided into unequal cuttings, of several syllables; while the matter is a mixture of tameness, declamatory exaggeration, and disorder. If our vocalist desires to 'marry music to immortal verse,' he has the power, we think, to do so, so long as his fine voice and good taste shall be spared to him; but he should select the productions of other bards than himself, or be content to support his music and his rhymes on a separate maintenance. There is certainly some *originality* in the words of this oratorio, especially in the part assigned to the principal voice. What, for example, can surpass the beauty of the following line, which may also be found in BYRON's 'Cain:'

'Leave thee? why all have left thee!'

Now that which we herein most particularly admire, is the amendment which the author has seen proper to effect in his lordship's grammar:

'Leave thee? why all *kath* left thee!'

stands, a line unrivalled for its adventurous originality. But lest we be thought hypercritical, we subjoin the consecutive lines: The *Italics* are the author's:

'Leave thee? All *kath* left thee, but I fear thee not;
Skeptic, hast thou given one serious
Thought to either Hell or Heaven?
Has *Heaven* no charms to win thy carnal breast?
Has Hell no torments to destroy thy rest?
Is this life *all*? No! alas for thee.
Life's but a *shrub* — *eternity a tree!*
Seek for mercy from thy Saviour high,
The time will come when thou must die.'

Is not this true poetry? Does it not sparkle like the 'tonic and refrigerent salubrious stomachic effervescent ginger beverage,' known in simpler days as 'ginger pop'? What but an Herculean imagination could generate, what but a hand gloved in mail, and writing as it were with an iron stylus, upon a rock of adamant, could trace, that graphic and sublime idea:

'Life's but a *shrub* — eternity a *tree*!'

With what a sudden transition of thought, descending from a lofty altitude to depth profound, he exclaims:

'Man's mind is a *pit*, and *nothing sees*!'

We know of no line equal in pathos and sublimity to this, unless indeed it be contained in the subjoined couplet, from the same pen:

—— 'The sum of man, of god-like man,
To be nailed down in a narrow place, and there rot!'

The general rhythm and melody of language are worthy of especial praise. What, for instance, could be more felicitous than the following:

'Thou 'lt cry when darkness round thee *comes*,
Have mercy on a fallen *one*!'

Some of the lines require a long ear to take them in. The annexed may be cited, as sufficiently extended to fill the auricular vestibule of a mule — supposing that sagacious animal willing to admit such glaring false quantities, in what purports to be, and was evidently intended for, blank verse — and *blank* enough it is:

'*Religion is mistake*; duty? — there's none, but to repel the cheat.'

And the second is like unto it:

'Yes; give the pulse full empire! — live the brute, since as the brute we die!'

There are certain brief portions of this distinguished literary performance, which too nearly resemble familiar stanzas in collections of church psalmody, for both to be original. The 'Faith in God, soprano solo,' will be readily recognised, and kindred passages elsewhere — transformed in some such wise as a shoe-maker makes a pair of new shoes out of an old pair of boots — might be multiplied. But we forbear. We venture, in conclusion, to proffer the author of the '*Words of the Skeptic*,' ('words, words, my lord,') this piece of advice; never to attempt poetry, while Hope has a bone to gnaw upon; for he may rest assured, that the last thing of which the public is likely to complain, will be that he writes too little. The '*oratorio*' is printed upon whitish paper, with blackish ink, and a '*very aggravated type*,' and may be obtained at the music stores.

GLEANINGS IN EUROPE. ITALY. BY AN AMERICAN. In two volumes, 8vo. pp. 500. Philadelphia: CARRY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THIS is certainly the most entertaining of Mr. COOPER's series of 'gleanings.' Italy may be, as the author observes, a hackneyed theme; yet we are bound to thank him for causing his readers to lose sight of the fact. With an eye ever open to the beauties or grandeur of nature, and with a power, always active, of research into, and observation of, the spirit and condition of the people among whom he journeys, it is not surprising that in a field so rich and ample, in these respects, as Italy, Mr. COOPER should have written a most agreeable work. There is very little also, in these volumes, of political or personal prejudices, which have heretofore, in some instances, detracted greatly from the pleasure of the general reader. Several spirited extracts, although in type, are omitted, by reason of an oppressive 'sense of fulness' in this department of our Magazine.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR, AND THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GREEK PARAPHRASE. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, Plans of Battles, Sieges, etc.; and Historical, Geographical, and Archæological Indexes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. In one volume. pp. 493. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE perceive, with sincere pleasure, that the enterprising publishers, from whose press this valuable classic was issued a few weeks since, are turning their attention steadily to the promulgation of classical knowledge, through the medium of a series of works, edited under the supervision of that sound and ripe scholar, Professor ANTHON, of Columbia College. It has, until within a few years, been too justly remarked, that, while the facilities of a common education were extended to the whole community, the higher branches of learning were rarely if ever carried beyond an extent so limited as to be in fact almost useless; a slight knowledge of the Latin, and a still slighter acquaintance with the Greek tongue, being nearly the whole results of a scholastic and collegiate education, and being thrown aside, as things to be forgotten, on the first step made by the student beyond the threshold of his alma mater. Many reasons have been cited, in explanation of this fact; and unquestionably the most solid of these, is that which throws the blame on the very gross deficiencies of the teachers in general, and on the miserable character of the school books; the former being, for the most part, young men sent out, half educated themselves, from some of our colleges, to spread faulty latinity and false quantities over the whole continent; and the latter being edited, by thousands, by every petty usher, whose self conceit was equal to the task, for which his abilities were in truth wholly disproportionate. Hence, as we have said, it was with sincere pleasure that we welcomed the excellent school edition of Sallust and Cicero, heretofore put forth by the HARPERS, and especially the work whose title stands at the head of this notice. The Horace of the same author — a work displaying entire acquaintance with his subject, the deepest research, and the soundest judgment, united to a severe and practised taste — has already received the stamp of general approbation; being admitted, even on the continent of Europe, to be the best existing edition of that poet, and being almost universally adopted in the schools and colleges of England. With regard to the Sallust and Cicero, they fully equalled, in ability and fitness for that scale of intellect to which they are intended to apply, their predecessor; and the Cæsar, with its admirable notes, full of all that boys can require, and of much that men may read with interest and profit; with its indexes, clear, comprehensive, and at the same time highly entertaining; with its well executed plans and sketches, affording felicitous illustrations of the text, and with the curious

and rarely-published paraphrase, is in no degree inferior, or rather is so far superior to the earlier numbers of the series, that it may safely be pronounced the best school book ever published in this or in any other country. The work is admirably executed, in its externals; indeed the editor and publishers seem to have vied with each other, and both have been eminently successful, and may justly be proud of their beneficial labors; for if he has been termed the most useful member of a state, who causes two blades of grass to spring up where but one grew before, what name shall be applied to him who calls forth two ideas in the place of one, from that most noble field, when cultivated duly — the mind of rational and thinking man?

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MISSIONS. A Record of the Voyages, Travels, Labors, and Successes, of the various Missionaries who have been sent forth by Protestant Societies to evangelize the Heathen. By Rev. JOHN O. CHOULES, A. M., and Rev. THOMAS SMITH, London. In two volumes, large quarto. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN. New-York: JOHN S. TAYLOR.

It was our purpose to have devoted liberal space to a notice of this work, a fifth edition of which, enlarged and improved, has just been published. But truth to say, the volumes scarcely need our humble recommendation, after having received the highest praise from most of the eminent divines in this country, as well as that of the American secular and religious press, without distinction of party or sect. It need only be said, that these copious volumes are signally *complete*, embracing every thing that could with relevancy or propriety be included under their comprehensive title. The work is wholly without sectarianism, and contains nothing offensive to the religious opinions of the Christian, to whatsoever denomination he may belong. The type is large and clear, and impressed in double columns, and in blackest ink, upon paper of a beautiful texture and color. The engravings, which are very numerous, are large, mostly executed in the best style of the art, upon steel, and are remarkably clear and distinct. The volumes are afforded at not only a reasonable, but considering their great value, a remarkably cheap price. We commend them cordially to the religious, of every class, as well as to the mere general reader.

GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM: A Short Tour in 1835. By HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D., President of Amherst College. In two volumes, 8vo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. A. K. BERTON, 451 Broadway.

VERY many of the qualities which we have elsewhere enumerated, as characterizing the travels of Dr. Fisk, are to be found in these unpretending volumes. Going over a beaten track, it was scarcely to be expected that the author would be enabled to present us with much that was entirely new; yet he has imparted an air of freshness even to that which had nothing of novelty to recommend it, while the *spirit* of his work is every where worthy of especial commendation. He has not attempted to underrate the countries he visited, nor has he obtruded overestimates, by contrast, of the importance of his own. The volumes are replete with valuable information, in relation to the state of religion, the physical and moral condition of society, as well as agriculture, manufactures, and the arts. The 'Scraps from my Note-Book,' with which they close, are not the least interesting portion of the work. They possess a sprinkling of satire, and mean more than the superficial reader would at first imagine.

EDITORS' TABLE.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.—The pages of this periodical have borne frequent evidence of the popular interest which is felt, and is every day growing to be more widely felt, in relation to pulpit eloquence, as a great mean of enforcing and extending the doctrines and blessings of the Christian religion. It has at length come to be considered, that a divine, to be eminently useful, should not only be 'sound in the faith,' but that he should possess the ability to awaken and keep alive the attention of his hearers, by those rhetorical adjuncts, which are powerful auxiliaries of success in every kindred department of mental action. How can the preacher hope to influence his hearers, when, to adopt a theatrical phrase, he merely 'walks through his part?' No matter how important his inculcations, or how clear his arguments; if both be not enforced by a *manner* bearing some proportion to the nature of the lessons or principles set forth, many hearers must be utterly indifferent to them. They have not been made to *feel*, by the earnest eloquence of the speaker—that true eloquence which springs from feeling, and without which all attempts to catch the *aura popularis* will prove unavailing—that he himself was firmly persuaded of the truths he taught. These thoughts have been suggested, by a recent attendance upon the discourses of one or two eminent divines, in the Methodist connexion, during the anniversary conference of that large and respectable denomination, lately held in this city. We allude more particularly to the Rev. HENRY BASCOM, of Augusta college, Kentucky, and the Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston. Of the former, we had before repeatedly heard good report. His fame had evidently preceded him; for, a long time previous to the appointed hour of service, the immense church in Greene-street was crowded to the outer steps, with more standing in the aisles, perhaps, than were seated in the pews, and on the temporary benches. When the hymn was concluded, Mr. BASCOM arose. That 'first appeal, which is to the eye,' was greatly in his favor. His person has a commanding presence, and as well in this particular, as in the firm, compressed mouth, the ample brow, and large, searching black eye, he bears a very striking resemblance to DANIEL WEBSTER. The expression of his countenance was thoughtful and impressive:

——— 'deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night,
Or summer's noontide air.'

Naming his text, in a voice deep, but slightly husky, he proceeded, somewhat tamely, as it appeared to us, although systematically, to lay down his premises, array his arguments, and marshal his proofs. While we were yet in 'a state of dubiety' whether or no his audience were not to be treated to a merely nebulous disquisition, of no particular merit, and asking, mentally, whether *this* could be the man whom HENRY CLAY had pronounced the greatest natural orator he had ever heard, when a brilliant thought, wreaked upon eloquent and original expression, enchained our attention; and thenceforward, to the close of the discourse, we wist not that we were occupying a narrow

spot in the middle of a crowded aisle — 'cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in' — with the thermometer at ninety. When once fully engrossed with his subject, (the progress and effects of the Christian faith, and the arguments in favor of its promulgation,) every eye in the congregation was upon the speaker, and each heart beat quicker, as the glowing thoughts dropped from his tongue. His similes are vivid and striking, to a degree; his impressions of nature, and the comparisons which he draws from her external aspects, are not minute and in detail. They are upon a noble scale — 'taking in whole continents and seas.' Such was the character of that portion of his discourse, wherein he spake of the past ages, to whom the great volume of nature was a sealed book; who saw no God in the works of his hand; who could read the starry rhythm of the heavens, survey the towering mountains, the rivers sweeping to the main; who could hear the roar of the great ocean, and the far-sounding cataract, and see in all these no evidences of the Power who spake, and they existed. He was scarcely less effective, in describing the origin and spread of the Christian faith. The good seed had been sown, and for eighteen hundred years it had, in one way or another, been producing fruit. The germ expanded, and the tree had arisen and spread, until the nations of the world sat under its branches. Efforts had often been made to root it out, and to destroy it. The lightnings of persecution had scathed it — the axe of the wicked had sought to lop its boughs — the wild boar of the forest had whetted its tusk against its time-worn trunk — yet still, in living green, it spread its inviting arms abroad, every where overshadowing evil with good. Kingdom after kingdom had arisen, flourished, and fallen. The wrecks of dead empires — the long labors of emperors and kings, of principalities and powers — had passed away on that deluge-flood of earthly grandeur, ever rolling onward to the ocean of eternity; yet still afar widened the blessings of christianity. Like the beams of the sun, each ray had radiated in separate streams of light; but they were soon swallowed up in one glad effulgence, blessing all upon whom it fell, even as the common light of heaven. These remembrances can afford the reader little save a faint idea of the general character of one or two of his positions and illustrations. The nervous style, the appropriate gesture, the beaming eye, may be imagined, but must be seen to be realized. The very hesitation, which our orator occasionally manifests, in making a selection from thoughts which are pressing for utterance, is in itself an essential feature of eloquence; for when the key-word unlocks the treasure, the intellectual flood rolls on with a resistless force, the greater from having been pent up and kept back; while the speaker's language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, 'as light, streaming through colored glass, heightens the object it falls upon.' Such are our impressions of the pulpit efforts of Mr. BASCOM; and we believe them to be faithful counterparts of those entertained by all who heard the discourse to which we have alluded. On a subsequent occasion, at the Broadway Tabernacle, he was less successful — and no marvel. He was placed before an immense auditory, as a clerical 'lion of the west,' of whom wonders were anticipated, and he was to roar by contract, at so much a head, from his hearers. This was 'doing evil that good might come,' beside being in very bad taste; and the result, so far as the speaker was concerned, was a perfectly natural one. We had intended, in this connection, to have spoken of the Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, of the Seamen's Bethel, Boston, who is celebrated for a species of effective pulpit eloquence; but our limits will only permit us to say, that in our judgment, as well as in that of many of his friends and fellow Christians, he greatly diminishes his usefulness, by a certain air of unique drollery, vastly amusing, indeed, but inappropriate, as it seems to us, to the sacred desk. One can scarcely think that preacher in earnest, who seeks occasion to be facetious, in reasoning of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.' We may refer to the subject of pulpit eloquence, in other points of view, at no distant day; and in the mean time we invite our correspondents to aid us, by such suggestions, or brief examples, as may serve to illustrate the importance of, or exhibit the varieties embraced in, the general theme.

A SECOND LEAF FROM OUR NOTE-BOOK. — Let us hope that those who have approved of the 'sample' we have already furnished — if happily any such there are — of what may be anticipated from our unpremeditated note-book extracts, will manifest some little enterprise, and 'take the lot,' for better or for worse.

SOME months since, to fill up a vacant space in a waiting 'form,' we threw off a hurried paragraph of 'MATHEWSIANA,' touching that fine actor's impression of how long it generally took to 'do things' in this country. Since that fragment has been honored with a wide circulation abroad, and has come back upon, and is now going the rounds of, the American newspaper press, we will proceed to sketch another, 'in about twenty minutes.' During MATHEWS' last visit to this country, he was, for the most part, in ill health. Aches and pains, incident to his years, together with an exquisitely nervous temperament, kept him a good portion of the time in hot water. His manner, at such periods, was querulous in the extreme. Every trifling annoyance was construed into a personal affront, or intentional persecution. The courteous and accomplished chief of the Tremont House, at Boston, was called in hot haste to his apartment, late of a dull March afternoon — the wind east. He found the inimitable mime limping about the room, in a state of great agitation. 'Mr. S ——' said he, 'I'm a miserable dog. You know it — every body knows it. Nerves out of order' — here he described a semicircle with his game leg, and drew down the sloping corner of his mouth — 'nobody thinks any thing of annoying poor Mathews. Look here — look *there* — *THERE*!' he continued, as he drew his companion to the window, and pointed to a servant, who was cracking walnuts for the next day's dessert, in the court-yard. 'There's a fellow for you! 'Click! click!' for an hour together, and looking up to me, (miserable dog!) with that infernal grin. There — there he goes again!' An explanation followed, the servant was ordered away, and the excited drôle became comparatively calm. But hardly had Mr. S —— reached the 'office,' before he was again violently recalled. Some one had entered the house by the private entrance, and by a slight rap or two at the door of a neighboring room, was 'pulling the wires' of the unstrung actor's nervous system. This time, it was with much difficulty that he could be pacified. From divers indigent annoyances, he finally widened to the 'people in general' of this country. 'Every body delights to vex me,' said he — 'every body. Sometimes I'm bored to death with impertinent questions; and then again I can't get more than a word from any body, and that always of the shortest. I asked a passenger at table, on board the steamer, coming on, what I should carve for him, (we had waited 'twenty minutes' for a servant,) from two meats before me, but beyond his reach. 'Mutton!' said he. What shall I give *you*, Sir?' said I, to his neighbor. 'Beef!' was the reply, sent to me like a projectile. 'Just reach me that salt,' said the taciturn fellow to a man opposite. 'There's salt by you,' he replied. 'I did n't see it,' rejoined the other. 'Who said you did?' answered the amiable gourmand, keeping his eye on a plate of green peas, and exclaiming, at the same time, to a man near him, who was 'looking out for number one,' 'Halves, Mister! — halves! 'f you please!' When they had nearly bolted their meal, (you eat like pigs in America,) I ventured to observe to the first specimen, the weather behaving ridiculous, that it was getting roughish. 'Humph!' said he. I repeated the remark. 'Humph!' again. 'Do n't you think the weather rather roughish?' I perseveringly inquired of his grum counterpart. 'I leave it entirely to you!' said he, picking his teeth with an iron fork, and rising from the table. They call the Americans a *civil* people!' continued Mathews, in the very tone of 'Mr. Samuel Coddle,' complaining of the wind whistling round his 'corner house;' 'civil! — well, sometimes they are. Then they are bores. But generally, the Yankees are as short as a ship-biscuit. One night last week, I said to a man in New-York, as I was groping along somewhere near my lodgings — (no lights — lamps half out — could n't find the way) — 'Friend, I wish to go to Murray-street.' 'Well,' said he, taking a long, ill-flavored cigar from his

mouth, (nine inches long, and nine for a penny,) 'well, why in h—ll *do n't* you go to Murray-street?—nobody hinders you!' That now was polite! Ask a Frenchman what's o'clock, and he answers: 'Half past nine—much obliged to you.' There's a contrast for you! And thus the irritable comedian ran on, until Mr. S— grew a-weary, when he paused, as we do, and his auditor escaped—like the reader.

THAT was a beautiful picture, which we recently heard painted by an eloquent clergyman, of the revelation of God in childhood. 'Look,' said he, in substance, 'at that revelation, in the first opening form of humanity; at that infant being—that child-angel; all innocence, gladness, loveliness. There it is, quite helpless, and almost unconscious; and yet it filleth the whole dwelling, to the very roof-tree, with music and joy. No toy for childhood like that; no treasure for parental affection—no treasure of wishes, like that. There it lies, in the narrow space of an infant's cradle, and yet it filleth the whole house with its presence. There is resort to it, from time to time, as if it were something enshrined. Childhood, and age, and manly hope, and matronly beauty, bend over it. I could almost fancy,' added the speaker, 'it were in worship at that fair, pure shrine of the all-creating goodness.' We could not but think, as we heard these admirable and touching sentences, and saw the warm tear start to the eyes of a bereaved young mother, sitting near us, of the Roman line, '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens*;' and of that kindred thought of EULWEL: 'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness, and end in storm.' Who should lament, when 'child-angels' are 'taken from the evil to come,' and translated from their infant cradles to heaven?

'Where, with day-beams round them playing,
They their FATHER's face shall see,
And shall hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to me!'

The toils, the trials, the pains, of a long life, often find their end only in a larger coffin—that cradle in which our second childhood is rocked to sleep. How much truth is conveyed in that simple stanza, carved by a fond parent upon the humble head-stone of his child's grave:

'He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up;
But turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.'

WHAT strange ideas of poetry and imagination some people have! While a certain matter-of-fact class condemn them, because they cannot be sold by the bale, or bought by the cargo, and counted as so much immediately convertible merchandise, another class deem them commodities of easy acquisition, and only to be called for, to be 'constantly on hand.' 'Come, Mr. —, said a simple, but very romantic young woman, to a poetical friend of ours, not long since, 'won't you sit down now, and write a nice piece of poetry? Do! I should so like to see you make a sweet-pretty piece, right out o' your head! My cousin saw Mr. M— make a very handsome piece, one night. He did it amazingly quick. Come!—do make me some!' This young person was akin to the 'literary young lady,' so well described in 'The Young Ladies' Book,' who kept a small collection of hand-writings, and three or four old half-pence, which she called her 'coins,' and who addressed a male friend, whom she was 'button-holding' from dinner, 'Do n't you remember that you promised to write down for me, in this album, one of your poetical effusions? Sit down, there's a good man. Here's the pen, and every thing. You need n't fill more than four pages, but mind you write clear!' This may seem exaggerated; but we purpose, ere long, to endeavor to amuse the reader with a portraiture of character in this kind, which we can aver to be by no means a 'fancy sketch.'



READER, were you ever awakened, in the small hours of the morning, by a confused din of instruments and voices — all cracked? If so, you know how to commiserate that penurious English nobleman, who, in desperation, threw a sixpence to an organ-grinder and his vocal spouse, under his window, and bade them pass on, in God's name. 'We never goes on, short of a shillin'!' was the consoling reply, and they continued to grind and squall, until the remaining sixpence was extracted. What a bore it is, to be sure, a bald, unripe serenade! But the operators in these entertainments are not always at ease, in pursuing their melodious avocations, as a short story, which we have from 'a friend in the service,' will show. We suspect it must have been related of midshipman 'Dandy P —', of whom our agreeable correspondent speaks, in his 'Log-Book,' who acquired the guitar, (after incessant study, having no native talent for music,) sufficiently to accompany his cracked voice, when he would 'execute' solo serenades, and roll up his eyes 'like a duck in a thunder-storm,' under any pretty damsel's window. One charming moonlight night, our naval exquisite left the ship, then anchored in a South-American port, to serenade a lovely brunette, whom he had repeatedly seen on shore, and whom he already fancied to be one of his numerous conquests. Dressed like a gay cavalier, and accompanied by an honest tar, he 'sought the maiden's lattice,' and underneath it began to ply his lungs, and the strings of his instrument. But he had been on double duty for the two previous nights, and notwithstanding the fire which burned in his bosom, his voice gradually died away, and the serenader was presently fast asleep. At this juncture, the lattice opened, and a plump female head and shoulders looked out, as if reconnoitering the premises below. That promising artist, HOOPER, has well represented this scene, in the accompanying engraving from a clever sketch by G. L. BROWN. Jack, who was waiting at a little distance for his officer, began to grow tired of the sport, when the lattice again suddenly opened, and down came a torrent of water upon the head of the 'sleeping beauty,' followed with a request from the young lady's maid, that the romantic recumbent would take himself away. 'If there was n't a whole hogshead,' said Jack, as he encountered the drenched hero, 'I'll be d — d!' The musical midshipman related, subsequently, that he was dreanning of standing on the 'spouting horn,' at Koloa, one of the Sandwich Islands, at which his ship had touched, where the waves roll into an awful cavern, and find their only escape through a narrow fissure of the rock, rising to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and falling in sheets of spray and foam, with the noise of thunder. Under this flood he stood in fancy, and when he awoke, he nothing doubted that it was reality, and no vision. But his dream was ended; and this was his last serenade.

WAR, so long the favorite amusement, and often the sole employment of men, has been for many years gradually growing unpopular. Peace societies are not alone of the opinion, that

'Too long at clash of arms, amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast.'

NAPOLEON, were he to revisit now the glimpses of the moon, would find his occupation, and a good deal of his reputation, gone. He has strutted his hour upon the stage, where he was *once* 'accounted a very great actor.' True, the tragedies in which he performed, were got up in stupendous style, 'with music of cannon volleys, and the murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights were the fires of conflagration; his rhyme and recitative were the tramp of embattled hosts, and the sound of falling cities.' Whole hecatombs of men whiten the gray sands of Egypt, bleach in the snows of Russia, or are garnered on the plains of Italy, who assisted, as nameless and fameless supernumeraries, in his renowned performances. Ah, reader! did you ever consider what was the net purport and upshot of war? Let that imaginary German, (whom once, we confess it with shame-facedness, we condemned before we understood,) paint you the picture:

'To my own knowledge, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone *avidupois*. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now, to that same spot in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner weeding; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual *juxta-position*; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire' is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, (shells of men, out of which all the life and virtue has been blown,) which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.'

Turn from this sketch, to the falling-out 'governor' — a BONAPARTE, perchance, luxuriating in his warm bath in Italy, and there, by a word, giving orders to force a distant march, wherein the foot are directed to be driven forward by the horse with such cruel violence, that thousands perish by the way! Or look back upon the desolate track the army has traversed, and pause at the hospitals, where the numbers of the wounded render assistance impracticable; where novices in surgery serve the apprenticeship of their art amidst hurry and interruption, and the agonizing cries of their suffering patients. All these, as well as the envied dead, who, by a happier fate, were sent suddenly into eternity, are linked by ties of affection to hearts which as yet know not their own bitterness!

ONE morning, during the 'rabid stage' of the late 'pressure,' while looking over some new publications, in the fashionable *magasin* of one skilled in bibliography, there enters us a middle-aged specimen of humanity, who from crown to heel bore the marks of a decayed gentleman. He looked as if he had been 'spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump.' 'Sir,' said he, bowing condescendingly to the shopman, and speaking with studied precision of diction, 'you see before you an unfortunate individual; one who, as the poet remarks, is greatly

—— 'in want of ready rhino,
Like many hereabout that you,
And some perhaps that I, know!'

Permit me, therefore, my dear Sir, to ask, *could* you oblige me with the *loan* of a *tip*? 'No Sir, I *could* not!' replied the shopman, sarcastically. 'Ah!' responded the solicitor, 'I had no idea that the times were so hard here. I thought they were hard enough in Philadelphia, but — nothing like it — noth-*ing* *like* it! I feel for you,' he added, laying his hand, with a philanthropic air, upon his breast, 'I feel for you all!'

He mused for a moment, then extending his arm, and flourishing the tattered remnant of a pocket-handkerchief, he continued: 'What is this great and glorious country coming to, I should like to know, under its present rulers, with their bank laws, their currency laws, their sub-treasury, and so forth? To ruin, Sir!—to utter ruin! 'Man,' as the English Grammar very correctly observes, 'man is a verb.' Our government, the body corporate, is the verb to *BE*!—to do! And we, the people, Sir, of this great and glorious country, are the miserable passive verb, to *SUFFER*!' 'Shade of Cicero!' thought we; 'such eloquence, would shame the oratory of our 'Eagle of the North!' 'Sir,' said the shopman, 'I have no time to attend to you. You will oblige me by leaving the store.' 'Oh, certainly!' And he retired accordingly.

'POOR MINO,' AGAIN. — 'The KNICKERBOCKER has completely overrun 'Uncle John' BEZONET, in Nassau-street, with visitors, to see 'Poor Mino,' the wonderful East Indian bird, so graphically described in the May number. It is not uncommon to see his store full of ladies and gentlemen, of a morning, and two or three carriages at the door; but 'Mino' wont talk to the ladies, unless there are gentlemen present.' Thus courteously observed the '*Evening Star*' daily journal, a few evenings since; and its statement is sooth. Calling a day or two after this paragraph appeared, we learned that 'Mino' had been removed, for keeping too much and mixed company. Beside, he had grown oppressively loquacious. 'Uncle John, there's somebody in the store!' had become his continual announcement of new visitors. He had grown impertinent, withal, and if one surveyed him too minutely, he would inquire, in a querulous tone, 'Who're you looking at?' He had collected, moreover, among other things, the popular suffrages in regard to his manifold attractions, and was wont to echo, with great deliberation, and an air ludicrously oracular: 'Well, that is re-a-lly a *very ex-tra-or-dinary* bird!'—after which, he invariably indulged in that long-drawn, rich, and husky laugh, which would turn the veriest misanthrope into a cachinnatory machine, out of mere sympathy. Reader, we were in the right in what we said concerning birds—how that they know considerable. We love the man who cherishes in his heart these gentle, heavenward messengers. Herr TRUFELSDRÜCK has bound us to him for ever, by that beautiful eulogy which he has passed upon our especial favorites, the swallows. 'Bright, nimble creatures!' says he, 'who taught you the mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social police? For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, and your house fell, did not five neighborly helpers appear next day, and swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn chirpings, and wonderful activity, complete it again before nightfall?' To be sure they did, for we saw them do it.

TECHNICALITIES are very common, even to the best informed, in liberal professions; but in the language of the lower orders, they often form a most ludicrous feature. The keen, observant eye of that paragon of humorists, the author of the '*Pickwick Papers*,' has discovered, and his pen graphically illustrated, this peculiarity. The boot-black lad, at the hotel, who called all the travellers by the character of their boots, such as 'the 'Vellintons in Number 16,' 'the 'Vite Tops, in Number 13,' and 'the Pumps, in Number 20,' is a good specimen in point. So, too, was the remark of a servant at Vauxhall Garden, not long since recorded. He saw a couple of scape-graces making off, without paying for their 'refreshments,' and gave the alarm to a fellow waiter: 'I say, Bill, there's a brandy-and-water gettin' over the fence, and a cup o' coffee spillin' his self out o' the back gate! Look 'vild!' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' when he was leaving home, early in the morning, for Do-the-boy's Hall, and Mr. Squeer's tender protection encountered an excellent professional sample in this kind, in the female miniature-painter, who had been drawn early from bed by the fine arts, and was waiting for the light, to carry out an idea. 'She had got up early to put a fancy nose into a miniature

of an ugly little boy, destined for his grandmother in the country, who was expected to bequeath him property, if he was like the family. 'To carry out an idea,' repeated Miss La Creevy; 'and that's the great convenience of living in a thoroughfare like the Strand. When I want a nose or an eye for any particular sitter, I have only to look out of the window, and wait till I get one.' 'Does it take long to get a nose, now?' inquired Nicholas, smiling. 'Why, that depends in a great measure on the pattern,' replied Miss La Creevy. 'Snubs and romans are plentiful enough, and there are flats of all sorts and sizes, when there's a meeting at Exeter Hall; but perfectly aquilines, I am sorry to say, are scarce, and we generally use them for uniforms, or public characters.' 'Indeed!' said Nicholas. 'If I should meet with any in my travels, I will try to sketch them for you.' We shall endeavor, at an early day, to serve up a few technical characters who have come under our own observation. If they fail to please, it will not be because the subjects are deficient in the raw material of fun. They will 'open rich.'

GRATITUDE, a generous, humanizing virtue, is no where more perceptible, in the brute creation, than in the dog. Do a dog a kindness, and he will not soon forget it. He will never cut you in the street, if you have ever given him a bone, or a bit of cold victuals, even though he may be walking with 'dogs of high degree.' Did you ever mark, reader, the expression of a number of dogs, receiving a repast of meat, or the like, of a morning? The scene has been well drawn by a clever artist, in the annexed lines:

'Beam with bright blaze their supplicating eyes,
Sink their hind legs, ascend their joyful cries,
Each wild with hope, and maddening to prevail,
Points the pleased ear, and wags the expectant tail.'

Dogs are noble, generous creatures, and we love and honor them. But why should we eulogize them? Surely 'it will not be popular,' at a time when the dog-starry influences are about to prevail, and Hydrophobia to walk abroad, dealing terror and death. Ah, that dreadful disease! It is indeed 'too horrible.' A young medical friend at our elbow has described to us a case of this description, which he saw, some time since, at a hospital in Paris. A young Lombardy peasant was brought to the hospital, who had been bitten by a mad cat, that had leaped at him from a shelf in the dairy, where he had caught and beaten her, for stealing his milk and cream. The enraged animal fastened her teeth in his cheek with so firm a grasp, that she could not be detached until her head was cut off. The usual preventives, such as cantery, purging, bleeding, and mercurial salivation, were immediately resorted to, but without avail. On the twenty-eighth day, the fatal symptoms began to appear. In the meantime, the unhappy patient had suffered every thing but death, in anticipating the termination of the event. His dreams were terrific. The difficulty of swallowing water, he overcame, at first, with great fortitude. His wound increased, he was unable to swallow, at length grew furious, and with a low yell, like a cat in agony, he would fly at, and endeavor to bite, all who came near him. He was bound with chains, but broke them, as though they had been the weakest pack-thread. One night he escaped from his bed, ran up and down the hospital hall, trying to bite all he met, and in endeavoring to escape from the door, was seized with chills, and fell down dead. He had grasped an iron bed-wrench, in his last paroxysm, and when taken up, his teeth were so firmly fixed upon it, as to, require the greatest exertion to remove it. The brain and cerebellum were found, on dissection, to be very much inflamed. He died a horrid death, as many others have done from the same cause. But are all dogs to be doubted, and hunted down, because a few run mad? By the mass, no!

THERE are a great many stories told of the prolific soil of the Great West; how that bread, ready buttered, grows upon high trees; that pigs' tails, planted in the rich alluvial bottom lands, in the fall, fructify in such wise, that on some fine evening in early spring, a crop of juvenile porkers may be seen marching into the sower's farm-yard,

from the 'spot where they grew,' with short squeak, and in military order; and that jack-knives are 'raised' by a kindred agricultural process. Howsoever this may be, we are credibly informed that the truth of a statement equally surprising, can be easily established. In Illinois, it is quite a common thing for deer, being previously accommodated with a 'bucket full of salt' on their tails, to walk up to a squatter's tent in the forest, turn his fat haunches to the fire, and keep them there, until properly cooked, and then permit a delicious steak to be cut therefrom. They then go about their business with equanimity. In some instances, it is farther stated, they return at nightfall, to furnish forth a 'cold cut.' We have this statement in the hand-writing of Mr. JOHN SMITH, of Illinois, who refers, confidently, to Mr. JOHN THOMPSON, of Ohio.

ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIPS. — MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM have issued a small volume of some eighty pages, containing an account of the origin, progress, and prospects of steam navigation across the Atlantic; comprising a plan first published in New-York, in 1832, by ITHIEL TOWN; an account of the voyage of the steam-ship SAVANNAH, in 1819; a description of the steam-ships SIRIUS and GREAT WESTERN, their first voyages, and the festivities on their arrival; scientific and humorous details of the various companies formed, and steam-ships built, and their probable advantages over the 'liners,' etc.; a description of the COLUMBUS, the new quicksilver steam-ship; statistics of the 'British and American Steam Navigation Company, of London,' projected by JUNIUS SMITH, formerly of Connecticut, including a description of the BRITISH QUEEN, now being built; and Capt. COSS's steamer, with a full descriptive account of her engine, invented by PHINEAS BENNETT, of Ithaca, etc., to which is added a concise view of the progress of electro-magnetism. The little book is well printed, and illustrated with two wood engravings.

Amidst the natural excitement and enthusiasm caused by the successful steam-navigation of the Atlantic, by the 'Sirius' and 'Great Western,' we trust it will not be forgotten, that to AMERICAN enterprise and daring we owe the *first* passage by steam across the ocean. And we of the 'empire state,' in particular, have good cause to rejoice, that on the bosom of our noble Hudson rode the first steam-boat that was ever launched on native waters. Mrs. SIGOURNEY, in allusion to this fact, has some spirited lines in the last number of the 'HESPERIAN,' from which we take four or five stanzas, descriptive of a 'popular feeling of curiosity,' but not exactly similar to that mentioned in the work before us:

'Who thus o'er the foaming flood doth glide?
No sail propels her course;
She heeds not the winds, with their sway of pride,
She asks no boon of the haughty tide,
But mocks at the breakers hoarse!

No oar she plies, with its measured sweep;
And curling dark and high,
Thick-volum'd smoke to the clouds doth creep,
While a snowy line marks the cleaving deep,
A banner of flame, the sky.

The frighten'd fishes, with staring eyes,
Bore the news where the deep sea roll'd;
Then the mermaids lock'd up their bowers in a trice,
And the monarch-whale fled to his palace of ice,
And the tocsin of Ocean toll'd.

More close to its grotto the faint pearl grew,
The dolphin turn'd deadly pale,
Their clarion-shells the Triton's blew,
And with urns overturn'd, the river-nymphs flew
To tell father Neptune the tale.

Old Hudson slept in a summer's night,
But she troubled his quiet breast
With a hissing sound like a serpent's spout,
And the Highlands kindled their beacon-light
At the torch of the terrible guest.'

LITERARY RECORD.

'THE HAWAIIAN SPECTATOR.'—We have received the first number of a quarterly periodical, thus entitled, and published at Honolulu and Oahu, Sandwich Islands, under the editorial supervision of an 'association of gentlemen.' The work, in its externals, is every way creditable to the publishers, while its matter possesses great merit. Intending, when our space and leisure shall serve, to devote a page or two of this department to a notice of the work, we content ourselves for the present with an enumeration of its articles. After a few introductory observations, setting forth the wide field intended to be occupied, we have: 'Sketch of Marquesian character; Marquesian and Hawaiian Dialects compared; The Oahu Charity School; Female Education at the Sandwich Islands; Account of the Russians on Kauai; Decrease of Population; Sketches of Kauai; Foreign Correspondence; Phenomena in the Tides; Meteorological Observations, and a Shipping List. MESSRS. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY are the general agents for the United States. We doubt not the work will command a wide circulation, especially among the religious portions of the community, throughout the Union. WILLIAM BURNS, 132 Broadway.

REMARKS ON THE LAW OF COPY-RIGHTS. By PHILIP H. NICKLIN, Esq., Philadelphia. This little volume has been prepared with a good deal of care, and evinces a thorough knowledge of his subject on the part of the author. His views, however, cannot well be glanced at, satisfactorily, in a notice so brief as this. We had written an article of some length on the matter, in which certain points of dissent from the opinions and propositions of Mr. NICKLIN, mingled with sundry enumerations of passages wherein we had the pleasure to agree with him, found introduction; but intending ere long to renew the discussion of the copy-right question, in these pages, where its very principles were first treated in this country, we shall include the work of Mr. NICKLIN among other books and authorities to which we may have compendious allusion.

FOSTER'S COUNTING-HOUSE MANUAL.—There is nothing gained in buying a book which merely tells you that three and two make five, even though the author's speculations on that singular arithmetical phenomenon be novel and ingenious; but if a book point out any way of making five dollars, by *saving time* worth as much, or by teaching us that which would otherwise cost years of experience and labor to learn, in our poor judgment nothing is lost by purchasing that book. The 'Counting-House Manual' contains information relative to commercial matters, which is very important to every merchant and man of business. To bankers and brokers the summary of the laws and usages of bills of exchange, promissory notes, etc., will be found of great practical utility. Boston: PERKINS AND MARVIN.

'ANCIENT HISTORY' OF NEW-YORK.—The fact may not generally have transpired, that Mr. DUNLAP, so well known as the author of several very popular works, has been for some years engaged upon a History of the New-Netherlands, the Province of New-York, and the State of New-York, with an intention to publish it in two volumes octavo, each to contain at least five hundred pages, with maps of the city and state, at different periods; the work to commence with the discovery of the country, and to be continued to the adoption and operation of the Federal Constitution. Aside from the general interest of the subject, the author has been put in possession of many interesting documents, which hitherto have not been accessible, and the whole is compiled, we are informed, from original documents and records. We cordially commend the enterprise to the attention of the public.

AINSWORTH'S PRACTICAL MERCANTILE ARITHMETIC.—The author of this treatise, a teacher of long experience, states that it is the result of much study and attention.

The rules are clearly stated, and the exercises and examples are chosen with discrimination. The author 'has endeavored to follow a straight-forward, systematic course, from a beginning sufficiently simple, to combinations sufficiently complicated, to meet all the exigencies of business.' The work is evidently one of great practical utility, and as such we commend it to the attention of teachers, and to all who are interested in the introduction of the best and most improved methods of instruction. Providence: B. CRANSTON AND COMPANY.

MR. SIMMONS' LECTURES upon the English poets, given recently at the Stuyvesant Institute, were every way worthy his high reputation. To a manner preëminently graceful, and a voice rich and flexible, beyond that of any of his profession, whom we have ever heard, Mr. SIMMONS adds ripe scholarship, extensive reading, good plain common sense, and an admirably-disciplined fancy. When the lecture-season again arrives, we hope he may be induced once more to take up his abode among us. His success, we hazard little in predicting, will be most ample, and altogether such as his liberal gifts should command.

CAMPBELL'S POEMS. — We mentioned, a short time since, that a specimen or order-copy of CAMPBELL'S poems, with superb illustrations, from a London house, had been shown us, containing, among other rare poetical productions of this eminent poet, three articles, of distinguished merit, which had never before been published. One of these, 'The Dead Eagle,' is for the first time presented to American readers, in the present number.

NEW PANORAMA. — The immense and very imposing circular edifice, in Prince-street, near Broadway, which has recently arisen, almost like an exhalation, will soon be opened for the exhibition of a panorama of Jerusalem, upon the largest possible scale, from the pencil of that accomplished artist and scholar, Mr. CATHERWOOD. It will attract crowded audiences.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — The exhibition of paintings at this institution will soon close. It has been, as we learn, numerously attended. It was our intention to have devoted liberal space to a review of the more prominent works of art which compose it, but our limits forbid. This, however, is the less to be regretted, perhaps, since it gives to our distant readers additional matter, in which they are supposed to be more generally interested.

DR. PALFREY'S NEW WORK. — MESSRS. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, have published the first volume of a copious work, entitled 'Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, D. D., of Cambridge University. The last four books of the Pentateuch form the subject matter of the volume, which is executed in a style of great typographical beauty. WILLIAM BURNS, 152 Broadway.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — We beg our friends to bear with us yet a little. Numerous contributions, both in prose and verse, bide their time. Priority, contrast, variety, occasion — these 'puzzle the will,' and yet are to be thought of. Hence, favors are often delayed. The last as well as the present number contains articles that have been in our possession many months. Those which have been detained, will go forth with a 'goodly companie, and a rich, we have faith to believe, in the forthcoming TWELFTH VOLUME.

